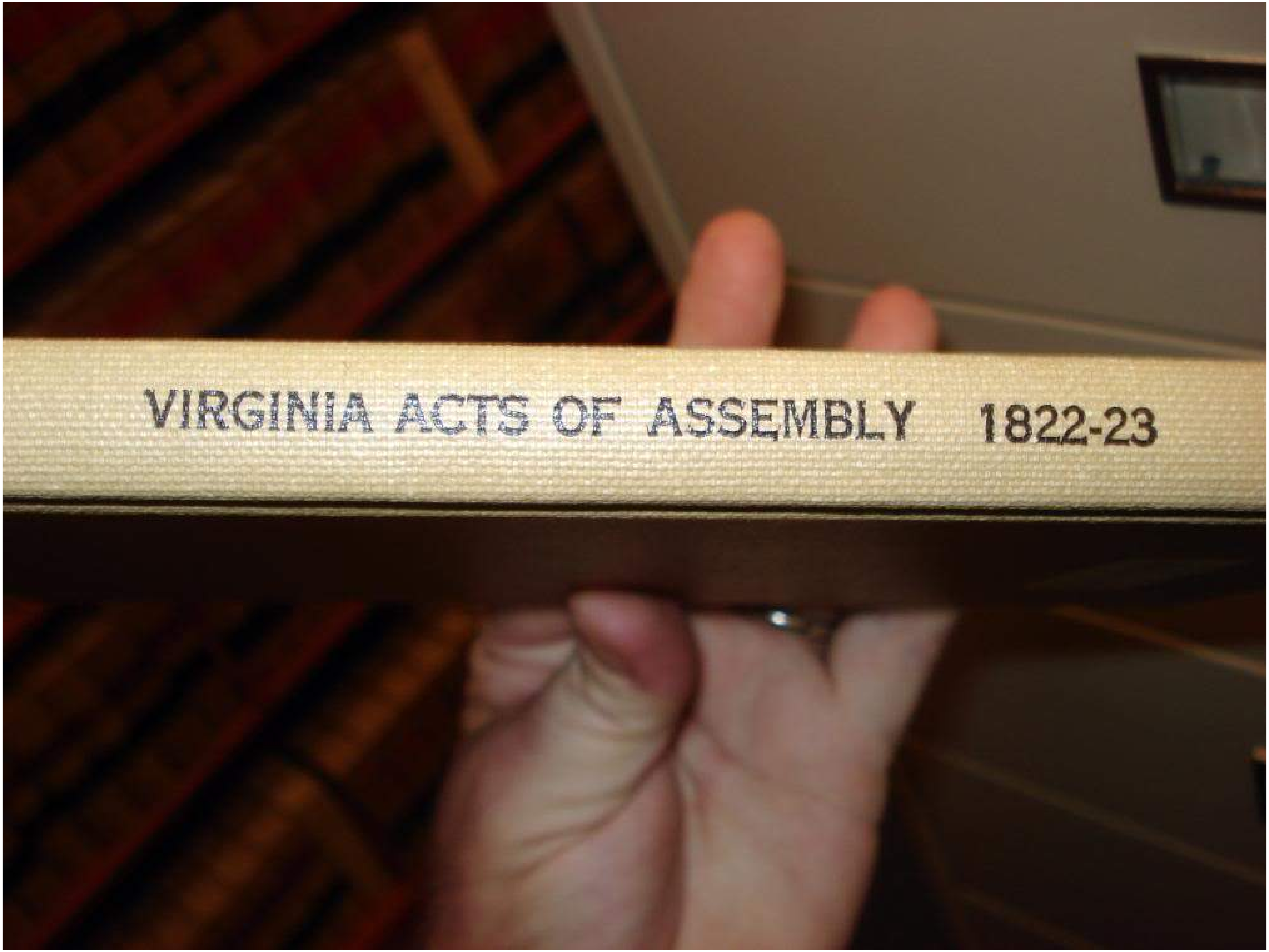
001-DSC04288.jpg



VIRGINIA ACTS OF ASSEMBLY 1822-23

Commencement. 2. This act

CHAPTER 78.—An act establishing a town on lands late the property of John Bradshaw at Pocahontas court-house, by the name of Huntersville.

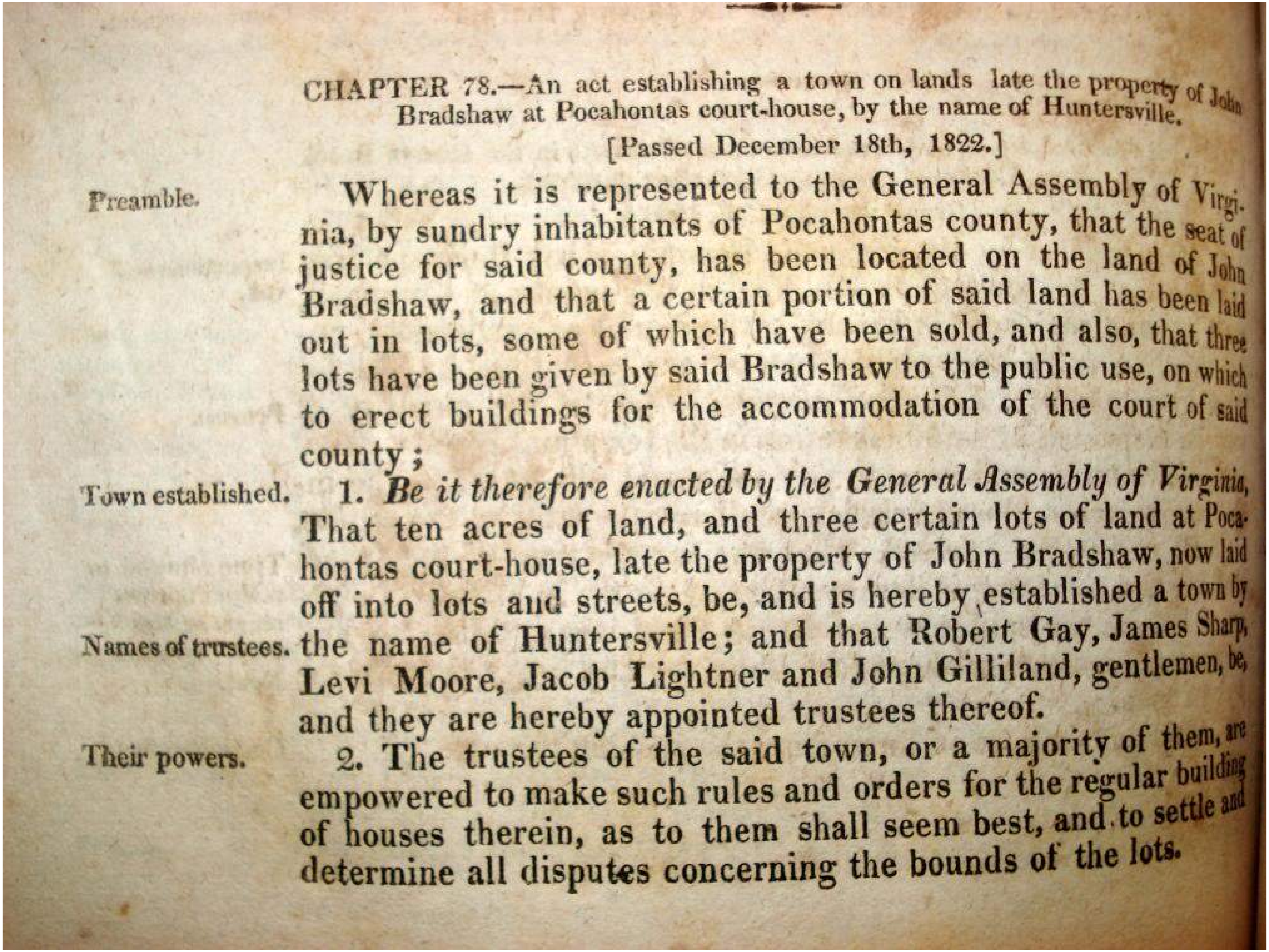
[Passed December 18th, 1822.]

Preamble. Whereas it is represented to the General Assembly of Virginia, by sundry inhabitants of Pocahontas county, that the seat of justice for said county, has been located on the land of John Bradshaw, and that a certain portion of said land has been laid out in lots, some of which have been sold, and also, that three lots have been given by said Bradshaw to the public use, on which to erect buildings for the accommodation of the court of said county;

Town established. 1. *Be it therefore enacted by the General Assembly of Virginia,* That ten acres of land, and three certain lots of land at Pocahontas court-house, late the property of John Bradshaw, now laid off into lots and streets, be, and is hereby established a town by the name of Huntersville; and that Robert Gay, James Sharp, Levi Moore, Jacob Lightner and John Gilliland, gentlemen, be, and they are hereby appointed trustees thereof.

Names of trustees.

Their powers. 2. The trustees of the said town, or a majority of them, are empowered to make such rules and orders for the regular building of houses therein, as to them shall seem best, and to settle and determine all disputes concerning the bounds of the lots.



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[Passed December 18th, 1822.]

Preamble.

Whereas it is represented to the General Assembly of Virginia, by sundry inhabitants of Pocahontas county, that the seat of justice for said county, has been located on the land of John Bradshaw, and that a certain portion of said land has been laid out in lots, some of which have been sold, and also, that three lots have been given by said Bradshaw to the public use, on which to erect buildings for the accommodation of the court of said county;

Town established.

1. *Be it therefore enacted by the General Assembly of Virginia,* That ten acres of land, and three certain lots of land at Pocahontas court-house, late the property of John Bradshaw, now laid off into lots and streets, be, and is hereby established a town by the name of Huntersville; and that Robert Gay, James Sharp, Levi Moore, Jacob Lightner and John Gilliland, gentlemen, be, and they are hereby appointed trustees thereof.

Names of trustees.

Their powers.

2. The trustees of the said town, or a majority of them, are empowered to make such rules and orders for the regular building of houses therein, as to them shall seem best, and to settle and determine all disputes concerning the bounds of the lots.

Improvements required on lots.

3. So soon as the purchaser of any lot, in the said town, shall erect a dwelling-house thereon, equal to twelve feet square, with a brick or stone chimney, such purchaser shall enjoy the same privileges that the freeholders and inhabitants of other towns, not incorporated, hold and enjoy.

Vacancies, by death &c., of trustees, how to be supplied.

4. Vacancies by the death, resignation, removal, or otherwise, of any one or more of the trustees of the said town, shall be supplied by the remaining trustees, or a majority of them; and the person or persons so selected, shall have the same power as if they had been named in this act.

Commencement.

5. This act shall commence and be in force from and after the passage thereof.

* * *

CHAPTER 79.—An act to establish a town on the lands of Moses Shepherd, in Ohio county.

[Passed December 21st, 1822.]

Town established.

1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly,* That thirty acres of

Improvements required on lots.

3. So soon as the purchaser of any lot, in the said town, shall erect a dwelling-house thereon, equal to twelve feet square, with a brick or stone chimney, such purchaser shall enjoy the same privileges that the freeholders and inhabitants of other towns, not incorporated, hold and enjoy.

Vacancies, by death &c., of trustees, how to be supplied.

4. Vacancies by the death, resignation, removal, or otherwise, of any one or more of the trustees of the said town, shall be supplied by the remaining trustees, or a majority of them; and the person or persons so selected, shall have the same power as if they had been named in this act.

Commencement.

5. This act shall commence and be in force from and after the passage thereof.

◆

CHAPTER 79.—An act to establish a town on the lands of Moses Shepherd, in Ohio county.

[Passed December 21st, 1822.]

Town established

1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly,* That thirty acres of

VIRGINIA
ACTS OF
ASSEMBLY

1859-60

CHAP. 154.—An ACT to incorporate the Huntersville and Warm Springs Turnpike Company.

Passed February 15, 1860.

Route of road.

Capital.

Books, by whom opened.

1. Be it enacted by the general assembly, that for the purpose of constructing a turnpike road from Huntersville in the county of Pocahontas, to the Warm springs in the county of Bath, on or near the line of the old turnpike from Huntersville to the Warm springs, it shall be lawful to open books for receiving subscriptions to an amount not exceeding seven thousand dollars, to constitute a joint capital stock, to be divided into shares of twenty-five dollars each. The said books shall be opened at Huntersville, under the direction of William Skeen, William Curry, William J. McGlaughlin, A. A. Scott and William Clark, or any three of them, and at such other places as they or any three of them may select, under the direction of such agents as they or any three of them may appoint.

CHAP. 154.—An ACT to incorporate the Huntersville and Warm Springs Turnpike Company.

Passed February 15, 1860.

Route of road.

1. Be it enacted by the general assembly, that for the purpose of constructing a turnpike road from Huntersville in the county of Pocahontas, to the Warm springs in the county of Bath, on or near the line of the old turnpike from Huntersville to the Warm springs, it shall be lawful to open books for receiving subscriptions to an amount not exceeding seven thousand dollars, to constitute a joint capital stock, to be divided into shares of twenty-five dollars each. The said books shall be opened at Huntersville, under the direction of William Skeen, William Curry, William J. McGlaughlin, A. A. Scott and William Clark, or any three of them, and at such other places as they or any three of them may select, under the direction of such agents as they or any three of them may appoint.

Capital.

Books, by whom opened.

009-DSC04296.jpg

When company incorporated.

2. Whenever forty shares of such capital stock shall have been subscribed, the subscribers, their executors, administrators and assigns, shall be and are hereby incorporated as a joint stock company, by the name of The Huntersville and Warm Springs Turnpike Company, conformably to the provisions of chapters fifty-seven and sixty-one of the Code of Virginia, and of existing laws of a general nature, applicable to turnpike companies and their roads: provided, that said company shall not be required to construct any summer or side road, nor to pave or cover their said road with stone or gravel, and that the width of said road may be as little as sixteen feet, and the maximum grade as much as five degrees.

State subscription.

3. Whenever forty shares of such capital stock shall have been subscribed by solvent individuals, the Board of public works are hereby directed to subscribe, on the part of the commonwealth, sixty shares of the same: provided, that such subscription on the part of the commonwealth shall only be paid pari passu with the payment of the individual subscriptions; to make which payment, the Board of public works shall, if necessary, borrow the money in the mode prescribed by law.

Money borrowed

Commencement

4. This act shall be in force from its passage.

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When company incorporated.

2. Whenever forty shares of such capital stock shall have been subscribed, the subscribers, their executors, administrators and assigns, shall be and are hereby incorporated as a joint stock company, by the name of The Huntersville and Warm Springs Turnpike Company, conformably to the provisions of chapters fifty-seven and sixty-one of the Code of Virginia, and of existing laws of a general nature, applicable to turnpike companies and their roads: provided, that said company shall not be required to construct any summer or side road, nor to pave or cover their said road with stone or gravel, and that the width of said road may be as little as sixteen feet, and the maximum grade as much as five degrees.

State subscription.

3. Whenever forty shares of such capital stock shall have been subscribed by solvent individuals, the Board of public works are hereby directed to subscribe, on the part of the commonwealth, sixty shares of the same: provided, that such subscription on the part of the commonwealth shall only be paid pari passu with the payment of the individual subscriptions; to make which payment, the Board of public works shall, if necessary, borrow the money in the mode prescribed by law.

Money borrowed

Commencement

4. This act shall be in force from its passage.

Chap. 155.—An ACT to incorporate the Jeffersonville, Marion and Rye Valley Turnpike Company.

Passed March 26, 1860.

Books, by whom opened.

1. Be it enacted by the general assembly, that it shall be lawful to open books, under the direction of John M.

When company incorporated.

2. Whenever forty shares of such capital stock shall have been subscribed, the subscribers, their executors, administrators and assigns, shall be and are hereby incorporated as a joint stock company, by the name of The Huntersville and Warm Springs Turnpike Company, conformably to the provisions of chapters fifty-seven and sixty-one of the Code of Virginia, and of existing laws of a general nature, applicable to turnpike companies and their roads: provided, that said company shall not be required to construct any summer or side road, nor to pave or cover their said road with stone or gravel, and that the width of said road may be as little as sixteen feet, and the maximum grade as much as five degrees.

State subscription.

3. Whenever forty shares of such capital stock shall have been

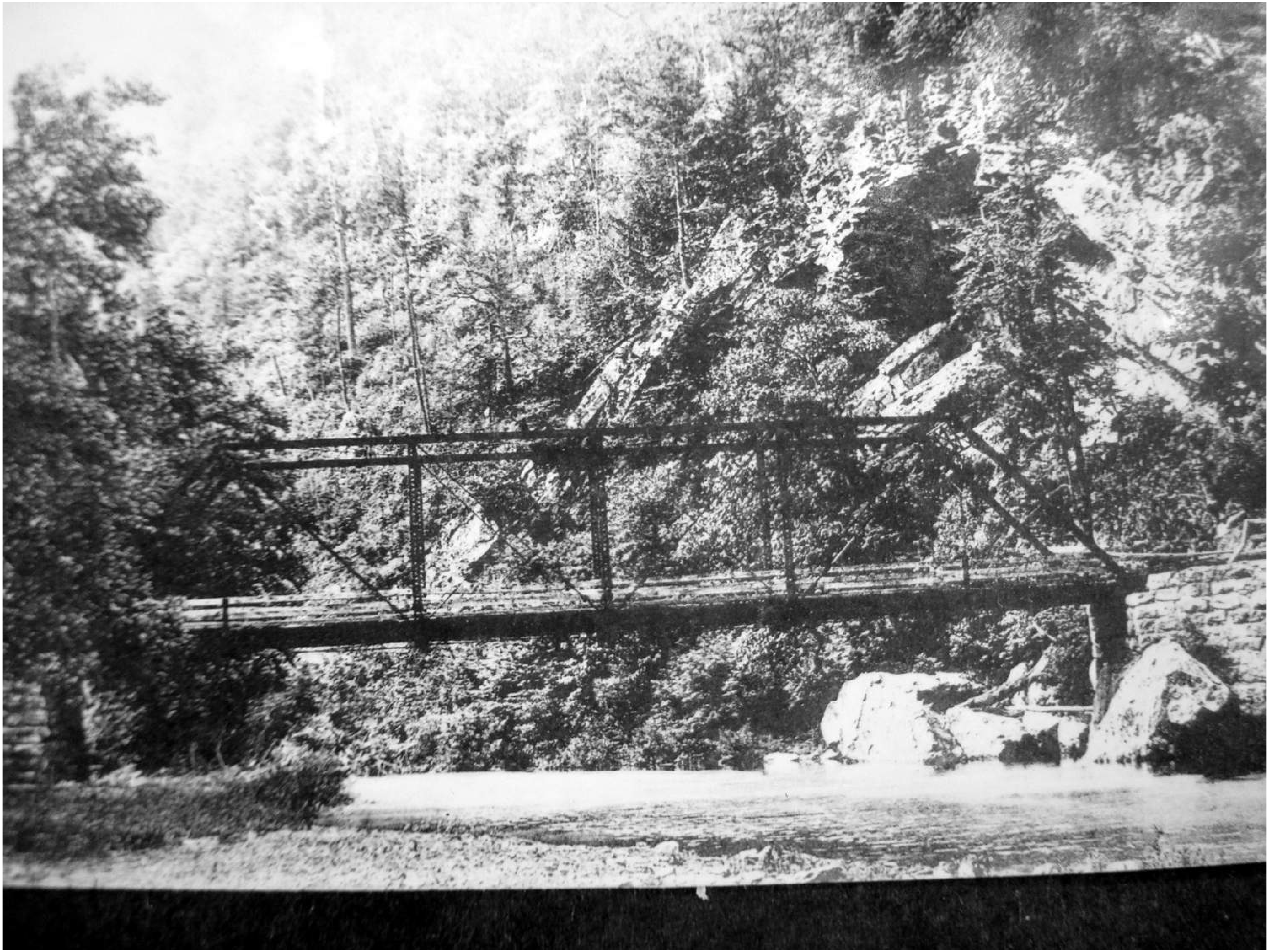
their roads: provided, that said company shall not be required to construct any summer or side road, nor to pave or cover their said road with stone or gravel, and that the width of said road may be as little as sixteen feet, and the maximum grade as much as five degrees.

State subscription. 3. Whenever forty shares of such capital stock shall have been subscribed by solvent individuals, the Board of public works are hereby directed to subscribe, on the part of the commonwealth, sixty shares of the same: provided, that such subscription on the part of the commonwealth shall only be paid pari passu with the payment of the individual subscriptions; **Money borrowed** to make which payment, the Board of public works shall, if necessary, borrow the money in the mode prescribed by law.

Commencement 4. This act shall be in force from its passage.

013-BATTLEOFHUNTERSVILLE.jpg

BATTLE OF HUNTERSVILLE



No. : 216 Source : William M-Neel
Dr. Susan A Price

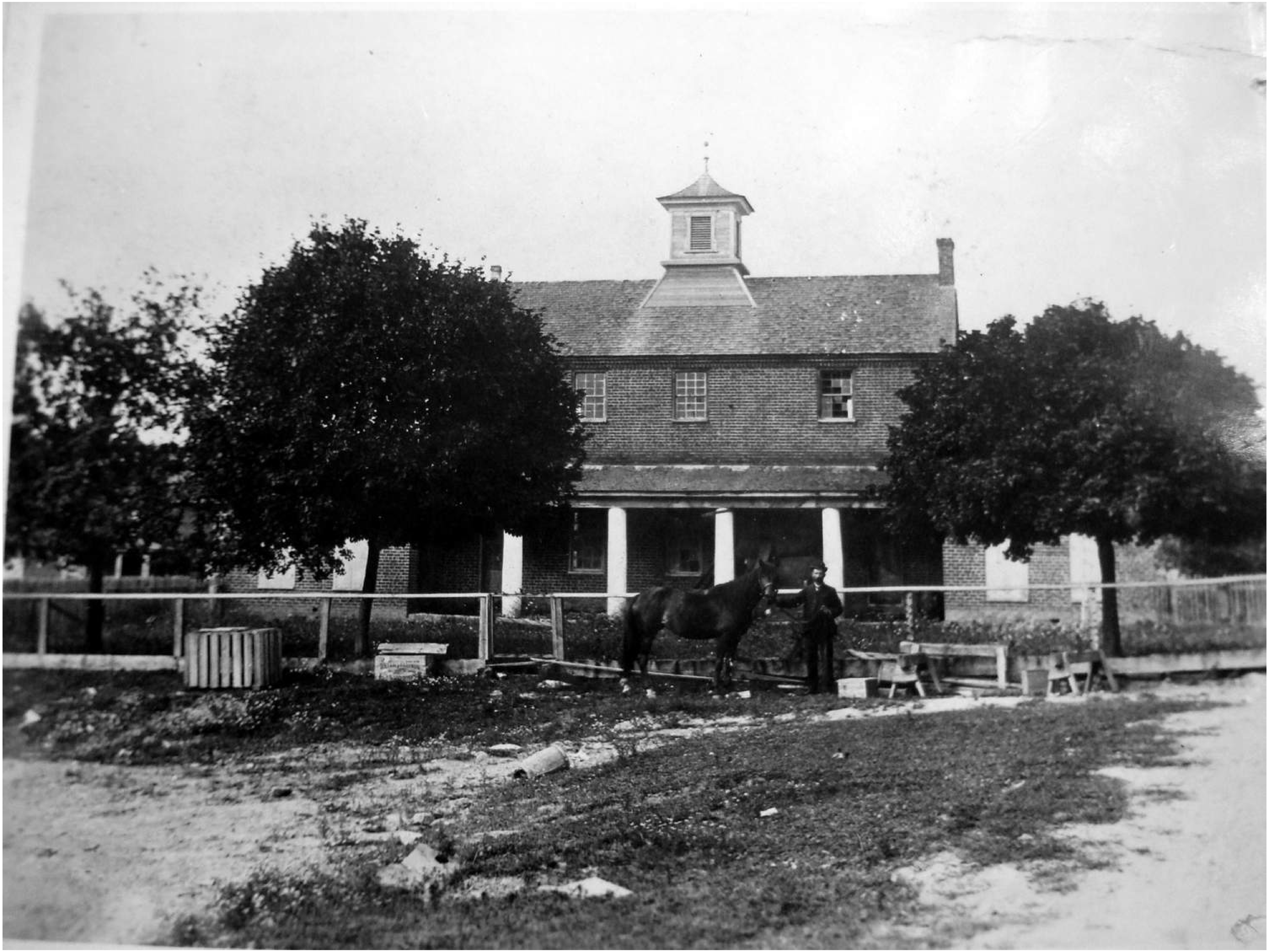
riginal in the possession of : [✓ source] [✓ Society] (Po

rint located in : [✓ albums] file

ate : c. 1919

bject :

Bridge over Knapps Creek at "
Backbone", one mile east of
Huntersville



First Court House
a[illegible]ersville

No. : 1 Source : H. L. Sheets

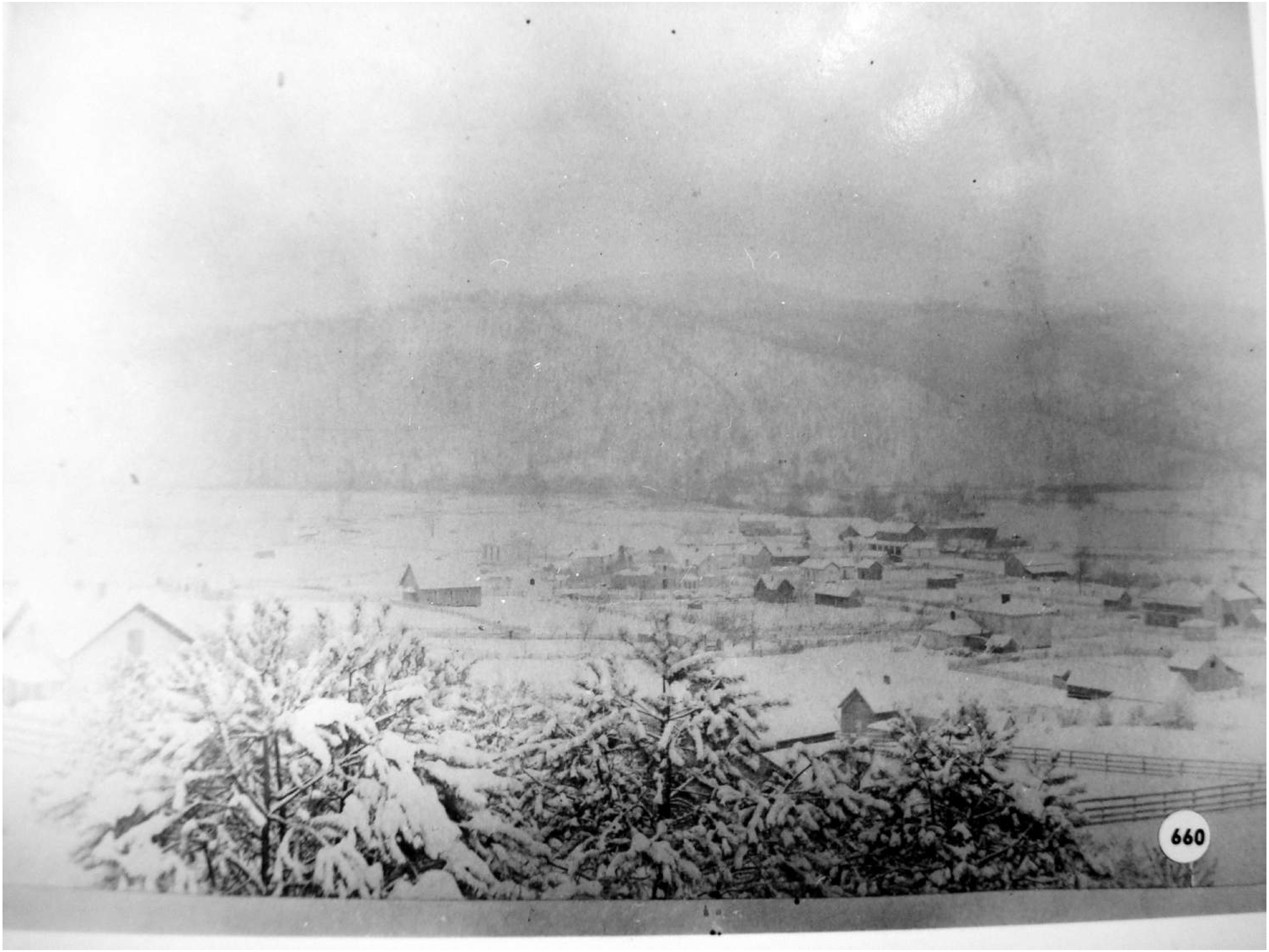
Original in the possession of : source [✓ Society] (Postcards)

Print located in : [✓ albums] file

Date :

Subject :

Courthouse at Huntersville



660

No. : 660 Source : Alfred McComb

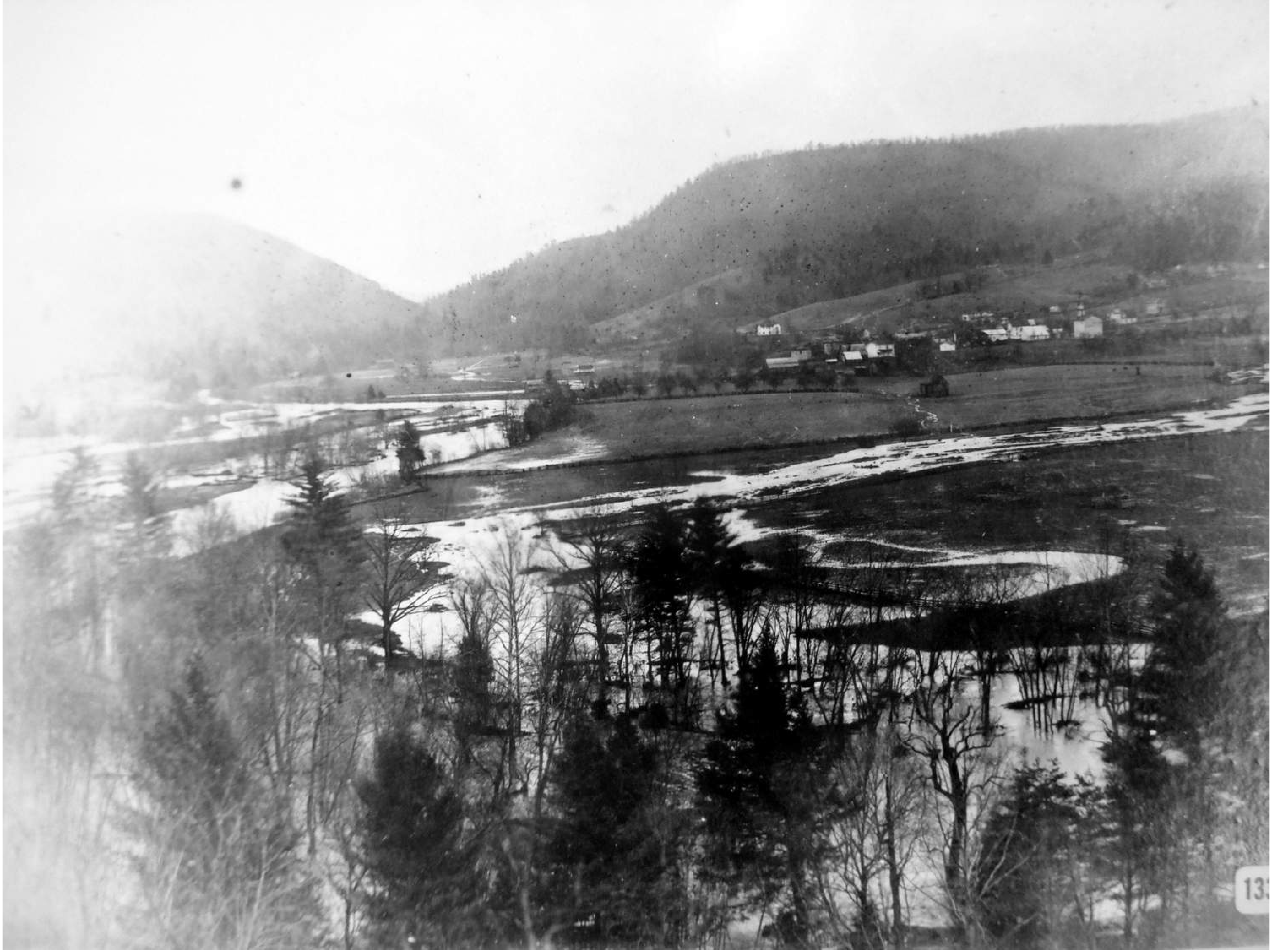
Original in the possession of : [✓ source] Society

Print located in : [✓ albums] file

Date : 1888

Subject :

View of Huntersville – photo ta
from the east



13

022-DSC01916.jpg

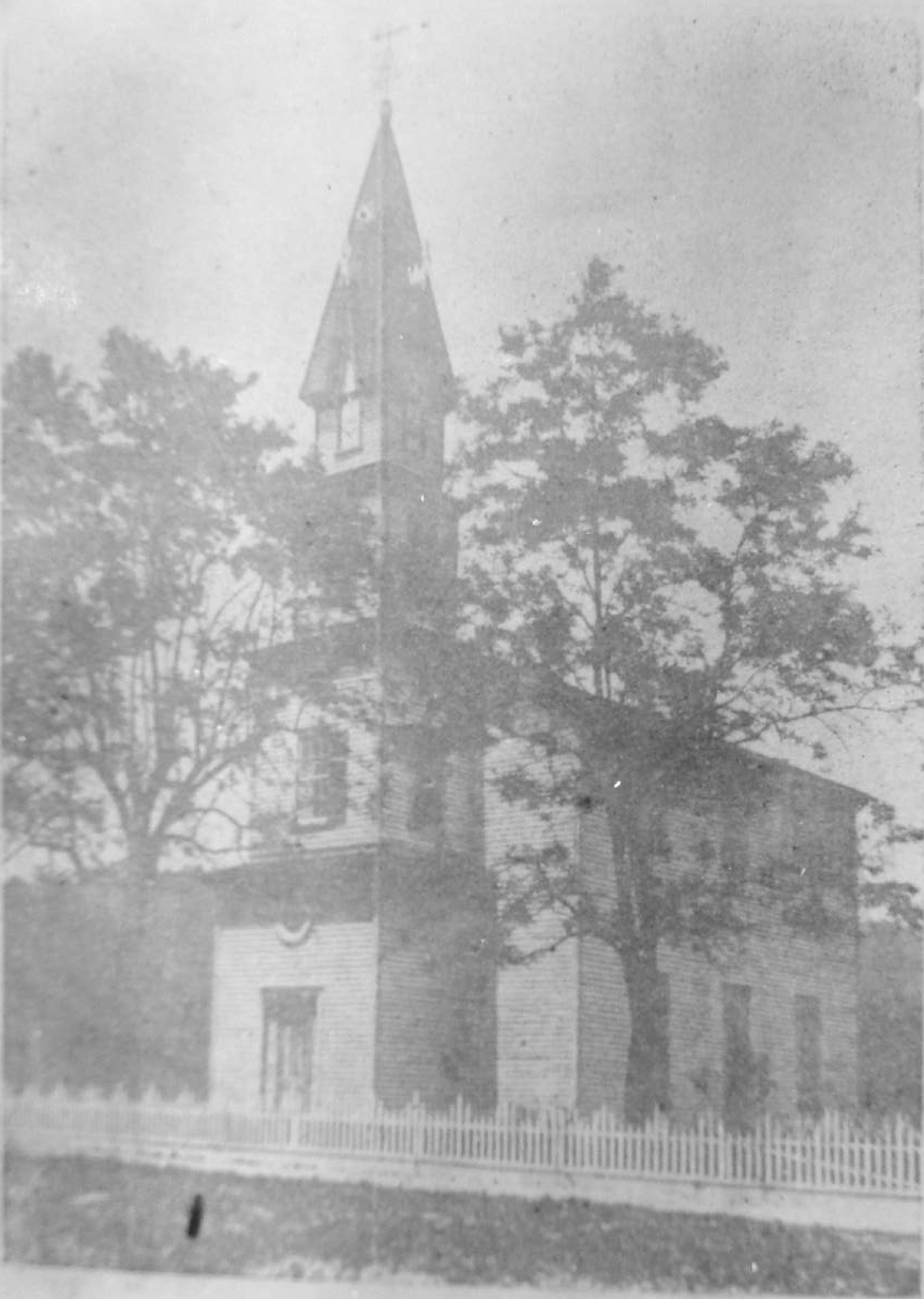
No. : 1339 **Source :** Mrs Minnie McLaughl
Taylor (Mrs Larry)

Original in the possession of : [✓ source] Society

Print located in : albums [✓ file]

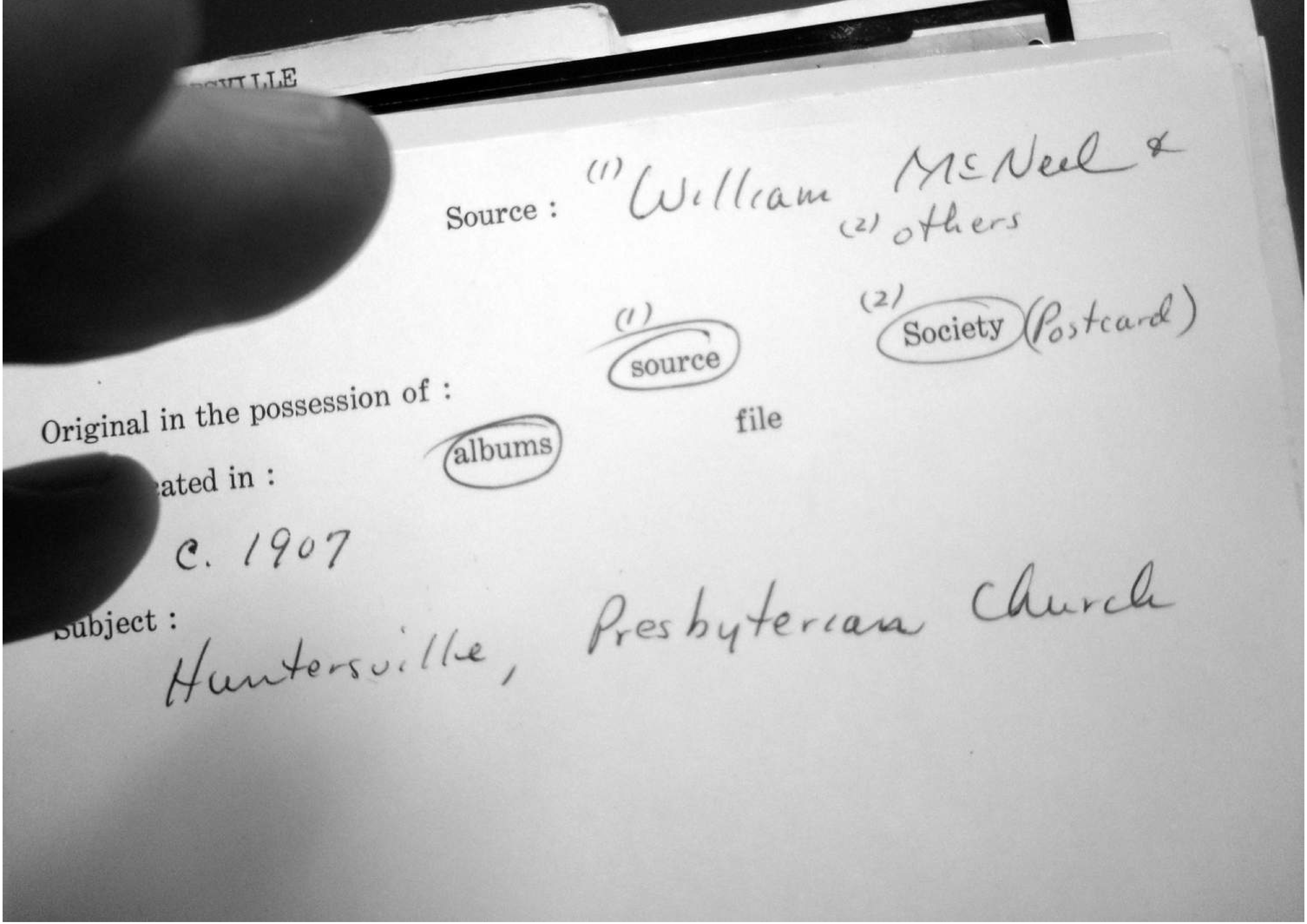
Date :

Subject :
Huntersville, photo taken from the no



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AND MASONIC HALL. TIMES PRINT

Huntersville W.Va



SVILLE

Source : (1) William McNeel & (2) others

Original in the possession of : (1) [✓ source] (2) [✓ Society] (Postcard)

file

[✓ albums]

ated in :

c. 1907

Subject :

Huntersville, Presbyterian Church

No. : 270

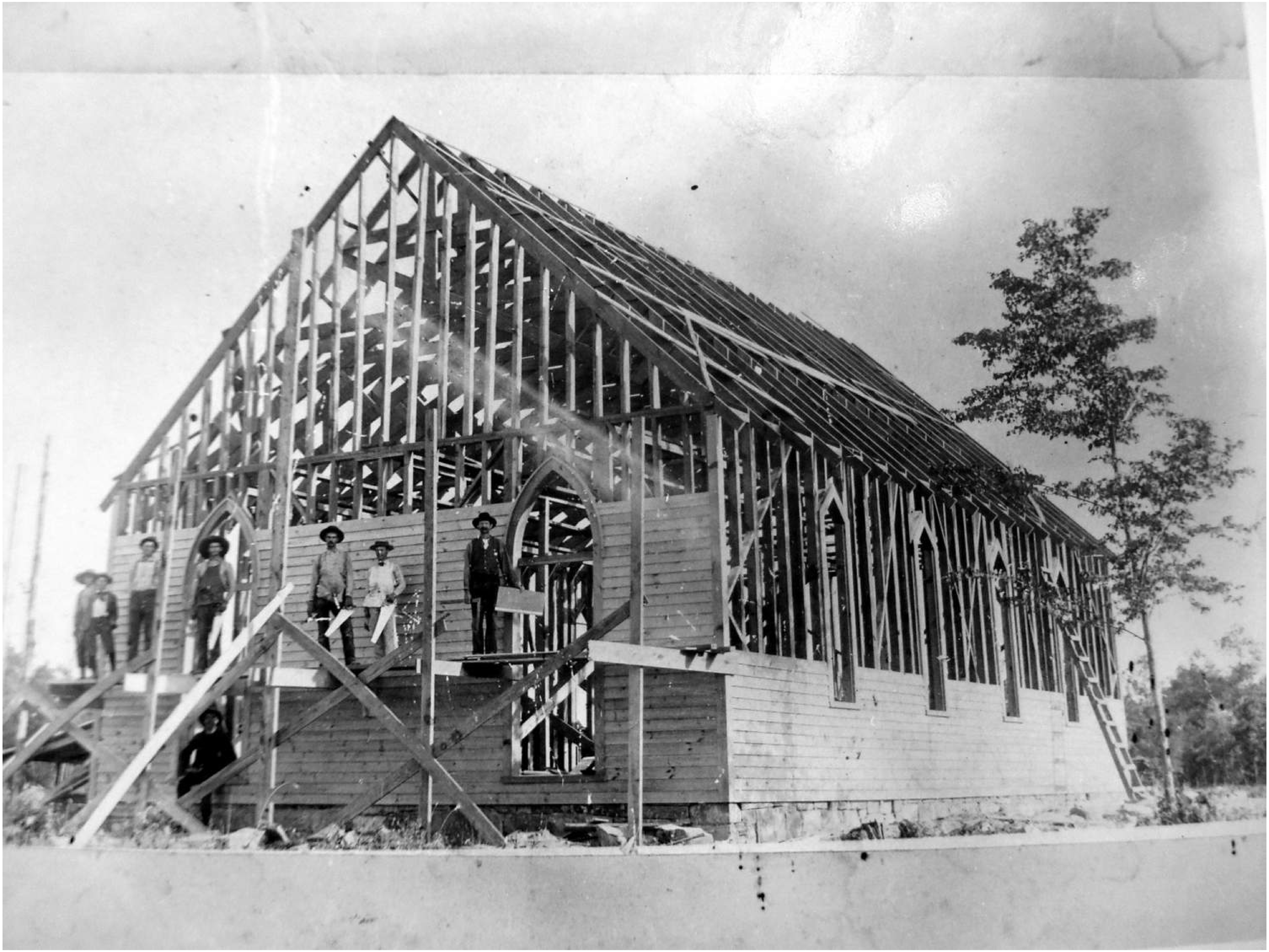
Source : (1) William McNeel
(2) others

Original in the possession of : (1) [✓ source] (2) [✓ Society] (Postca

Print located in : [✓ albums] file

Date : c. 1907

Subject :
Huntersville, Presbyterian Churc



No. : 105 Source : Mabel Barlow Pierson

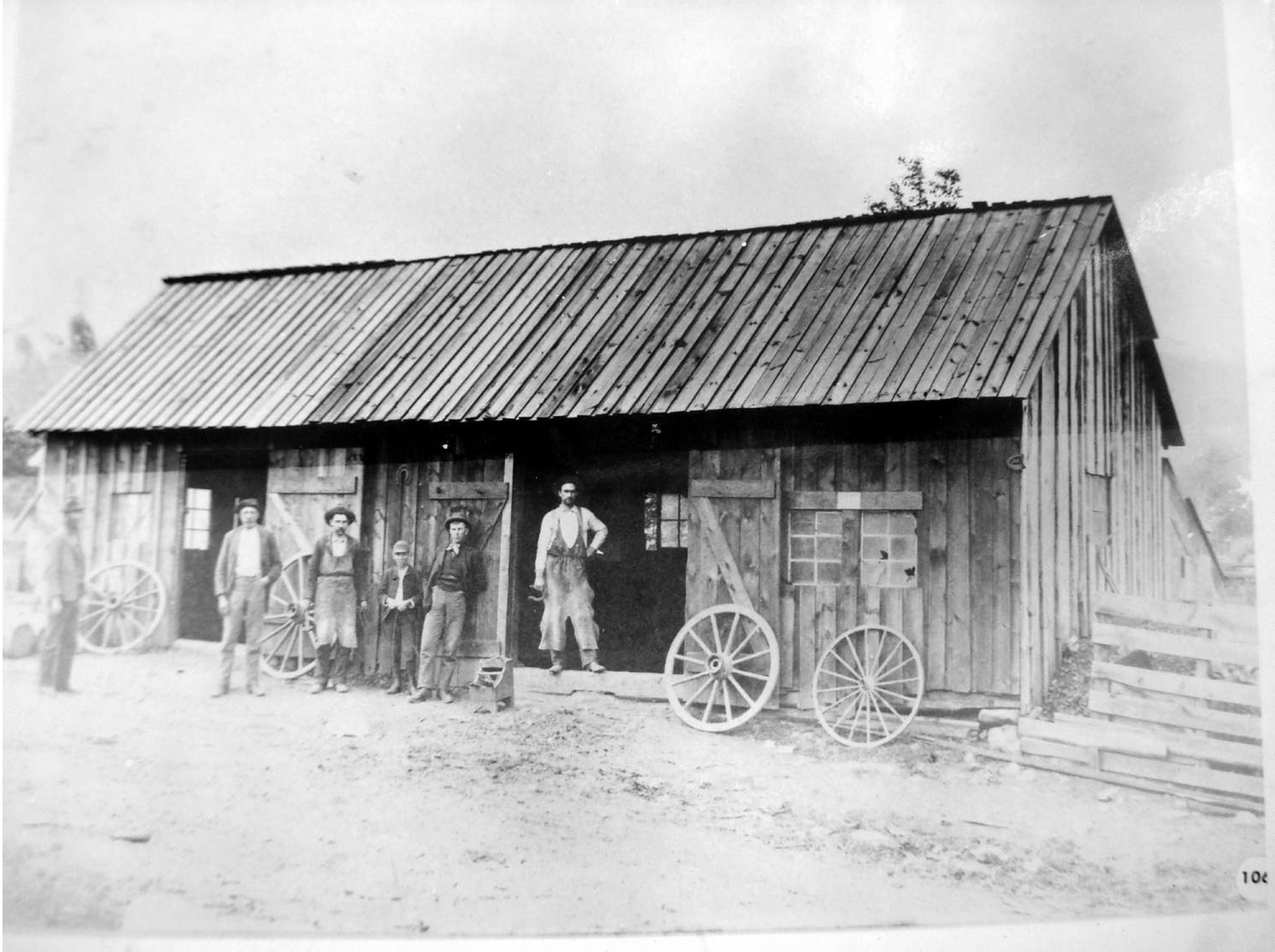
Original in the possession of : [✓ source] Society

Print located in : [✓ albums] file

Date :

Subject :

Construction of Methodist Church
in Huntersville



No. : 106

Source : Ed McLaughlin

Original in the possession of : [✓ source] Society

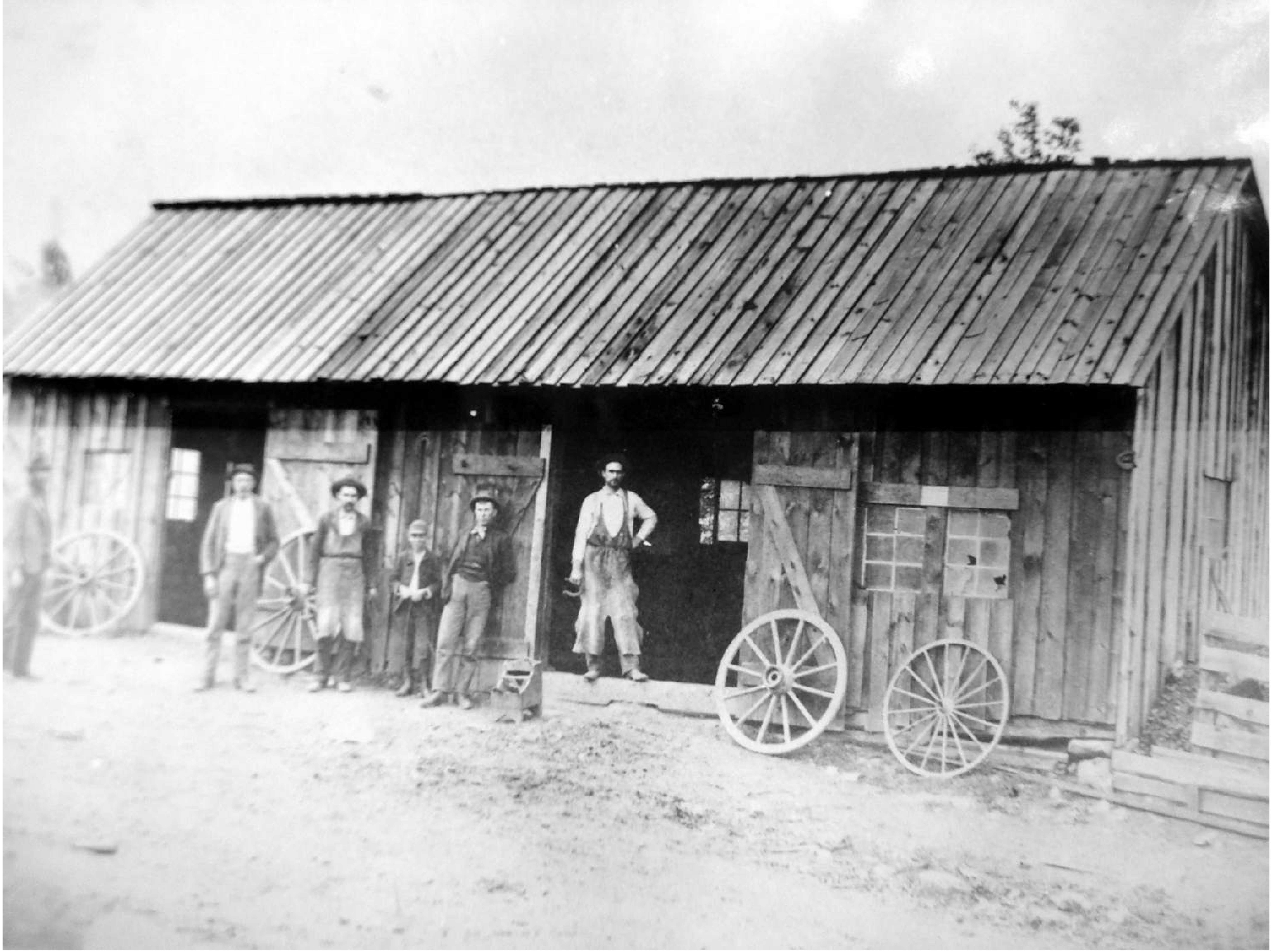
Print located in : [✓ albums] file

Date : 1893

Subject :

George Ginger's Blacksmith shop in Huntersville

left to right: Billy Grose, H. P. McLaughlin, Luther Shrader, Cecil Dilley, Cam McLaughlin, George Ginger



2184

No. : 2184 Source : Dr. N. R. Price

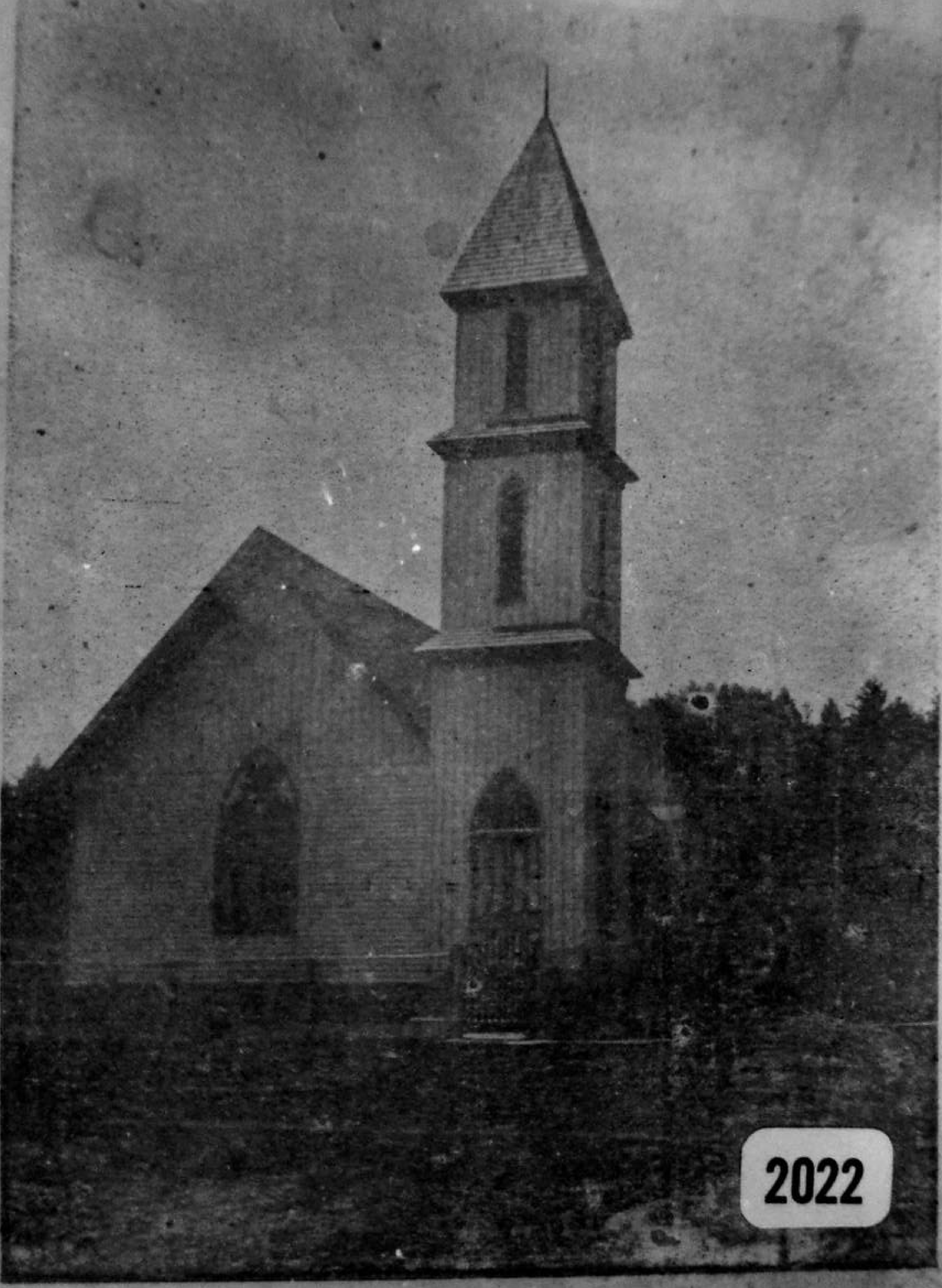
Original in the possession of : source [✓ Society]

Print located in : albums file

Date :

Subject :

Huntersville, view from the sout



M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH, HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA. TIMES PRINT.

No. : 2022

Source : Miss Loretta Moore

Original in the possession of : source [✓ Society] Postca

Print located in : [✓ albums] file

Date :

Subject :

Methodist Church at Huntersville

HUNTERSVILLE

No. : 3454 **Source :** Eugene Burner

Original in the possession of : source [✓ Society]

Date : 10/10/1963

Subject :

Hunterville School

037-DSC01931.jpg

INDIVIDUALS

No. : 3200 **Source :**

Original in the possession of : source [✓ Society]

Print located in : albums file

Date :

Subject :

Photo of unknown woman, taken by N.A. Williams & Son, Huntersville

HUNTERSVILLE

No. : 3454

Source : Eugene Burner

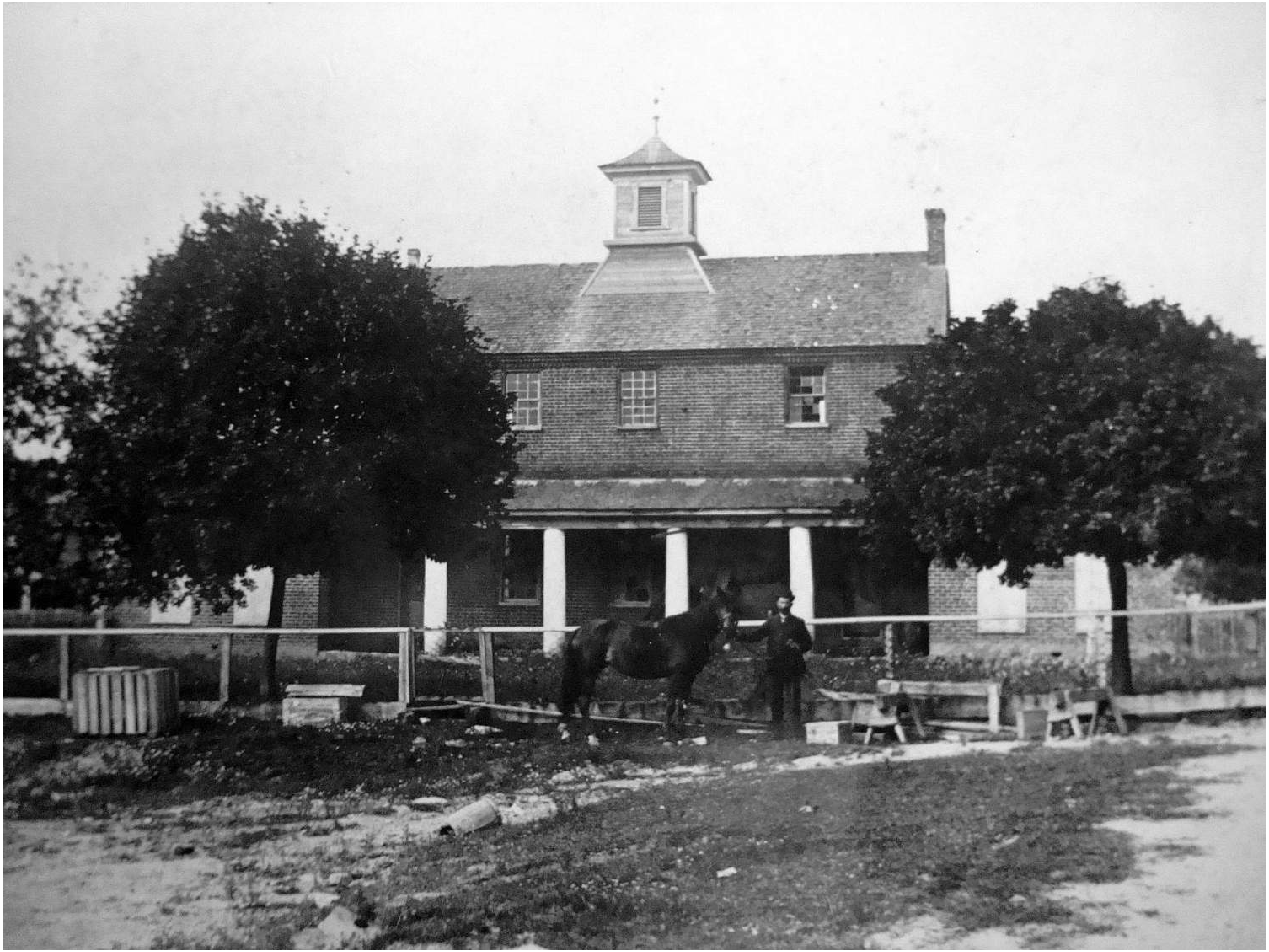
Original in the possession of : source [✓ Society]

Date : 10/10/1963

Subject :

Huntersville School

040-2568977178_480dd42939 DSC02044_O.jpg



No. : 1 Source : H. L. Sheets

Original in the possession of : source [✓ Society] (Post

Print located in : [✓ albums] file

Date :

Subject :

Courthouse at Huntersville

660

No. : 660 Source : Alfred McComb

Original in the possession of : [✓ source] Society

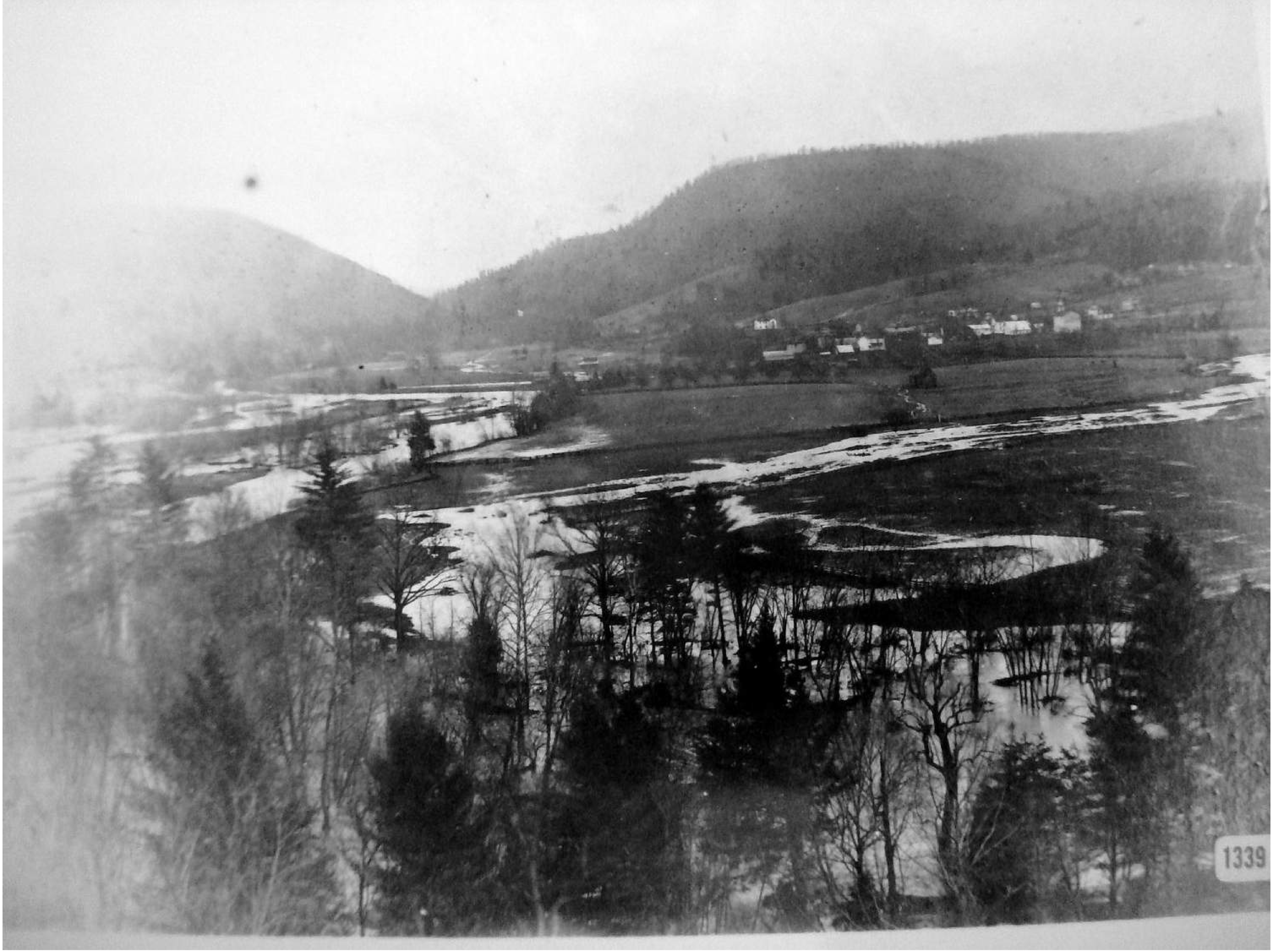
Print located in : [✓ albums] file

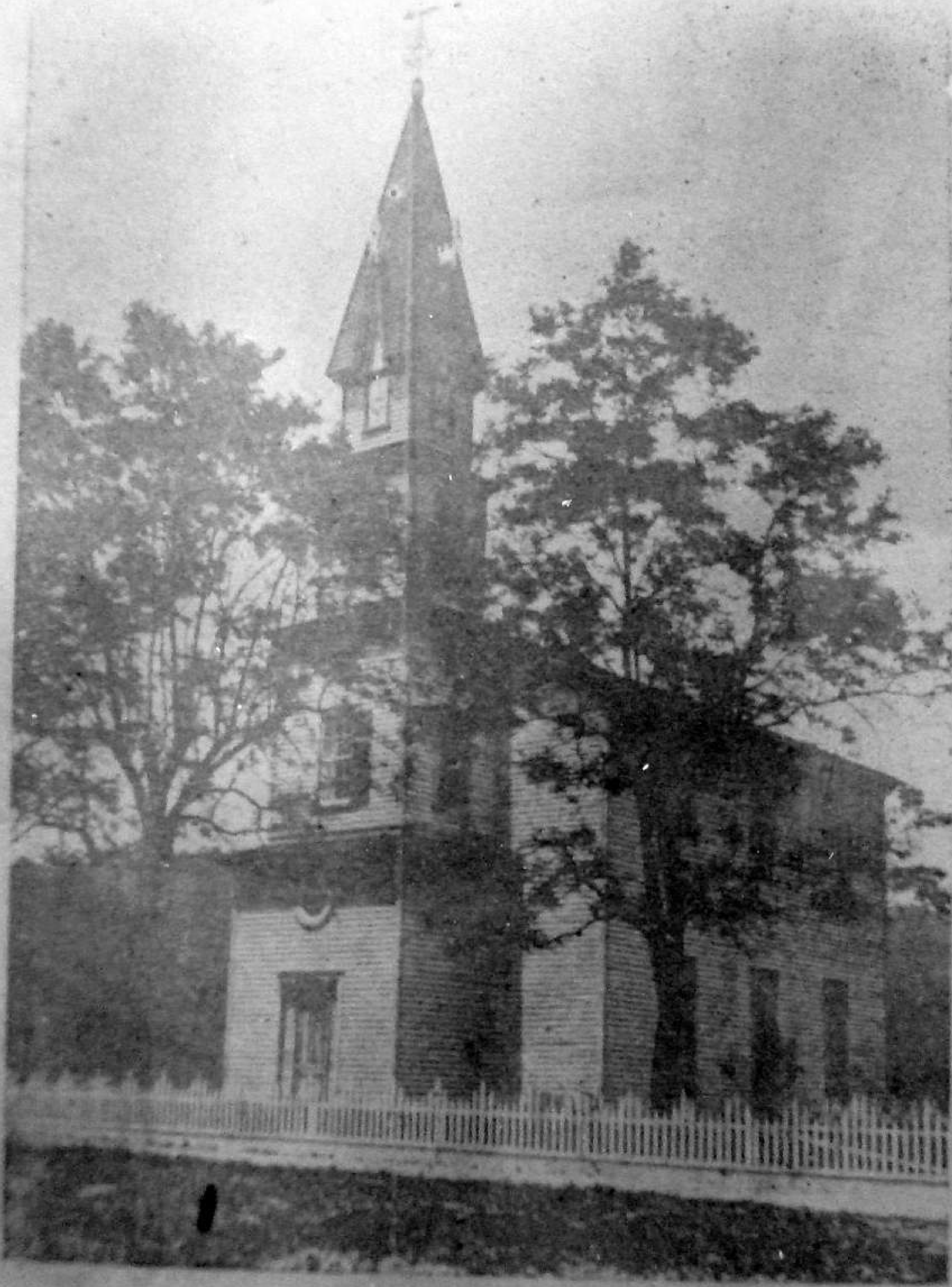
Date : 1888

Subject :

View of Huntersville – photo take
from the east

044-2568978644_615a198a17 DSC02048_O.jpg



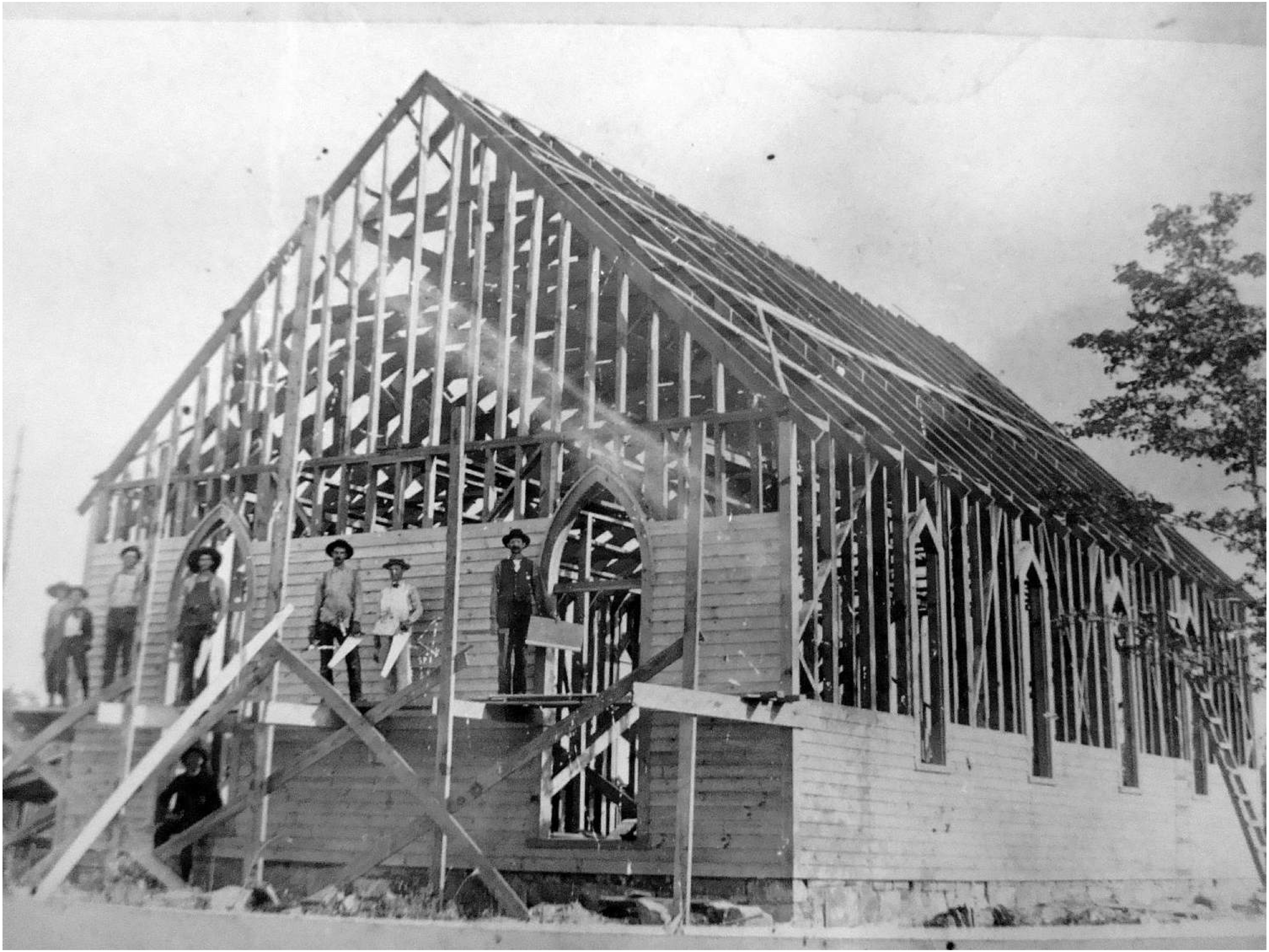


PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AND MASONIC HALL. TIMES PRINT

Huntersville W. Va

X 19 1907

270



No. :

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Print located in : [✓ albums] file

Date :

Subject :

Construction of Methodist Chu
in Huntersville

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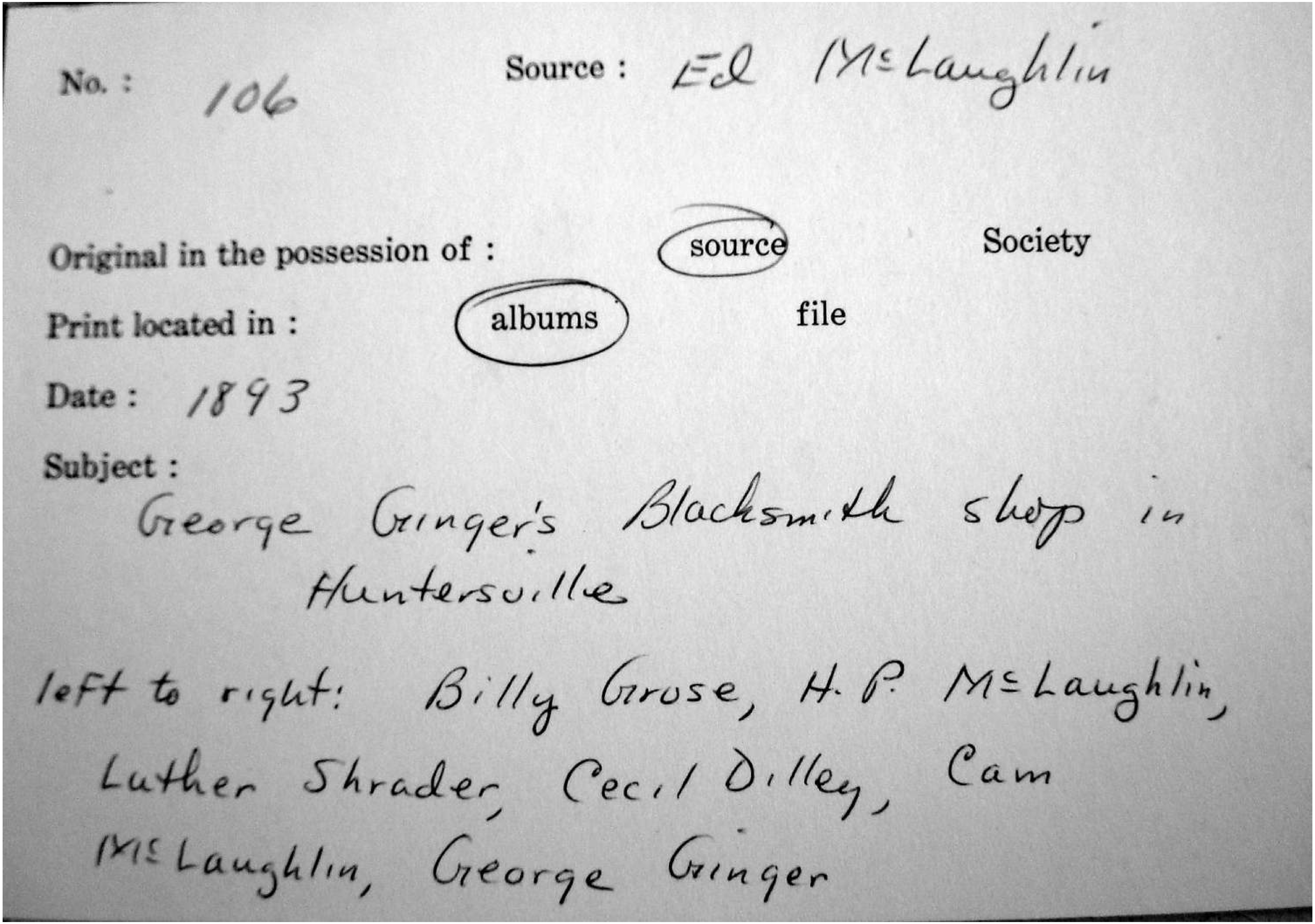


No. : 106 **Source :** Ed McLaughlin

Original in the possession of : [✓ source] Society

Print located in : [✓ albums] file

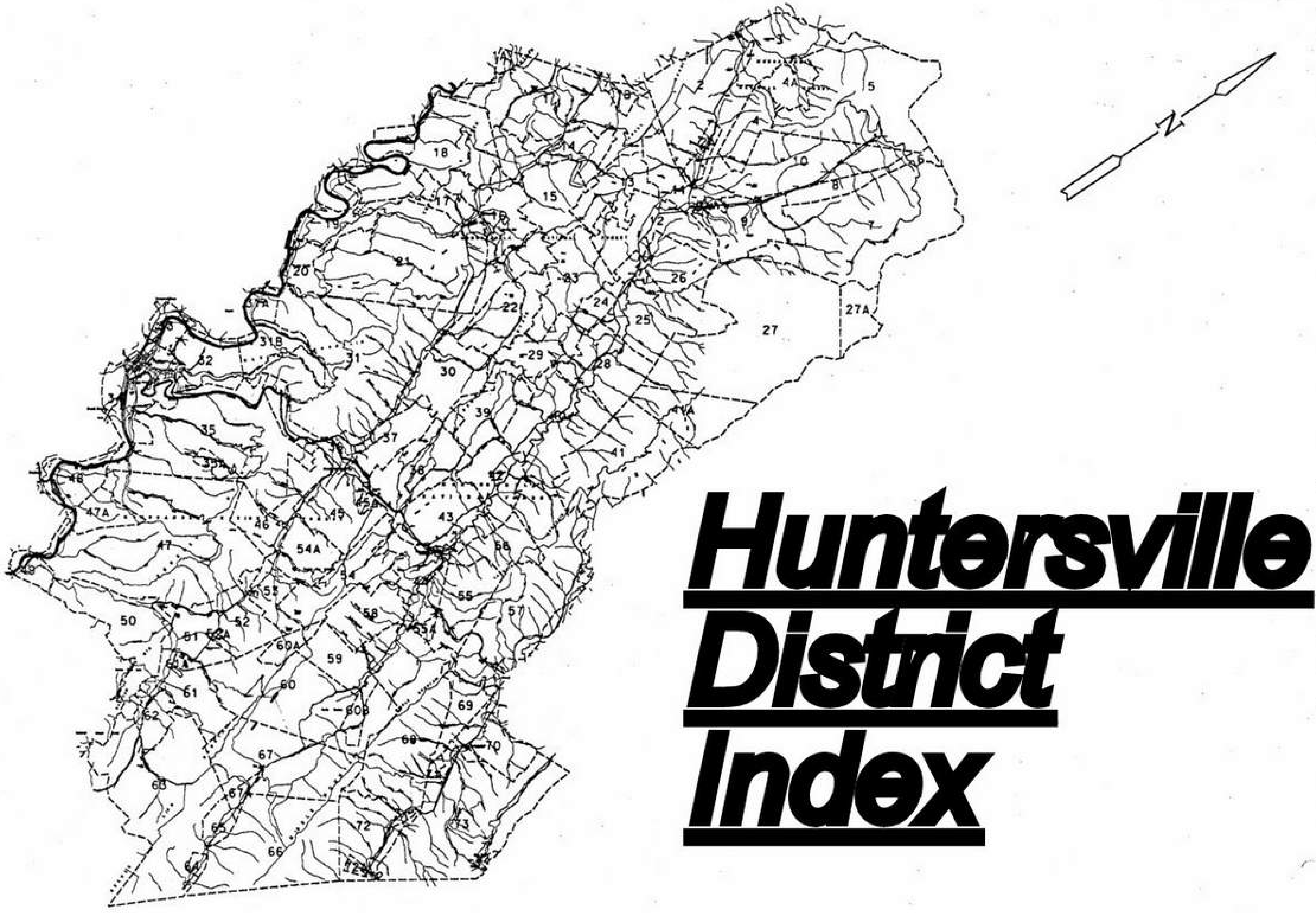
Date : 1893

Subject :

George Ginger's Blacksmith shop in Huntersville

left to right: Billy Grose, H. P. McLaughlin, Luther Shrader, Cecil Dilley, Cam McLaughlin, George Ginger

Huntersville District Index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For Tax Purposes Only

Prepared by
American Air Surveys, Inc
Pittsburgh, Pa.

LEGEND			
Property line		Original lot line	
Edge of pavement or roadway		Deed lot number	(12)
Corporation line		Parcel or Index number	⊕
District line		Improvement	▪
County line		Railroad	

REVISIONS	
1	June 16, 1999
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RESTRICTION

Atlas maps created under the provisions of reappraisal legislation are the property of the State of West Virginia and the reproduction, copying distribution or sale of such tax maps or any copies thereof without the written permission of the State Tax Commissioner is prohibited by law.

KEY MAP

COUNTY OF POCAHONTAS
Office of Assessor
Marlinton, W.Va.

HUNTERSVILLE DISTRICT

District: 6
Map No. INDEX
Date, Aerial Photography:
Photo No:
Date, Map: Aug. 6, 1964
Scale: 1"=5280'

051-clk5.jpg

052-alley.jpg

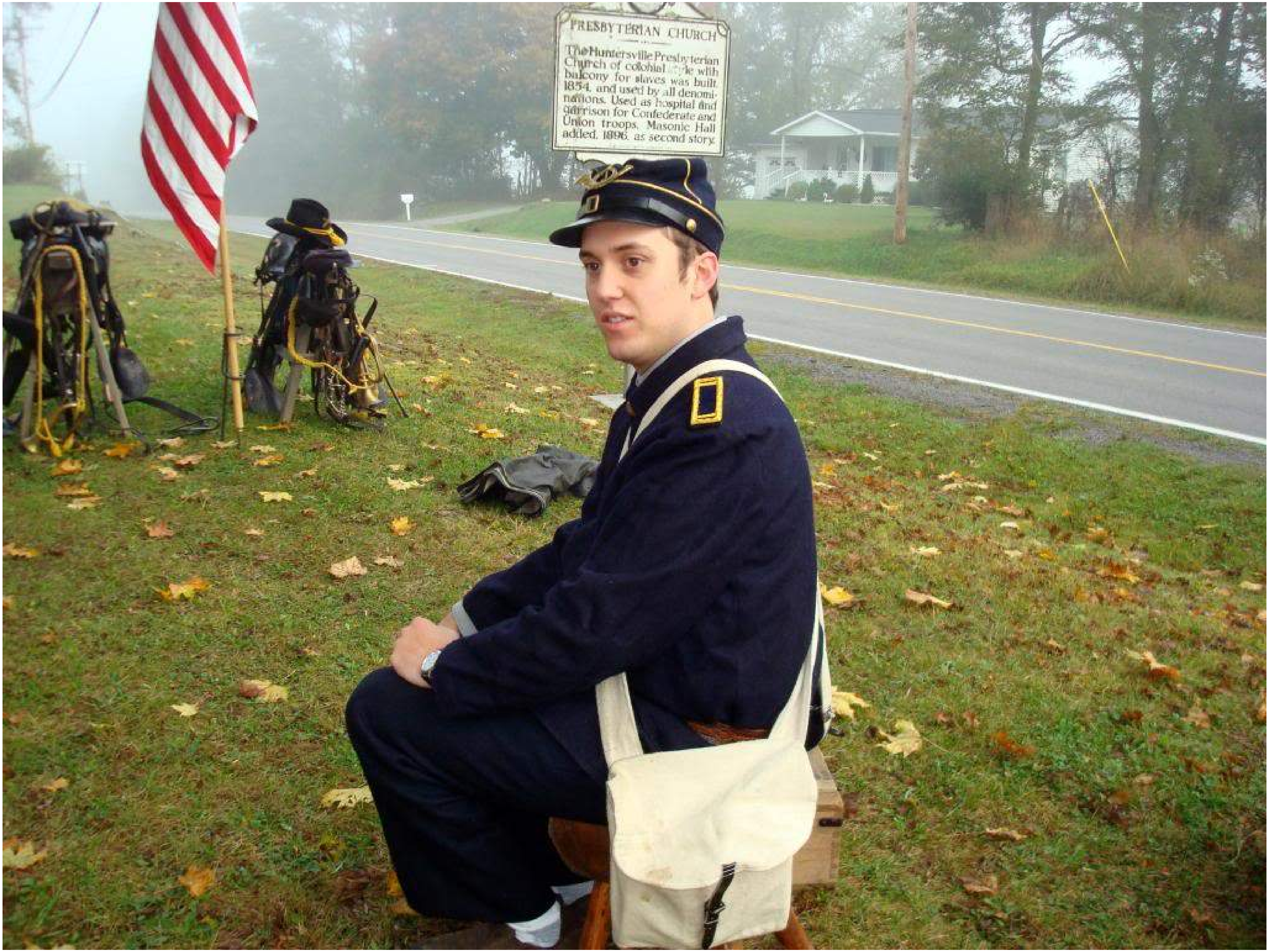
053-DSC03733.jpg

2nd W CAVALRY

054-DSC03734.jpg

2nd WV
CAVALRY

055-DSC03735.jpg

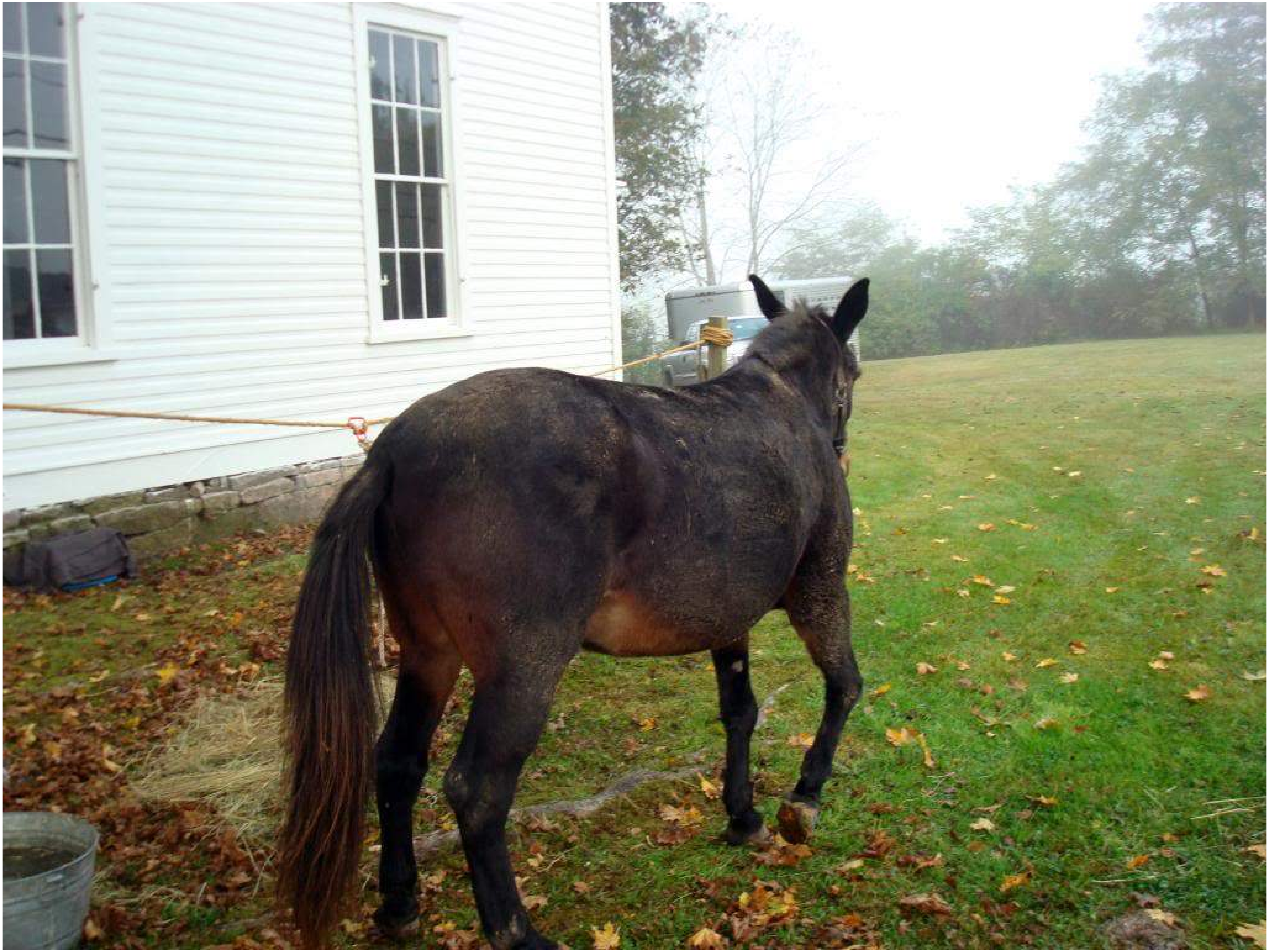

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
The Huntersville Presbyterian
Church of colonial style with
balcony for slaves was built
1854, and used by all denomi-
nations. Used as hospital and
garrison for Confederate and
Union troops. Masonic Hall
added, 1896, as second story.

056-DSC03736.jpg

057-DSC03739.jpg

058-DSC03740.jpg

059-DSC03741.jpg



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068-DSC03750.jpg

069-DSC03751.jpg

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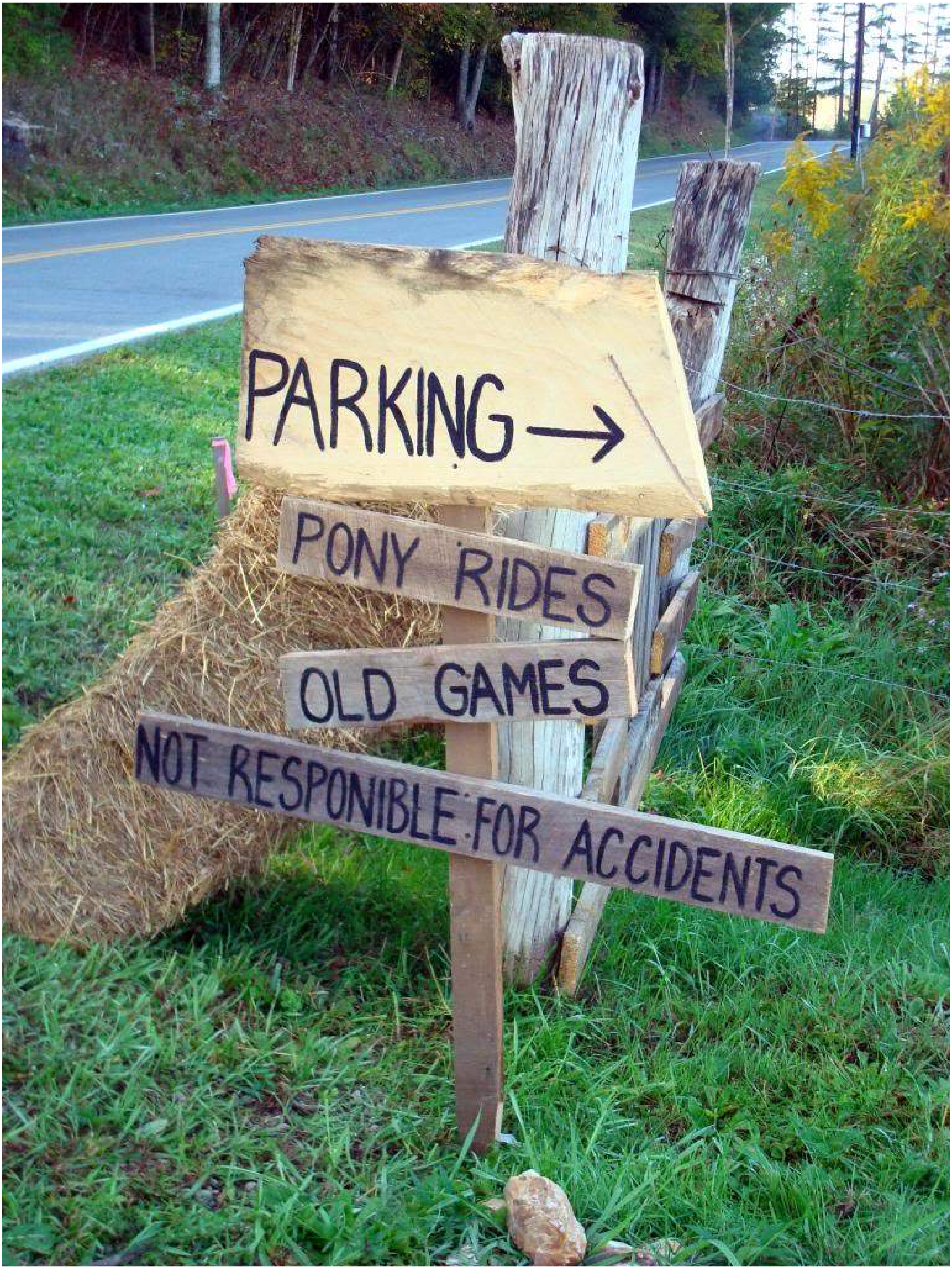
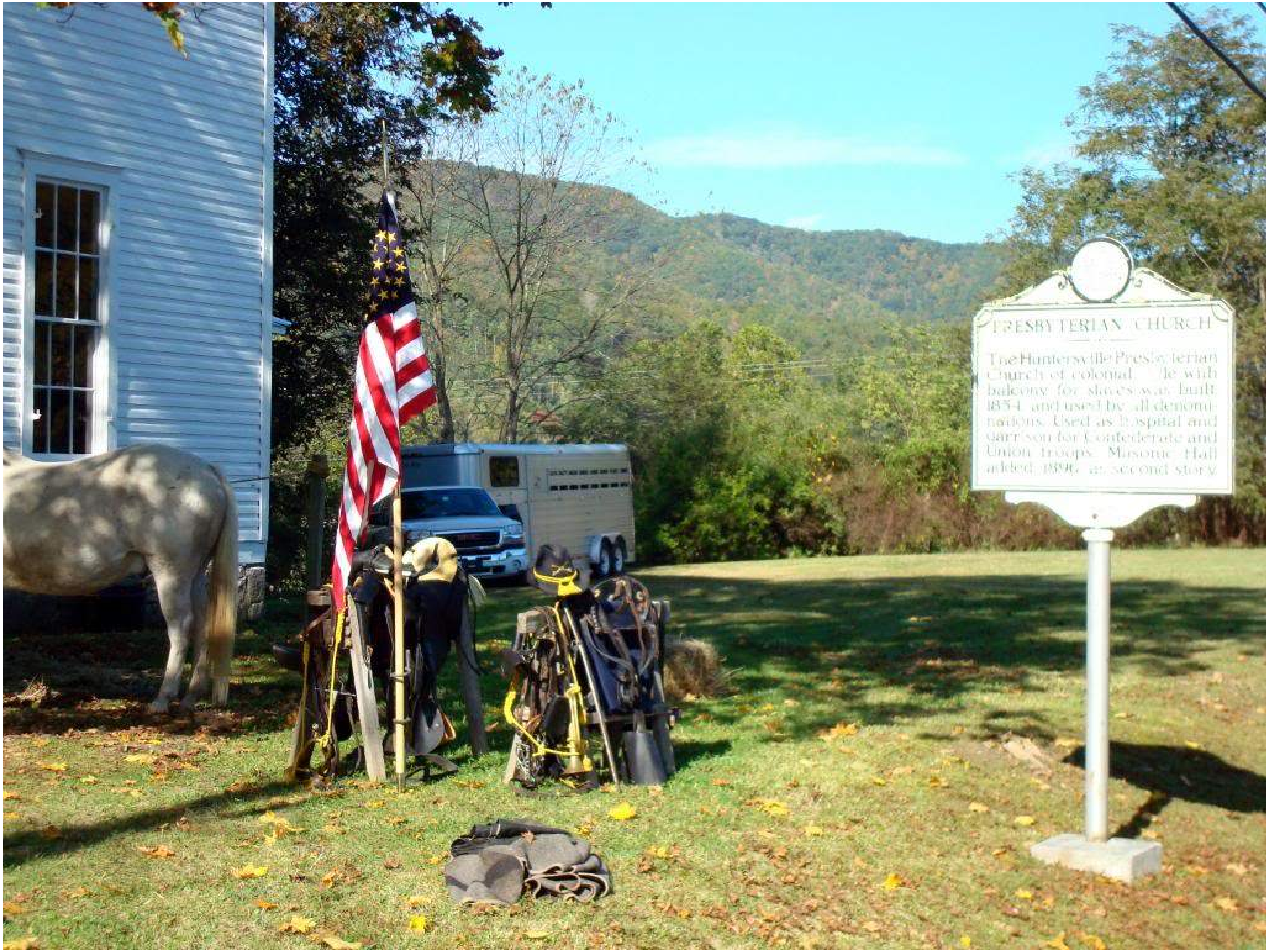

PARKING →
PONY RIDES
OLD GAMES
NOT RESPONIBLE FOR ACCIDENTS

071-DSC03753.jpg

2nd WV
CAVALRY

072-DSC03754.jpg


PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
The Huntersville Presbyterian Church of colonial style with balcony for slaves was built 1854 and used by all denominations. Used as hospital and garrison for Confederate and Union troops. Masonic Hall added 1896 as second story.

073-DSC03755.jpg

074-DSC03756.jpg

075-DSC03757.jpg

CLERK'S OFFICE
JAILHOUSE

076-DSC03758.jpg

077-DSC03760.jpg

078-DSC03761.jpg

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081-DSC03764.jpg

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Free
Sample
of
ICE cream
dients:
Salt Vanilla

084-DSC03769.jpg

085-DSC03770.jpg

086-DSC03771.jpg

087-DSC03772.jpg

088-DSC03773.jpg

089-DSC03774.jpg

090-DSC03775.jpg

091-DSC03778.jpg

Beaver Creek
4-H Club
Sliced Caramel Apples $2.50
Homemade Rootbeer or
Orange Soda Pop .50¢
Hot Coffee .50¢
Bottled Water $1.00
DONATIONS
AUTUMN

092-DSC03779.jpg

1-877-966-8784
FRESH APPLE CIDER
$3.00 for ½ gal.
Pressed By! Beaver Creek Beavers 4-H and Cummings Creek Victory Chapel Ladies Circle
CARAMEL APPLES
Beaver Creek 4-H Club
Sliced Caramel Apples $2.50
Homemade Rootbeer or Orange Soda
Hot Coffee
.50¢

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094-DSC03781.jpg

095-DSC03782.jpg

ICE CREAM SALT

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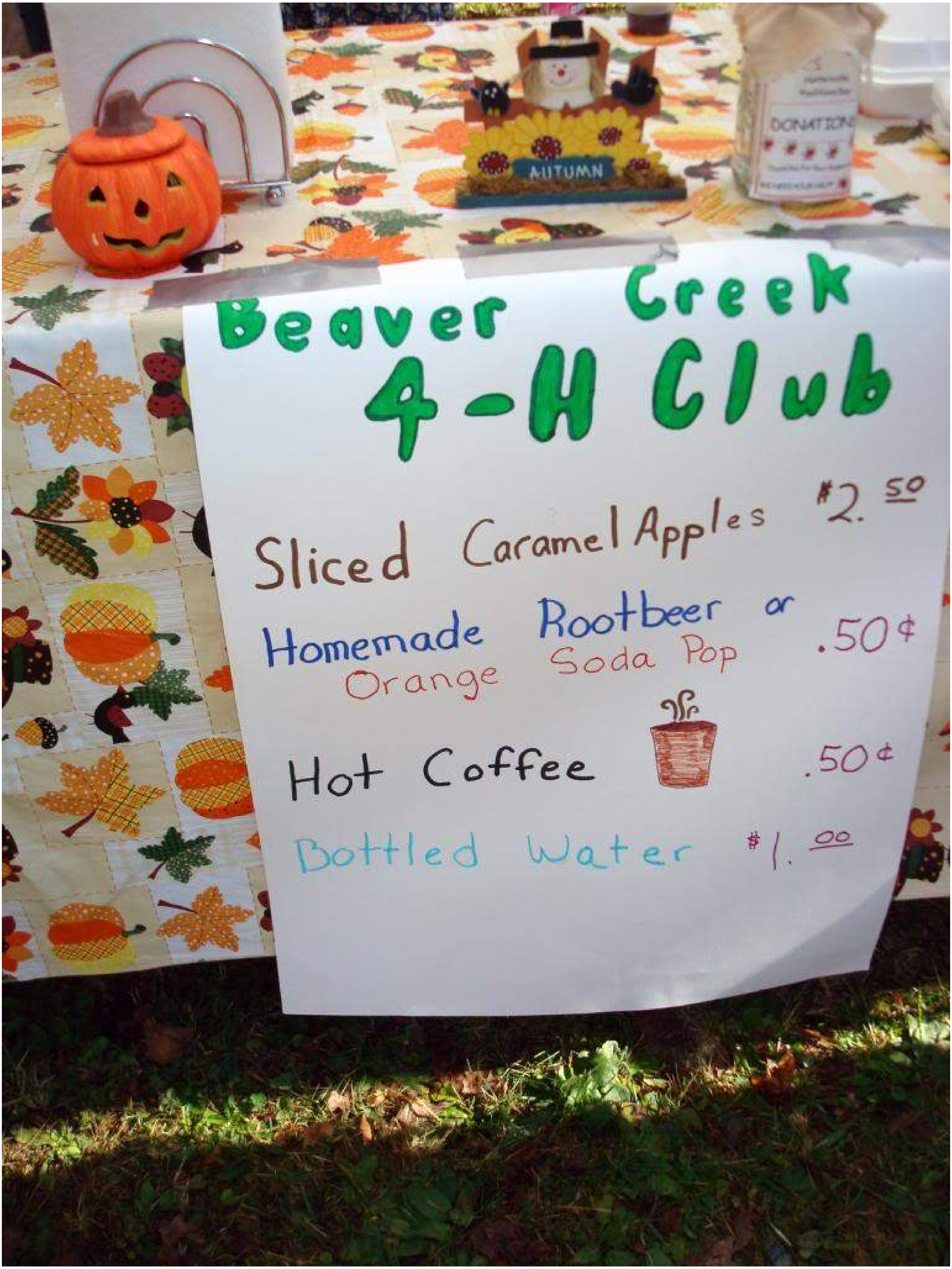
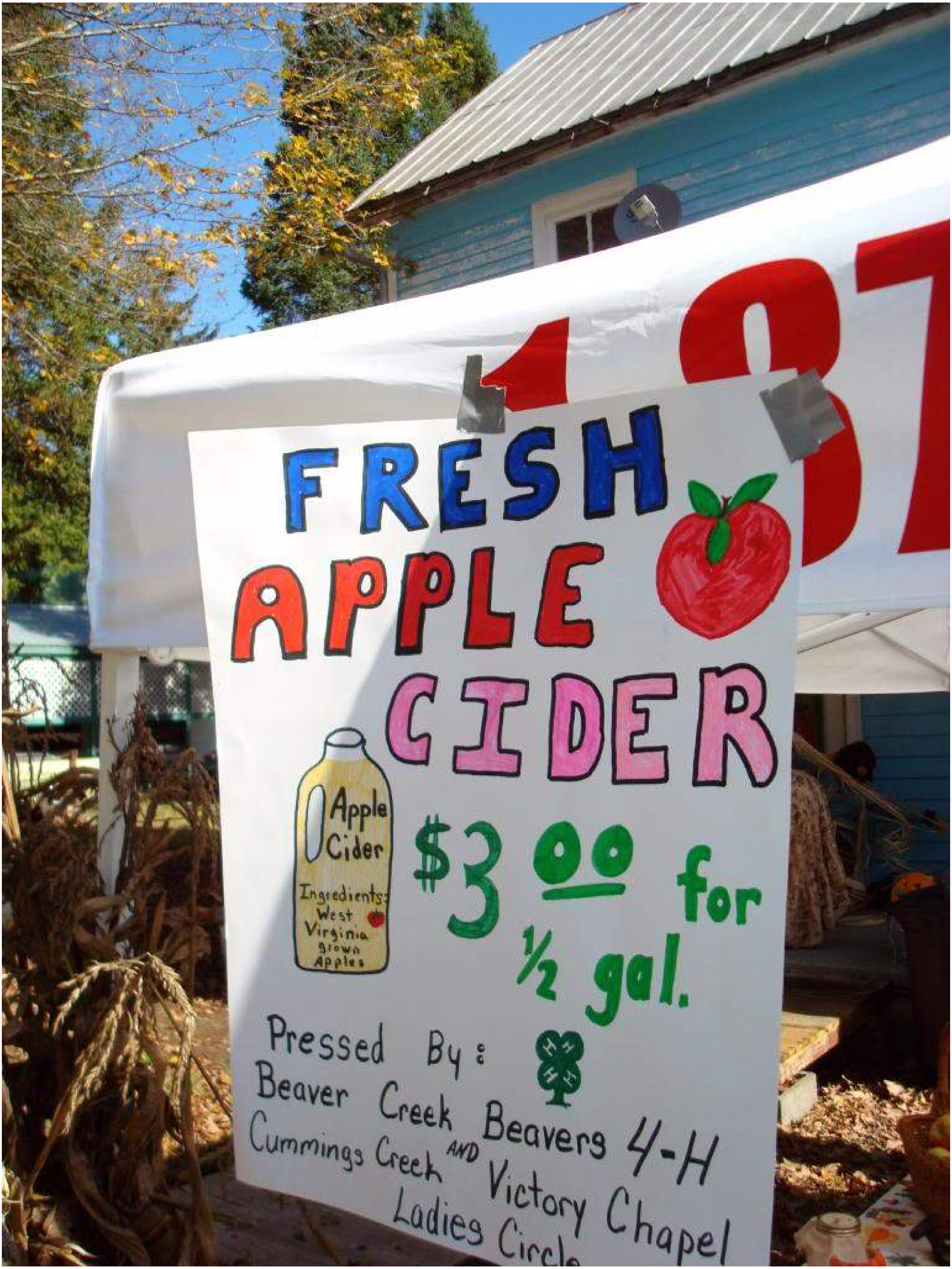

AUTUMN
DONATIONS

Beaver Creek 4-H Club

Sliced Caramel Apples	$2.50
Homemade Rootbeer or Orange Soda Pop	.50¢
Hot Coffee	.50¢
Bottled Water	$1.00

098-DSC03785.jpg


FRESH
APPLE
CIDER
Apple Cider
Ingredients: West Virginia grown Apples
$3 00 for ½ gal.
Pressed By:
Beaver Creek Beavers 4-H
AND
Cummings Creek Victory Chapel
Ladies Circle
H H H H

099-DSC03786.jpg

100-DSC03787.jpg

101-DSC03789.jpg

877-966-8784
FRESH APPLE CIDER
4-H Club
Hot Coffee

102-DSC03790.jpg

103-DSC03791.jpg

104-DSC03792.jpg

LINE
877-966-8784
FRESH
APPLE
Free Samples
ICE cream

105-DSC03793.jpg

QUITLINE
1-877-966-87
FRESH APPLE CIDER
$3.00

106-DSC03794.jpg

107-DSC03795.jpg

108-DSC03796.jpg

109-DSC03797.jpg

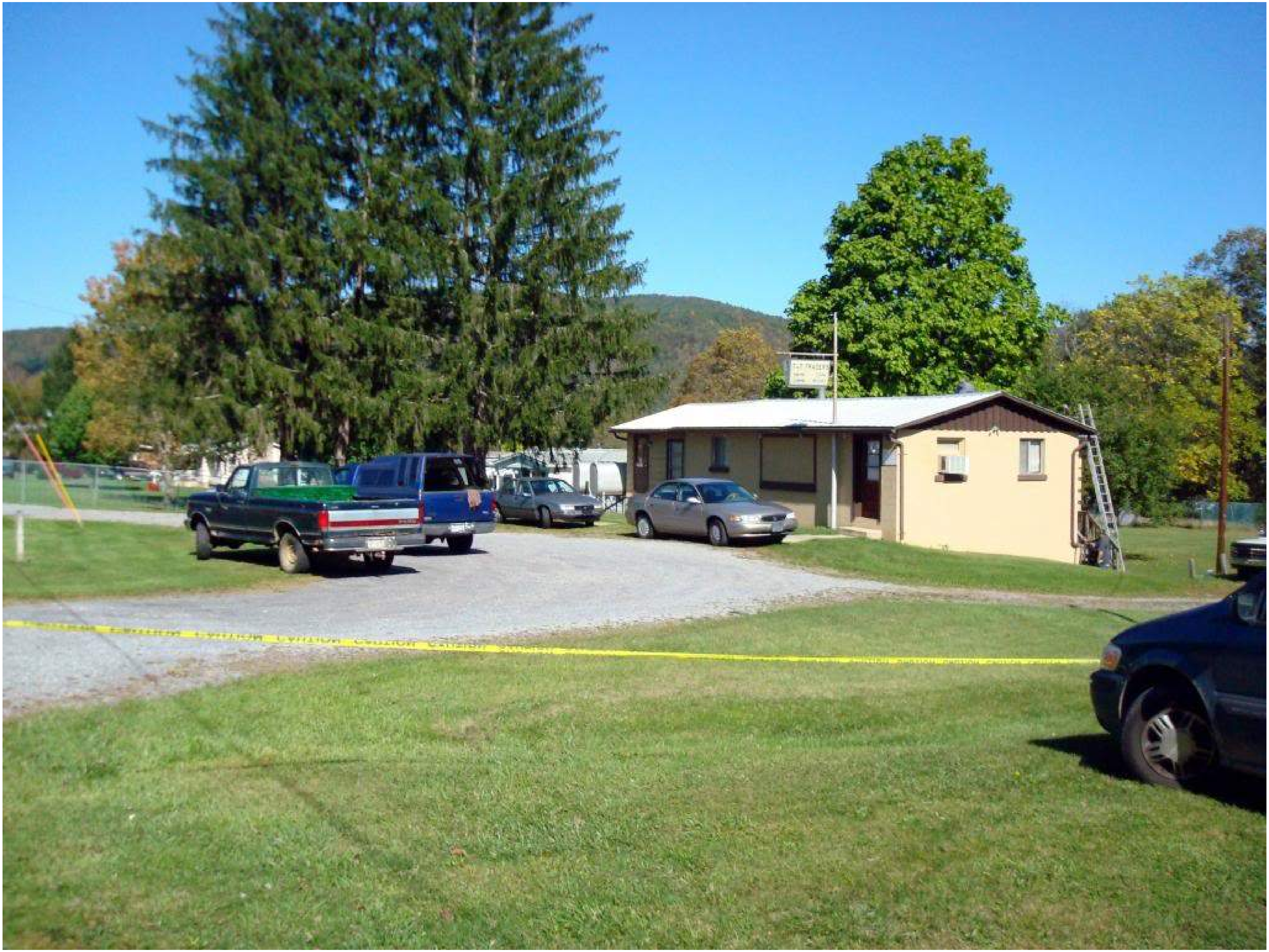
110-DSC03798.jpg

111-DSC03799.jpg

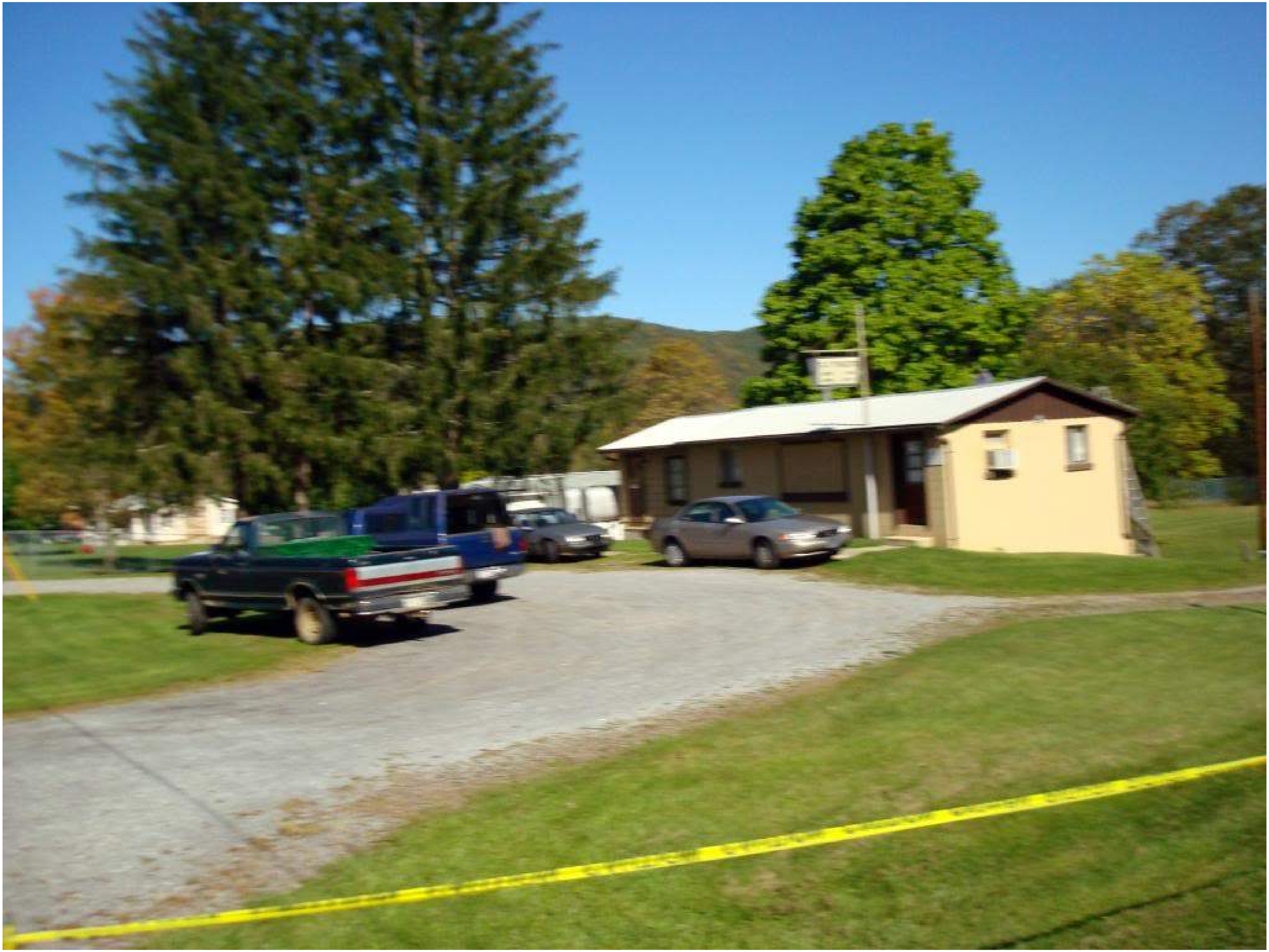
TURKEY
Callers
FOR
SaLE
DARLING
CLEMENTINES

112-DSC03803.jpg

113-DSC03804.jpg

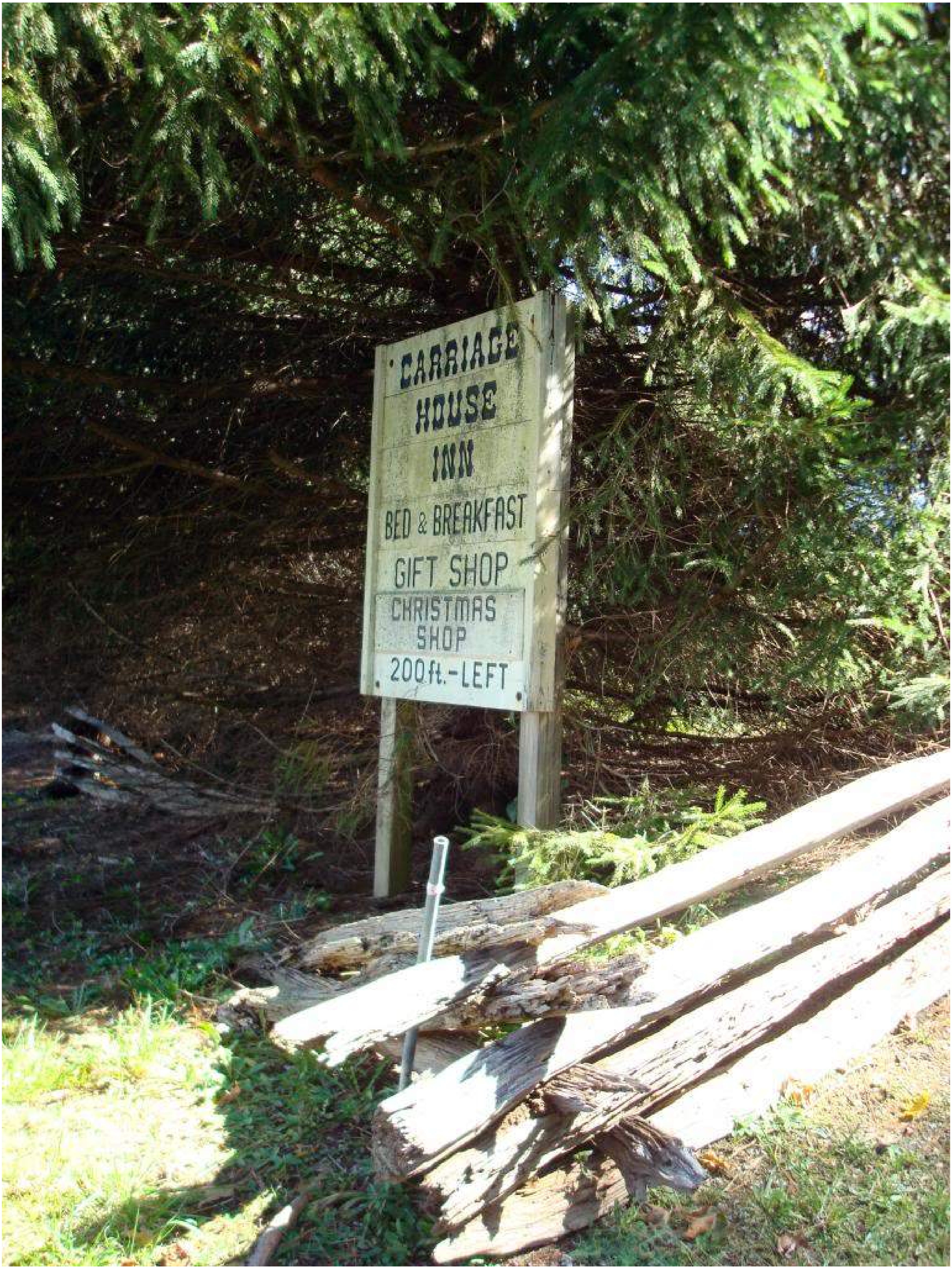


114-DSC03805.jpg



115-DSC03806.jpg

116-DSC03807.jpg


CARRIAGE
HOUSE
INN
BED & BREAKFAST
GIFT SHOP
CHRISTMAS
SHOP
200ft.-LEFT

117-DSC03808.jpg

ICE CREAM MAKIN'
BUTTER CHURNIN'
COW MILKIN'
SPINNIN'
QUILTIN'
POTTERY
NOTECARDS by BETTY JO
HONEY
SASSAFRAS TEA
JAMS & JELLIES
BAKED GOODS

118-DSC03809.jpg

119-DSC03810.jpg

FUDGE
CANDY

120-DSC03811.jpg

121-DSC03812.jpg

122-DSC03814.jpg

123-DSC03815.jpg

124-DSC03816.jpg

125-DSC03818.jpg

126-DSC03819.jpg

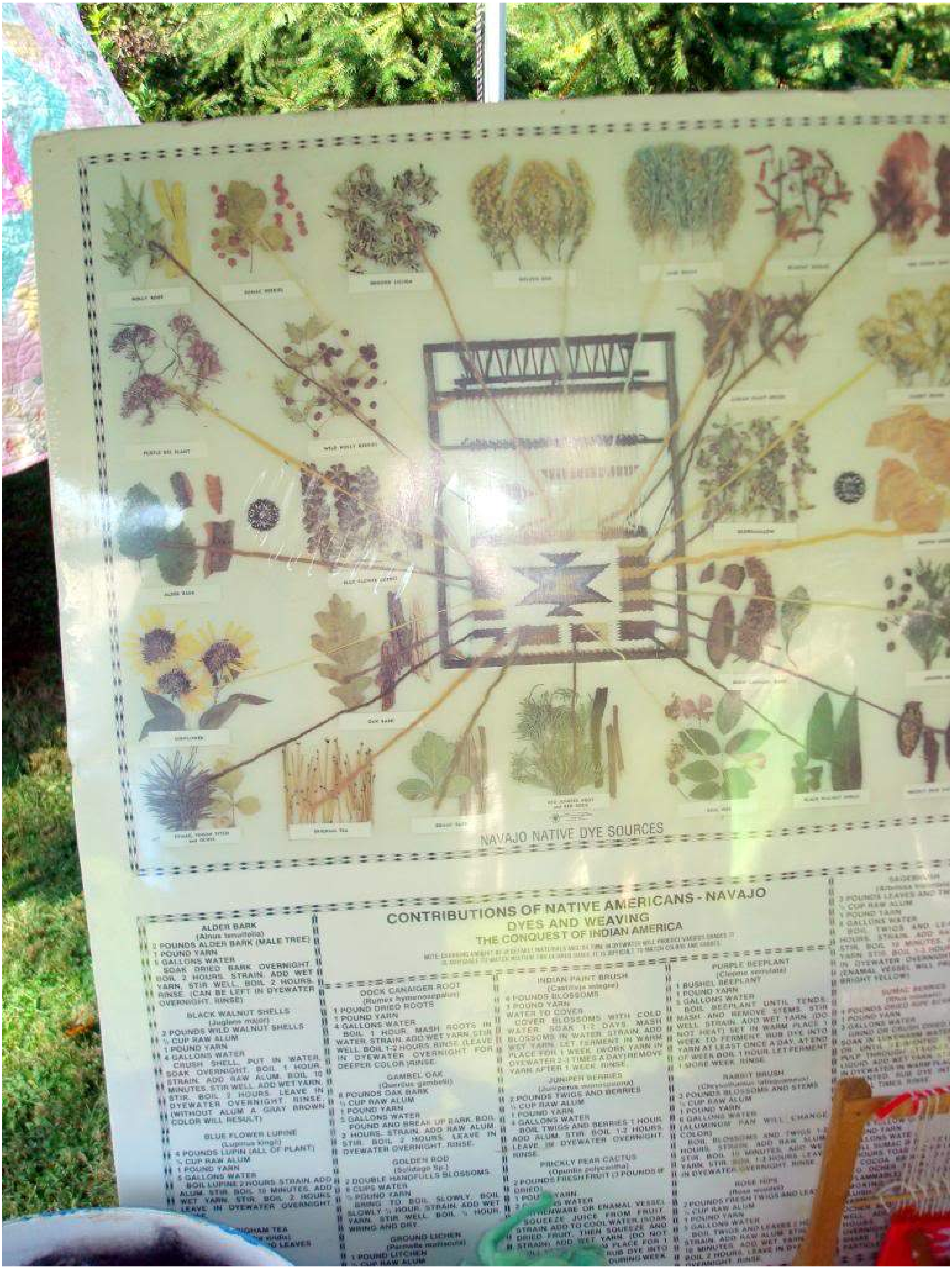
127-DSC03820.jpg

128-DSC03821.jpg

Hot Pepper
Jelly
Keebler
Toppers
TOWN HOUSE

129-DSC03823.jpg

DYEWATER
(WITHOUT ALUM
COLOR WILL RESULT)
BLUE FLOWER LUPINE
(Lupinus kingii)
4 POUNDS LUPIN (ALL OF PLANT)
½ CUP RAW ALUM
1 POUND YARN
5 GALLONS WATER
BOIL LUPINE 2 HOURS. STRAIN ADD
30 MINUTES. ADD
HOURS
STIR. BOIL
DYEWATER OVERNIGHT
GOLDEN ROD
(Solidago Sp.)
2 DOUBLE HANDFULLS BLOSSOMS
8 CUPS WATER
½ POUND YARN
BRING TO BOIL. SLOWLY BOIL
½ HOUR. STRAIN. ADD WET
STIR WELL. BOIL ½ HOUR.
DRY.
LICHEN
2 POUNDS YARN
WATER
ENAMAL VESSEL
2 POUNDS
1 CUP RAW ALUM
1 POUND YARN
4 GALLONS WATER



NAVAJO NATIVE DYE SOURCES

CONTRIBUTIONS OF NATIVE AMERICANS - NAVAJO
DYES AND WEAVING
THE CONQUEST OF INDIAN AMERICA

NOTE: [illegible]

ALDER BARK
(Alnus tenuifolia)
2 POUNDS ALDER BARK (MALE TREE)
1 POUND YARN
5 GALLONS WATER
SOAK DRIED BARK OVERNIGHT. BOIL 2 HOURS. STRAIN. ADD WET YARN. STIR WELL. BOIL 2 HOURS. RINSE. (CAN BE LEFT IN DYEWATER OVERNIGHT. RINSE)

BLACK WALNUT SHELLS
(Juglans major)
2 POUNDS WILD WALNUT SHELLS
½ CUP RAW ALUM
1 POUND YARN
4 GALLONS WATER
CRUSH SHELL. PUT IN WATER. SOAK OVERNIGHT. BOIL 1 HOUR. STRAIN. ADD RAW ALUM. BOIL 10 MINUTES. STIR WELL. ADD WET YARN. STIR. BOIL 2 HOURS. LEAVE IN DYEWATER OVERNIGHT. RINSE. (WITHOUT ALUM A GRAY BROWN COLOR WILL RESULT)

BLUE FLOWER LUPINE
(Lupinus kingii)
4 POUNDS LUPIN (ALL OF PLANT)
½ CUP RAW ALUM
1 POUND YARN
5 GALLONS WATER
BOIL LUPINE 2 HOURS. STRAIN. ADD ALUM. STIR. BOIL 10 MINUTES. ADD WET YARN. STIR. BOIL 2 HOURS. LEAVE IN DYEWATER OVERNIGHT. [illegible]

[illegible]GHAM TEA
([illegible] viridis)
[illegible] LEAVES

DOCK CANAIGER ROOT
(Rumex hymenosepalus)
1 POUND DRIED ROOTS
1 POUND YARN
4 GALLONS WATER
BOIL 1 HOUR. MASH ROOTS IN WATER. STRAIN. ADD WET YARN. STIR WELL. BOIL 1-2 HOURS. RINSE. (LEAVE IN DYEWATER OVERNIGHT FOR DEEPER COLOR) RINSE.

GAMBEL OAK
(Quercus gambelii)
8 POUNDS OAK BARK
½ CUP RAW ALUM
1 POUND YARN
5 GALLONS WATER
POUND AND BREAK UP BARK. BOIL 3 HOURS. STRAIN. ADD RAW ALUM. STIR. BOIL 2 HOURS. LEAVE IN DYEWATER OVERNIGHT. RINSE.

GOLDEN ROD
(Solidago Sp.)
2 DOUBLE HANDFULLS BLOSSOMS
6 CUPS WATER
½ POUND YARN
BRING TO BOIL SLOWLY. BOIL SLOWLY ½ HOUR. STRAIN. ADD WET YARN. STIR WELL. BOIL ½ HOUR. WRING AND DRY.

GROUND LICHEN
(Parmelia molliuscula)
1 POUND LITCHEN
½ CUP RAW ALUM

INDIAN PAINT BRUSH
(Castilleja integra)
4 POUNDS BLOSSOMS
1 POUND YARN
WATER TO COVER
COVER BLOSSOMS WITH COLD WATER. SOAK 1-2 DAYS. MASH BLOSSOMS IN WATER. STRAIN. ADD WET YARN. LET FERMENT IN WARM PLACE FOR 1 WEEK. (WORK YARN IN DYEWATER 2-3 TIMES A DAY) REMOVE YARN AFTER 1 WEEK. RINSE.

JUNIPER BERRIES
(Juniperus monosperma)
2 POUNDS TWIGS AND BERRIES
½ CUP RAW ALUM
1 POUND YARN
4 GALLONS WATER
BOIL TWIGS AND BERRIES 1 HOUR. ADD ALUM. STIR. BOIL 1-2 HOURS. LEAVE IN DYEWATER OVERNIGHT. RINSE.

PRICKLY PEAR CACTUS
(Opuntia polycantha)
2 POUNDS FRESH FRUIT (3 POUNDS IF DRIED)
1 POU[illegible] YARN
2 [illegible] WATER
[illegible]ENWARE OR ENAMAL VESSEL
SQUEEZE JUICE FROM FRUIT. STRAIN. ADD TO COOL WATER. (SOAK DRIED FRUIT. THEN SQUEEZE AND STRAIN) ADD WET YARN. (DO NOT [illegible] PLACE FOR 1 [illegible] RUB DYE INTO [illegible] DURING WEEK

PURPLE BEEPLANT
(Cleome serrulata)
1 BUSHEL BEEPLANT
1 POUND YARN
5 GALLONS WATER
BOIL BEEPLANT UNTIL TEND[illegible] MASH AND REMOVE STEMS. STIR WELL. STRAIN. ADD WET YARN. (DO NOT HEAT) SET IN WARM PLACE 1 WEEK TO FERMENT. RUB DYE INTO YARN AT LEAST ONCE A DAY. AT END OF WEEK BOIL 1 HOUR. LET FERMENT 1 MORE WEEK. RINSE.

RABBIT BRUSH
(Chrysothamnus [illegible])
3 POUNDS BLOSSOMS AND STEMS
½ CUP RAW ALUM
1 POUND YARN
6 GALLONS WATER (ALUMINUM PAN WILL CHANGE COLOR)
BOIL BLOSSOMS AND TWIGS 1-2 HOURS. STRAIN. ADD RAW ALUM. STIR. BOIL 10 MINUTES. ADD WET YARN. STIR. BOIL 1-2 HOURS. LEAVE IN DYEWATER OVERNIGHT. RINSE.

ROSE HIPS
(Rosa woodsii)
2 POUNDS FRESH TWIGS AND LEA[illegible]
½ CUP RAW ALUM
1 POUND YARN
5 GALLONS WATER
BOIL TWIGS AND LEAVES [illegible] STRAIN. ADD RAW ALUM. STIR [illegible] 10 MINUTES. ADD WET YARN [illegible] BOIL 2 HOURS. LEAVE IN DY[illegible] OVERNIGHT. RINSE.

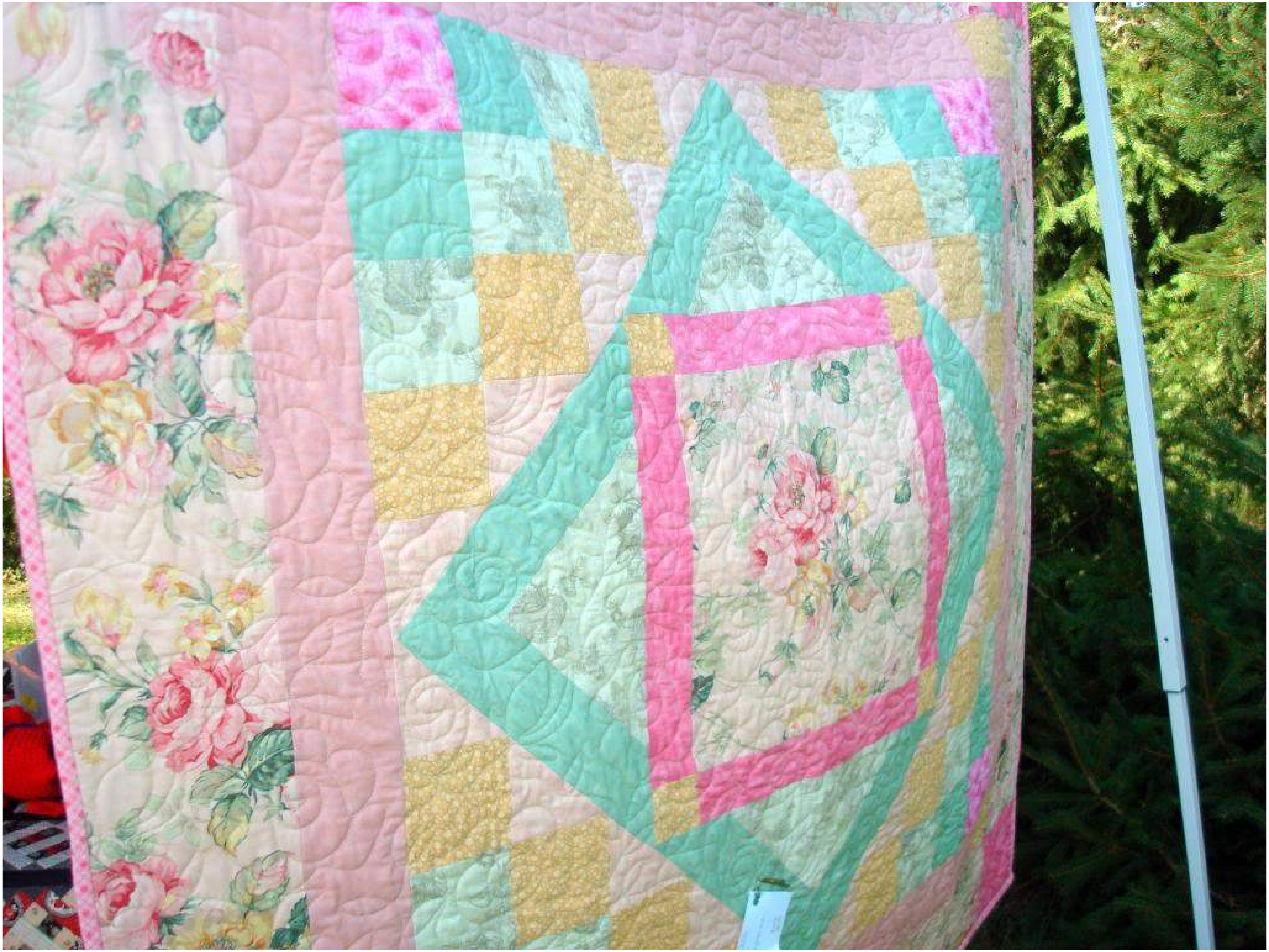
SAGEBRUSH
(Artemisia [illegible])
3 POUNDS LEAVES AND TW
½ CUP RAW ALUM
1 POUND YARN
4 GALLONS WATER
BOIL TWIGS AND LEA
HOURS. STRAIN. ADD RAW
STIR. BOIL 10 MINUTES.
YARN. STIR. BOIL 1-2 HOUR
IN DYEWATER OVERNIGH
(ENAMAL VESSEL WILL PR
BRIGHT YELLOW)

SUMAC BERRIES
(Rhus [illegible])
4 POUNDS DRIED RIPE BER
1 POUND YARN
3 GALLONS WATER
GRIND OR CRUSH DRIED
SOAK IN LUKEWARM WAT
OR UNTIL [illegible]
PULP THROUGH [illegible]
LIQUID. ADD WET YARN
IN DYEWATER IN WARM PLA
[illegible]NTED. RUB DYE INT
[illegible] TIMES. RINSE

131-DSC03825.jpg

132-DSC03826.jpg

133-DSC03827.jpg



134-DSC03828.jpg

135-DSC03829.jpg

136-DSC03830.jpg

137-DSC03834.jpg

"Double Dream"
CHOCOLATE FUDGE
PEANUT BUTTER FUDGE
CHOCOLATE WALNUT FUDGE
HOMEMADE CANDIES AND FUDGE

138-DSC03835.jpg

139-DSC03836.jpg

140-DSC03837.jpg

141-DSC03838.jpg

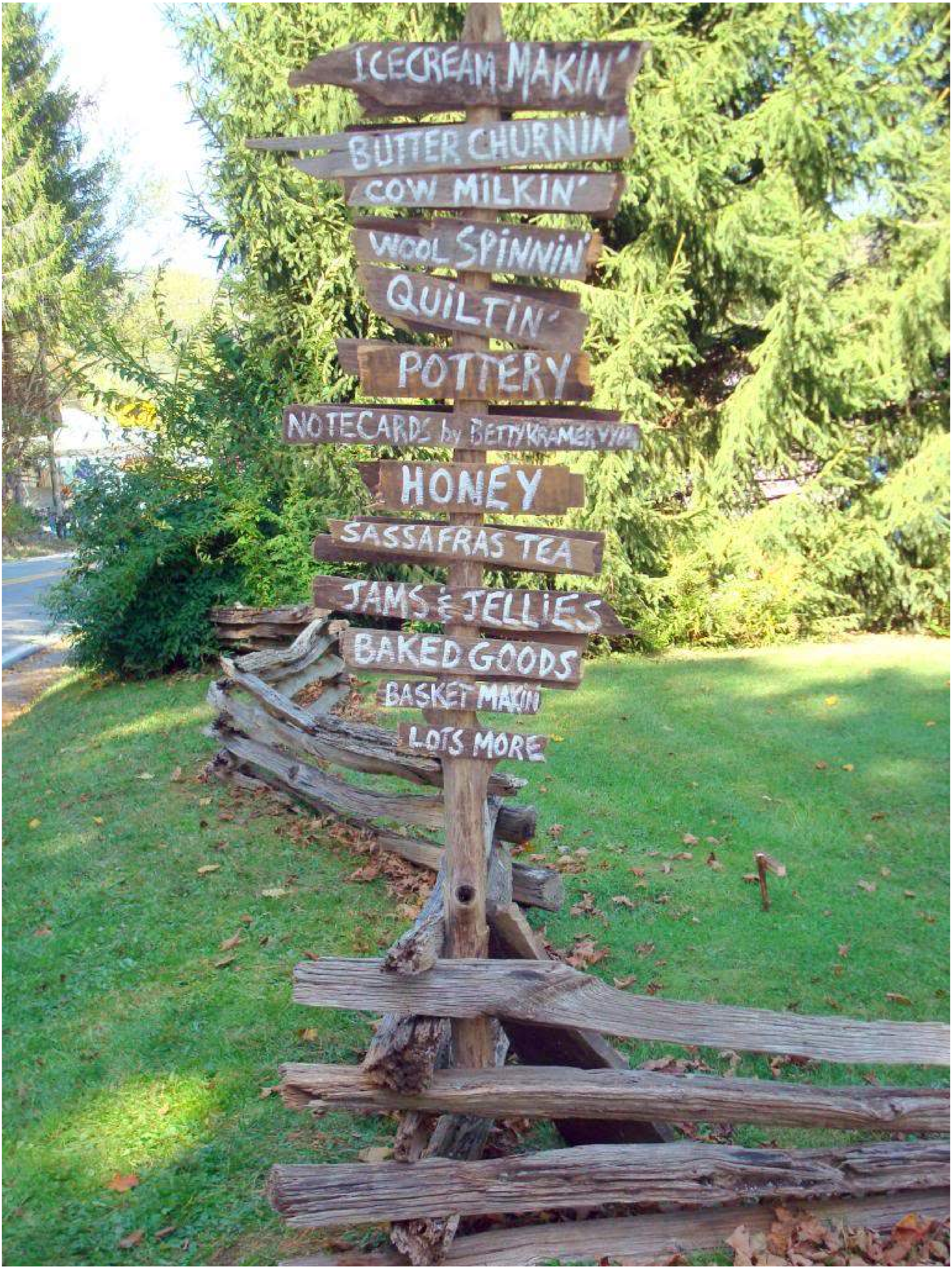
142-DSC03839.jpg

143-DSC03840.jpg

144-DSC03841.jpg

145-DSC03842.jpg

146-DSC03843.jpg


ICECREAM MAKIN'
BUTTER CHURNIN'
COW MILKIN'
WOOL SPINNIN'
QUILTIN'
POTTERY
NOTECARDS by BETTY KRAMER
HONEY
SASSAFRAS TEA
JAMS & JELLIES
BAKED GOODS
BASKET MAKIN
LOTS MORE

147-DSC03844.jpg

148-DSC03845.jpg

149-DSC03846.jpg

150-DSC03847.jpg

151-DSC03848.jpg

152-DSC03849.jpg

153-DSC03851.jpg

E-Z UP
Hot, Stuffed
Baked Potatoes!
New Hope Lutheran Church
Minnehaha Springs, WV
Thrivent Financial
for Lutherans®

154-DSC03852.jpg

E-Z UP
Hot, S ffed
aked Po es!
New Hope Lutheran Church
Minnehaha Springs, WV
Thrivent Financial
for Lutherans
500 Disposable Gloves

155-DSC03853.jpg

157-DSC03855.jpg

158-DSC03856.jpg

159-DSC03857.jpg

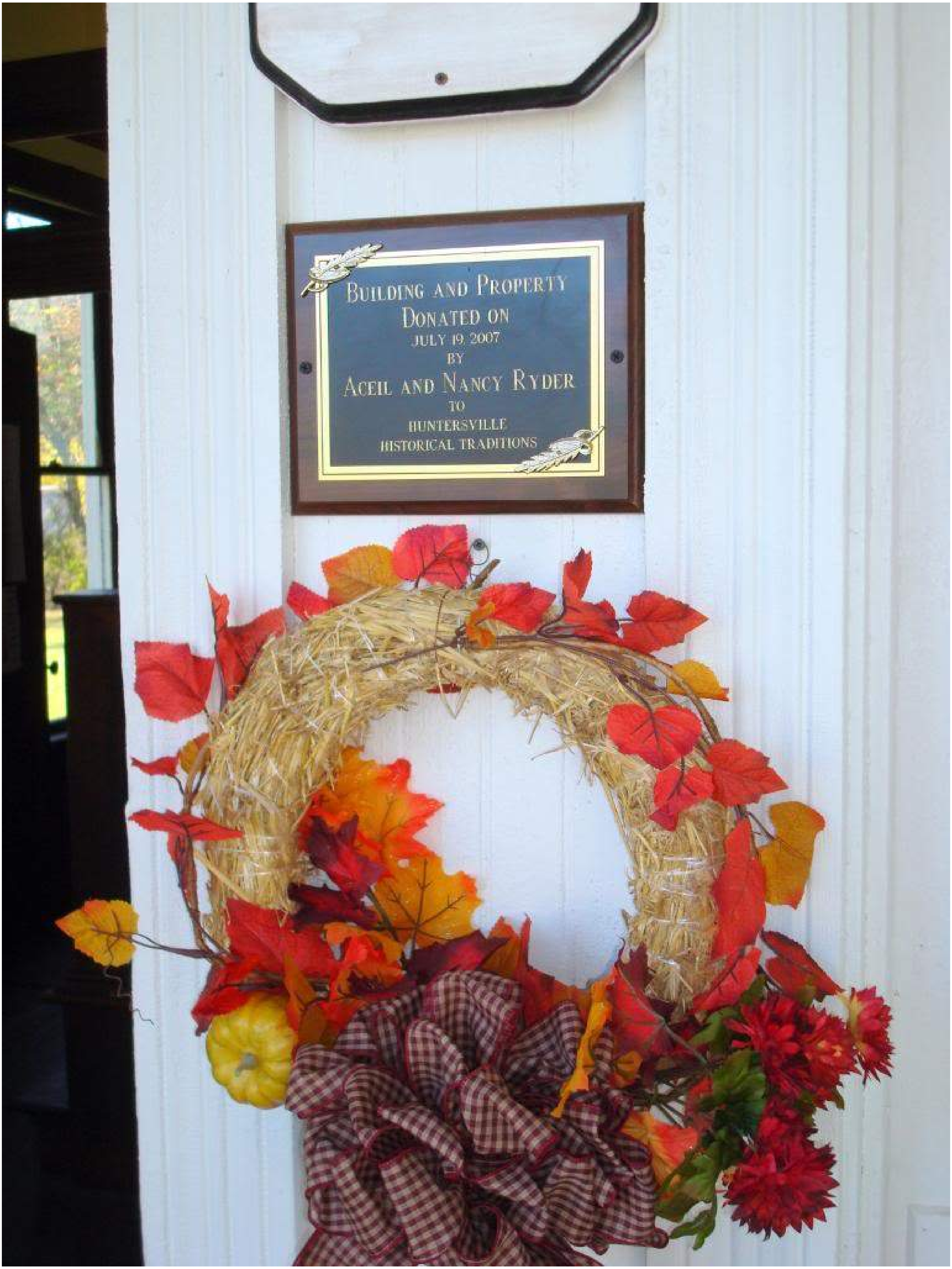
160-DSC03858.jpg

161-DSC03859.jpg

162-DSC03860.jpg

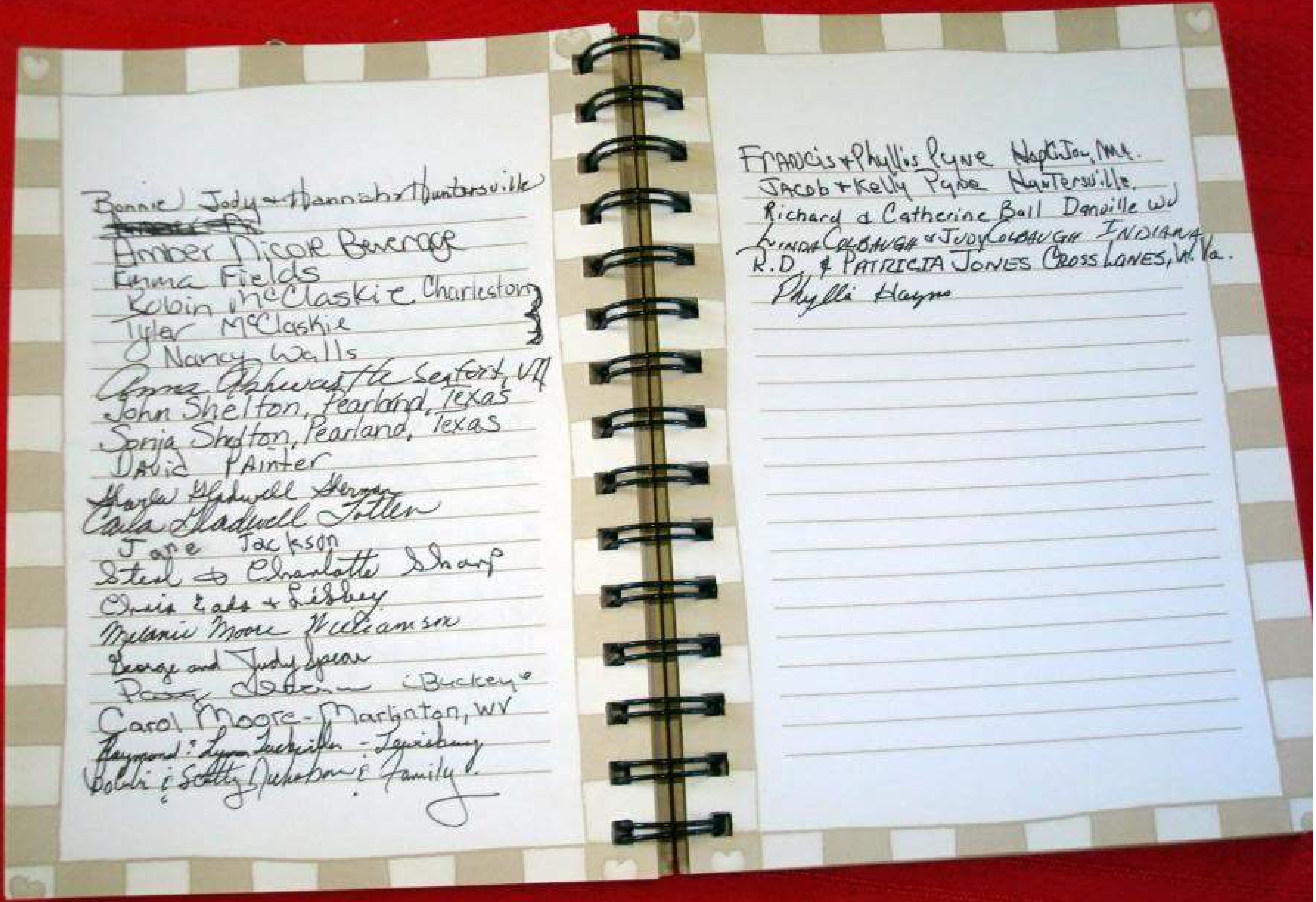
1880
HUNTERSVILLE
SCHOOLHOUSE
MUZZLE LOADIN'

163-DSC03861.jpg


BUILDING AND PROPERTY
DONATED ON
JULY 19, 2007
BY
ACEIL AND NANCY RYDER
TO
HUNTERSVILLE
HISTORICAL TRADITIONS

164-DSC03862.jpg

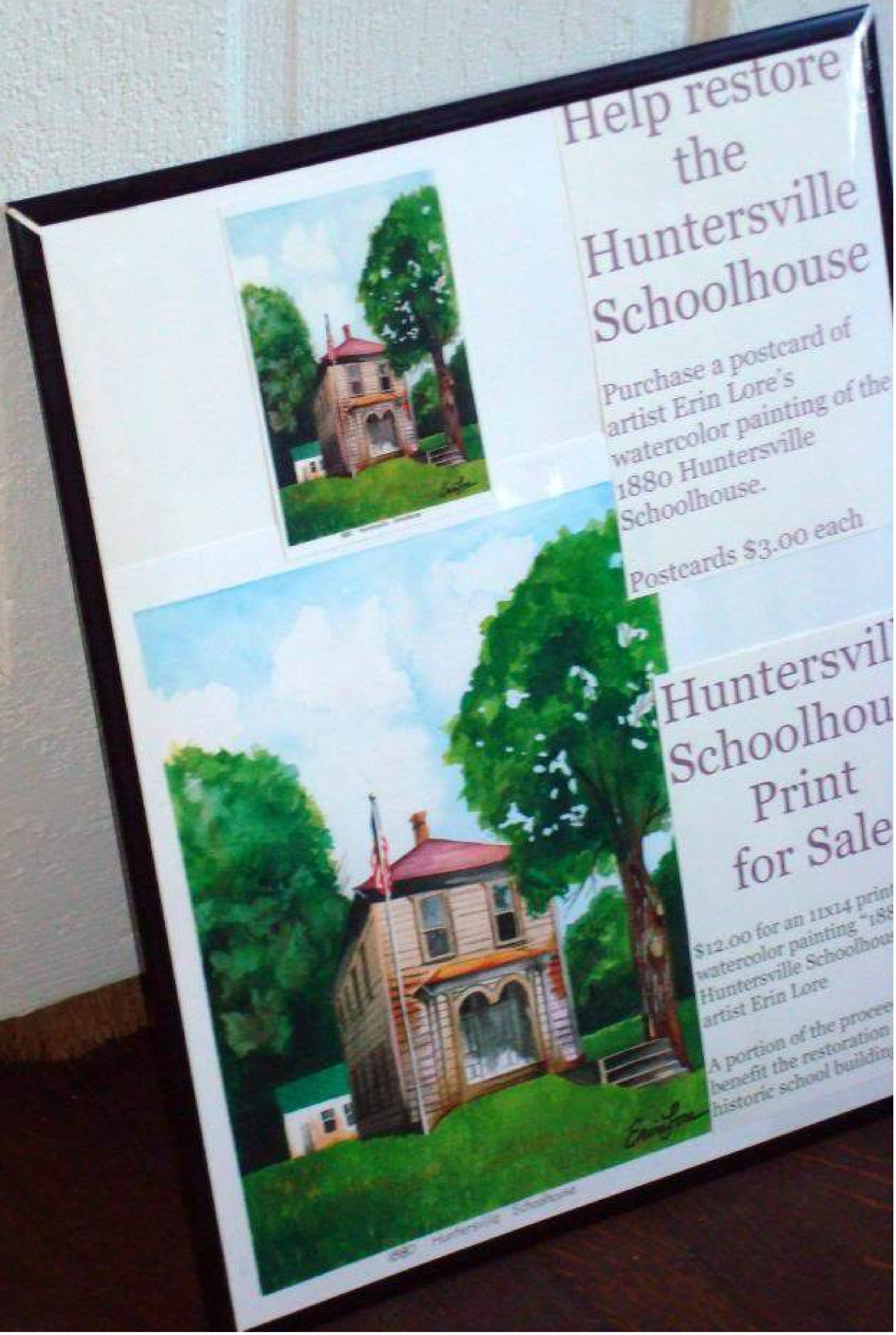
165-DSC03863.jpg



Bonnie) Jody + Hannah + Huntersville
[illegible]
Amber Nicole Beverage
Emma Fields
Robin McClaskie Charleston
Tyler McClaskie
Nancy Walls
Anna [illegible] Seafort, VA
John Shelton, Pearland, Texas
Sonja Shelton, Pearland, Texas
David PAinter
Gayla Gladwell Sherman
Carla Gladwell Totten
Jane Jackson
Steve & Charlotte Sharp
Chris Eads + Libbey
Melanie Moore Williamson
George and Judy Spears
Peggy [illegible] "Buckeye"
Carol Moore - Marlinton, WV
Raymond & Lynn Tuckwiller - Lewisburg
Bobbi & Scotty Dickerson & Family

FRANCIS + Phyllis Pyne [illegible], MA.
JACOB + Kelly Pyne HunTersville.
Richard & Catherine Ball Danville WV
LINDA COLBAUGH & JUDY COLBAUGH INDIANA
R.D. & PATRICIA JONES CROSS LANES, W. Va.
Phyllis Haynes

166-DSC03864.jpg



Help restore the Huntersville Schoolhouse

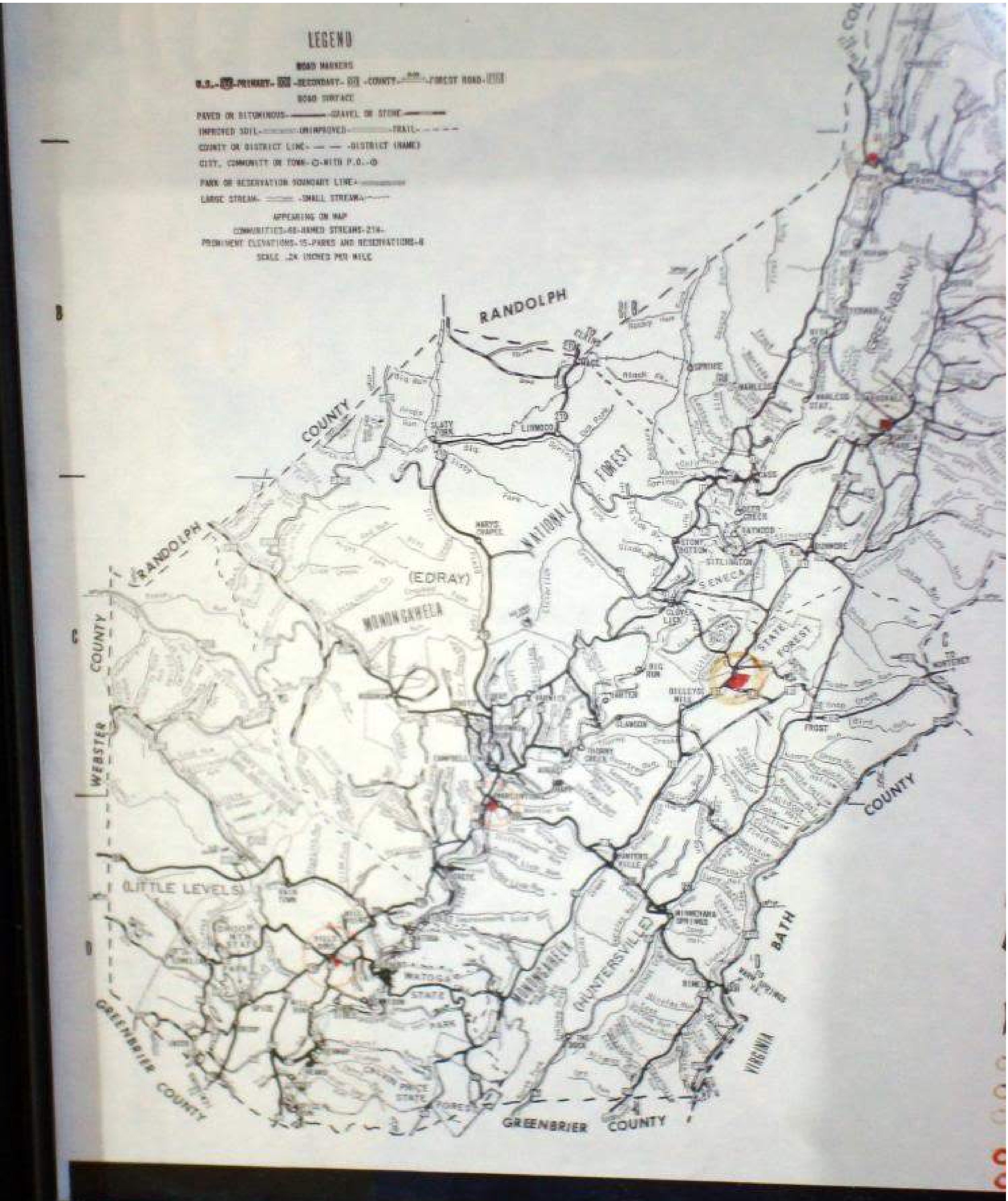
Purchase a postcard of artist Erin Lore's watercolor painting of the 1880 Huntersville Schoolhouse.

Postcards $3.00 each

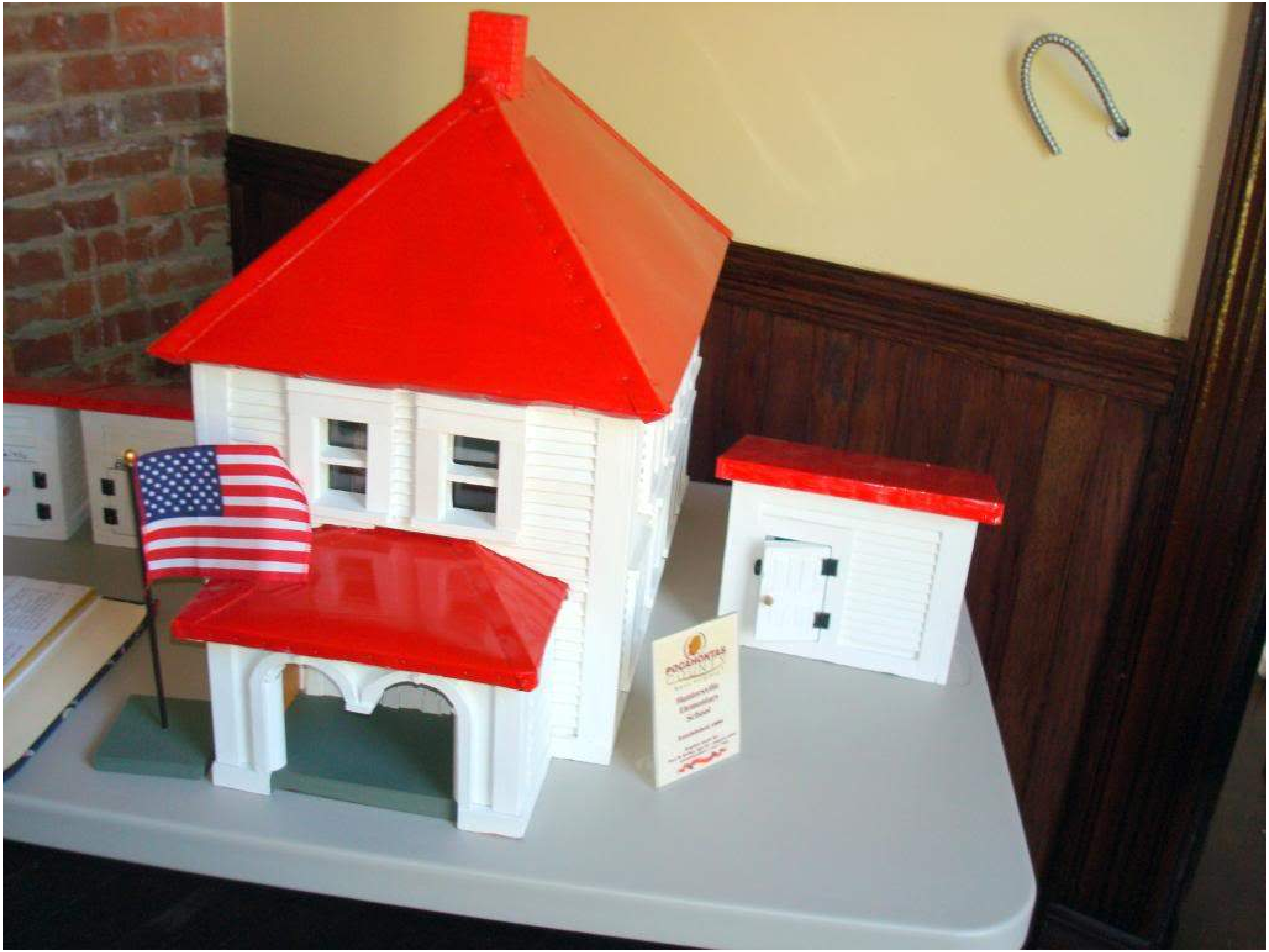
Huntersvil
Schoolhou
Print
for Sale

$12.00 for an 11x14 print
watercolor painting "188
Huntersville Schoolhou
artist Erin Lore

A portion of the procee
benefit the restoration
historic school buildin


LEGEND
ROAD MARKERS
U.S.- PRIMARY- SECONDARY- COUNTY- FOREST ROAD-
ROAD SURFACE
PAVED OR BITUMINOUS- GRAVEL OR STONE-
IMPROVED SOIL- UNIMPROVED- TRAIL-
COUNTY OR DISTRICT LINE- DISTRICT (NAME)
CITY, COMMUNITY OR TOWN- WITH P.O.-
PARK OR RESERVATION BOUNDARY LINE-
LARGE STREAM- SMALL STREAM-
APPEARING ON MAP
COMMUNITIES-48-NAMED STREAMS-214-
PROMINENT ELEVATIONS-15-PARKS AND RESERVATIONS-8
SCALE .24 INCHES PER MILE
B
C
D
RANDOLPH
COUNTY
RANDOLPH
WEBSTER
COUNTY
SLATY FORK
LINWOOD
CASS
GREENBANK
MONONGAHELA
NATIONAL
FOREST
(EDRAY)
SENECA
STATE
FOREST
CLOVER LICK
STONY BOTTOM
DILLEYS MILL
FROST
C
COUNTY
(LITTLE LEVELS)
WATOGA
STATE
PARK
MONONGAHELA
(HUNTERSVILLE)
MINNEHAHA SPRINGS
BATH
VIRGINIA
CALVIN PRICE
STATE
FOREST
GREENBRIER
COUNTY
GREENBRIER COUNTY

168-DSC03866.jpg

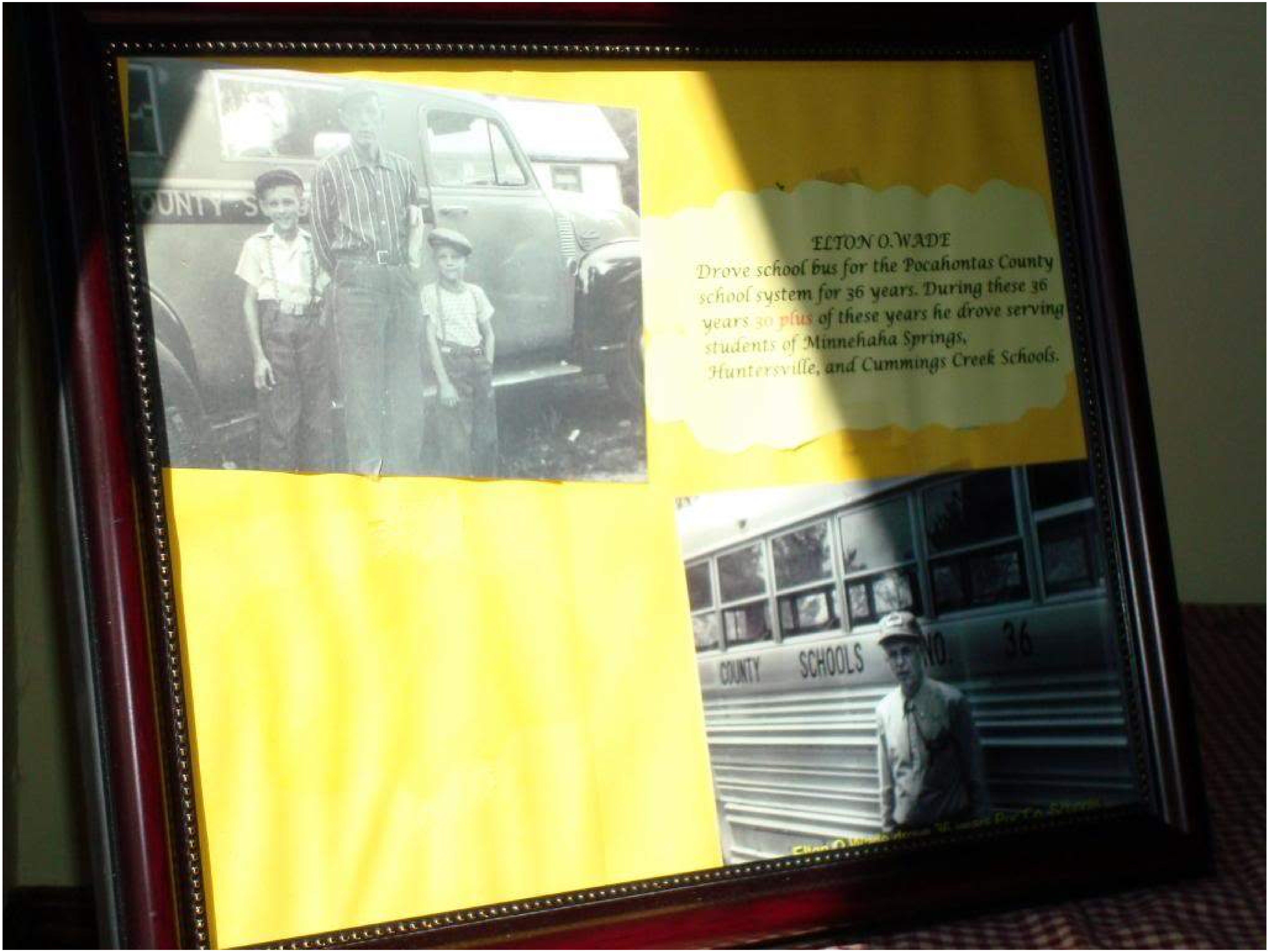


169-DSC03867.jpg

DONATIONS
Girls
Boys

170-DSC03868.jpg

Huntersville Traditions Day
DONATIONS
Thank You For Your Support!!
WE NEED YOUR HELP!!
Girls
Huntersville Historical Traditions



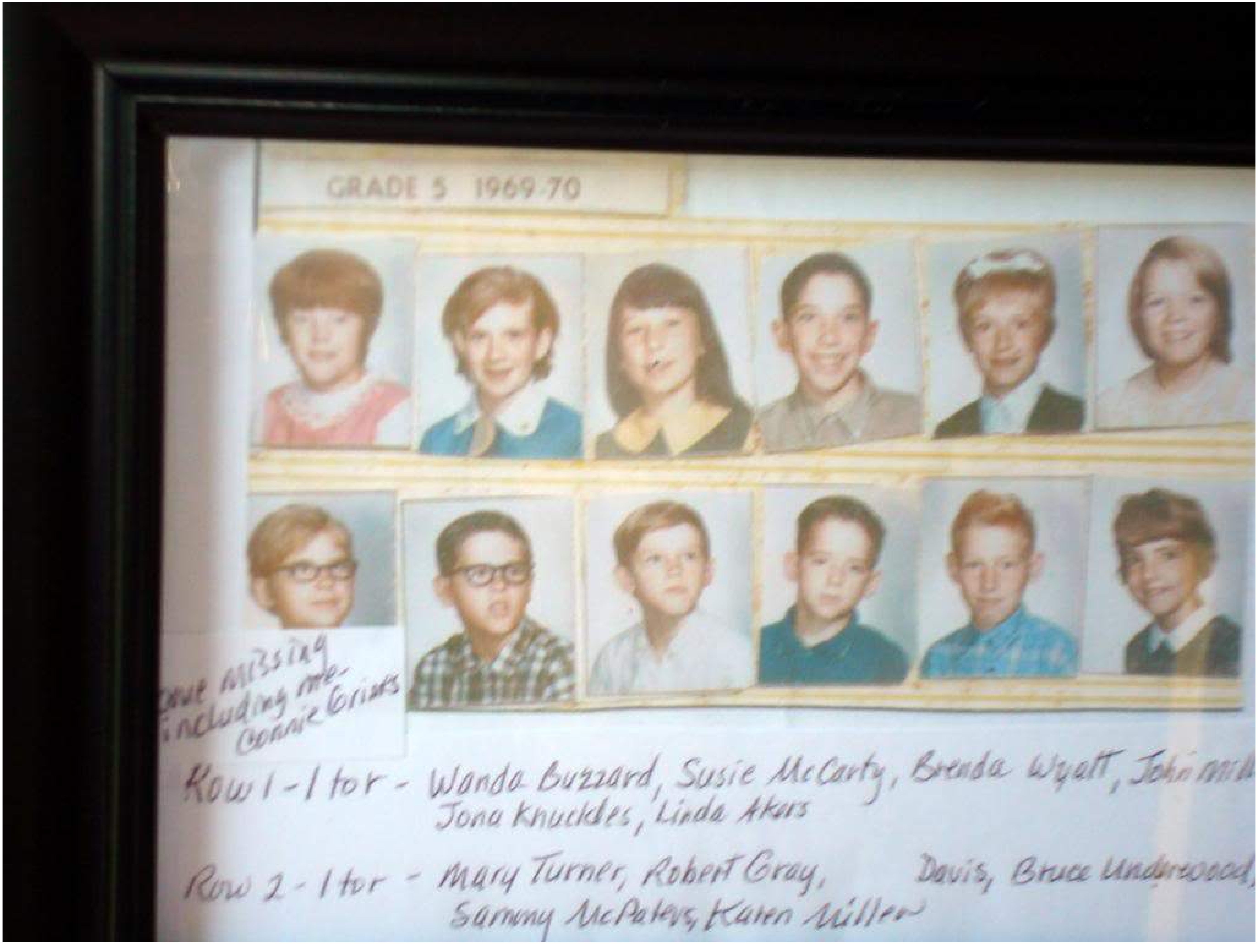
COUNTY S
COUNTY SCHOOLS NO. 36

ELTON O.WADE

Drove school bus for the Pocahontas County school system for 36 years. During these 36 years 30 plus of these years he drove serving students of Minnehaha Springs, Huntersville, and Cummings Creek Schools.

Elton O Wade [illegible] 36 years Poca [illegible]

172-DSC03870.jpg

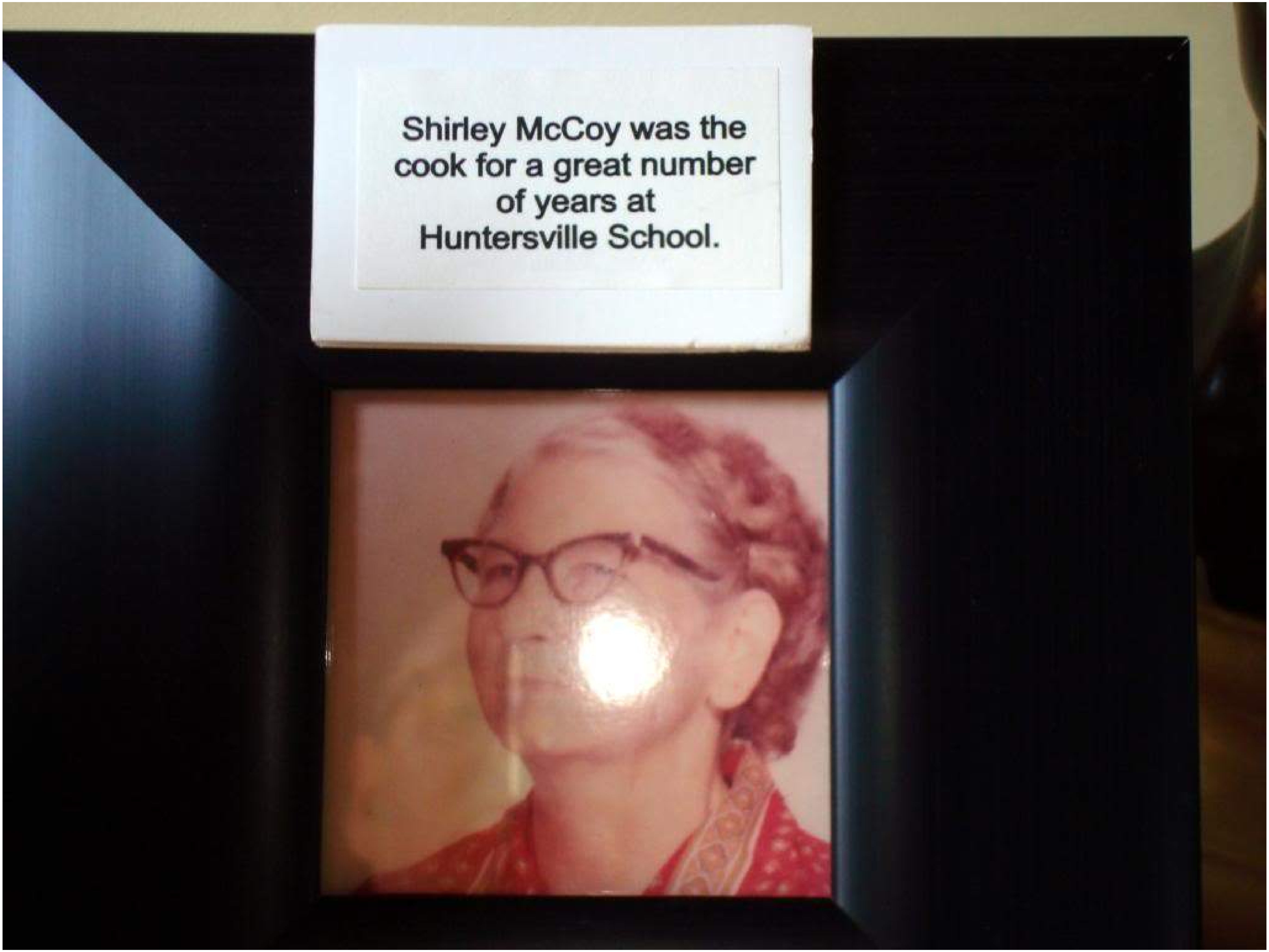


GRADE 5 1969-70

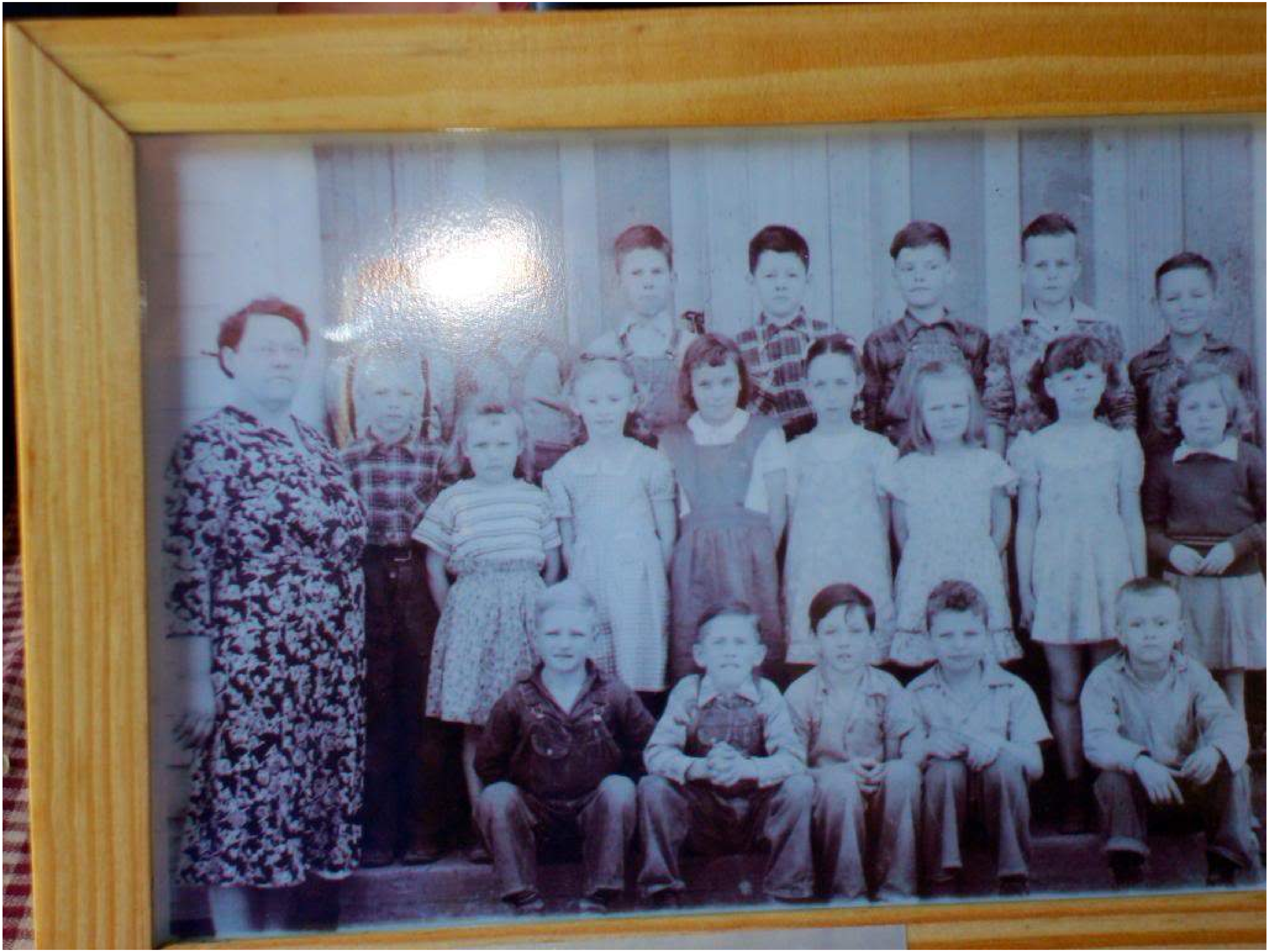
ome missing including me Connie Griggs

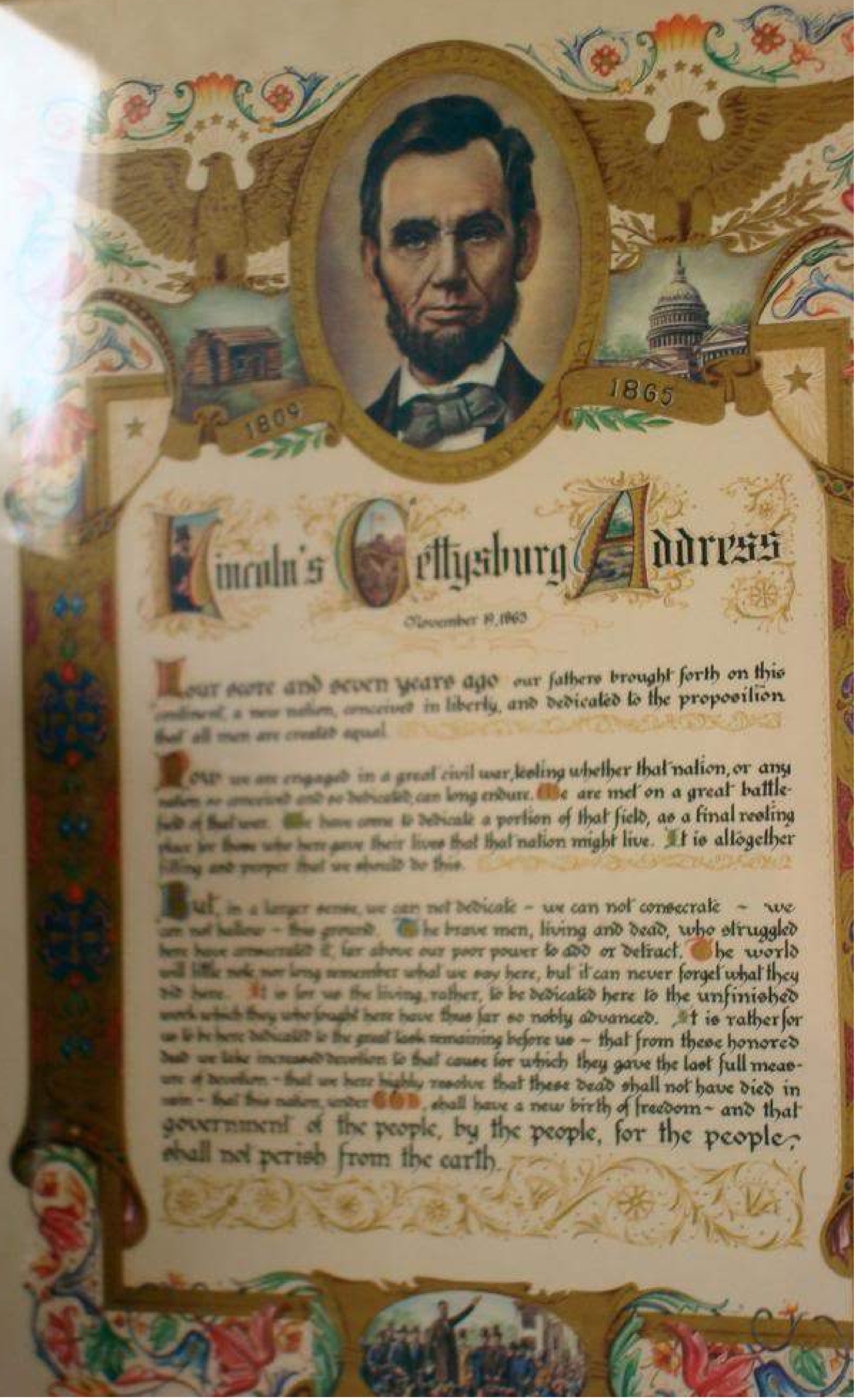
Row 1 - l to r - Wanda Buzzard, Susie McCarty, Brenda Wyatt, John Mil
Jona Knuckles, Linda Akers

Row 2 - l to r - Mary Turner, Robert Gray, Davis, Bruce Underwood,
Sammy McPaters, Karen Miller



Shirley McCoy was the cook for a great number of years at Huntersville School.





Lincoln's Gettysburg Address

November 19, 1863

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

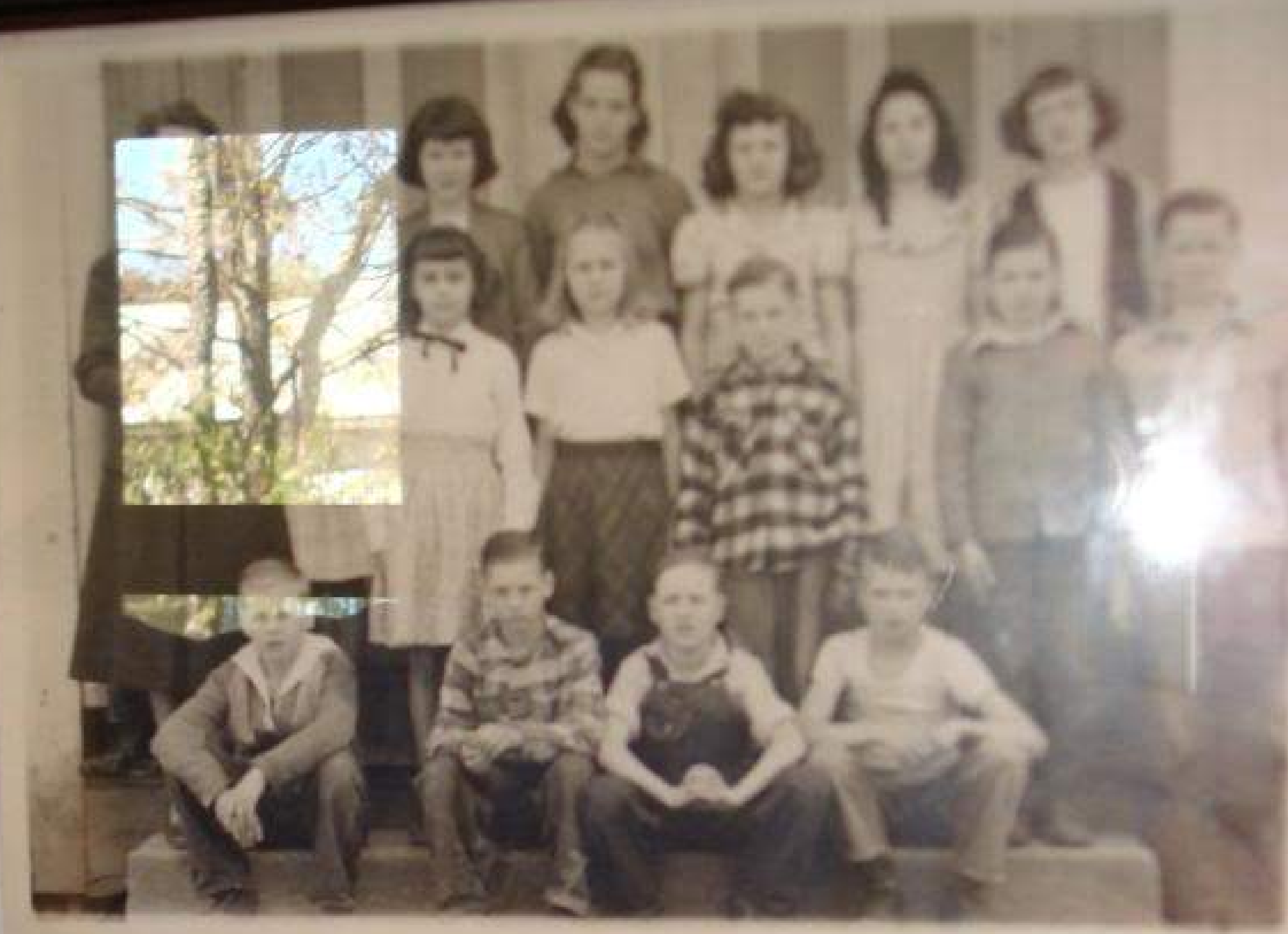
But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate – we can not consecrate – we can not hallow – this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us – that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion – that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain – that this nation, under GOD, shall have a new birth of freedom – and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

176-DSC03874.jpg

177-DSC03875.jpg

178-DSC03876.jpg

Huntersville
Traditions
Day



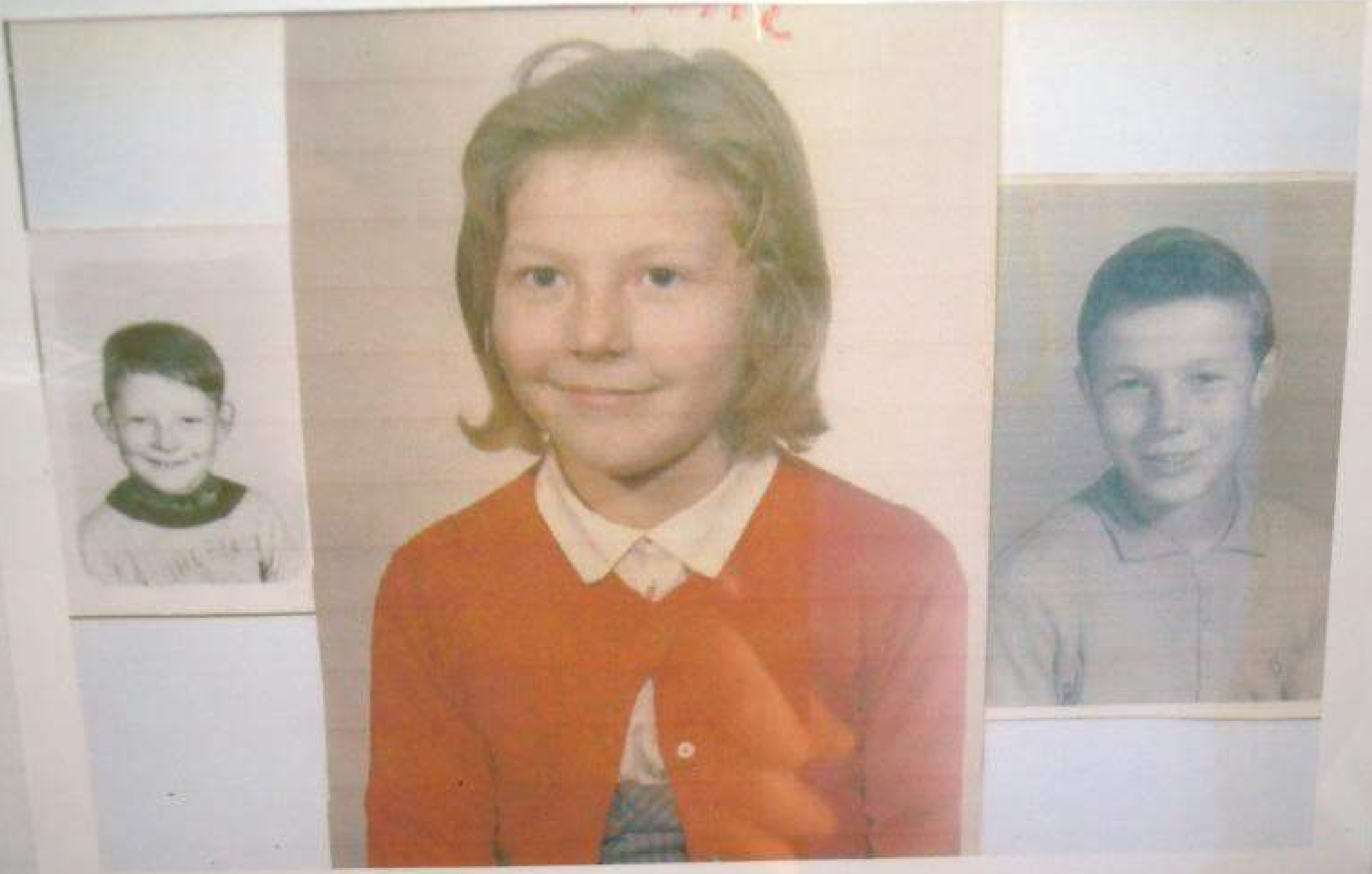
L to R Back Row – Peggy Kelly, Carolyn Sharp, Pearl Waugh, Arlene Waulen, Jean Shinaberry

2nd Row: Edith Harper, Marilyn Harper, Sylvia Kelly,
(Sub. Teacher) Dale Shinaberry, Dwayne Wilson,
[illegible] Buzzard

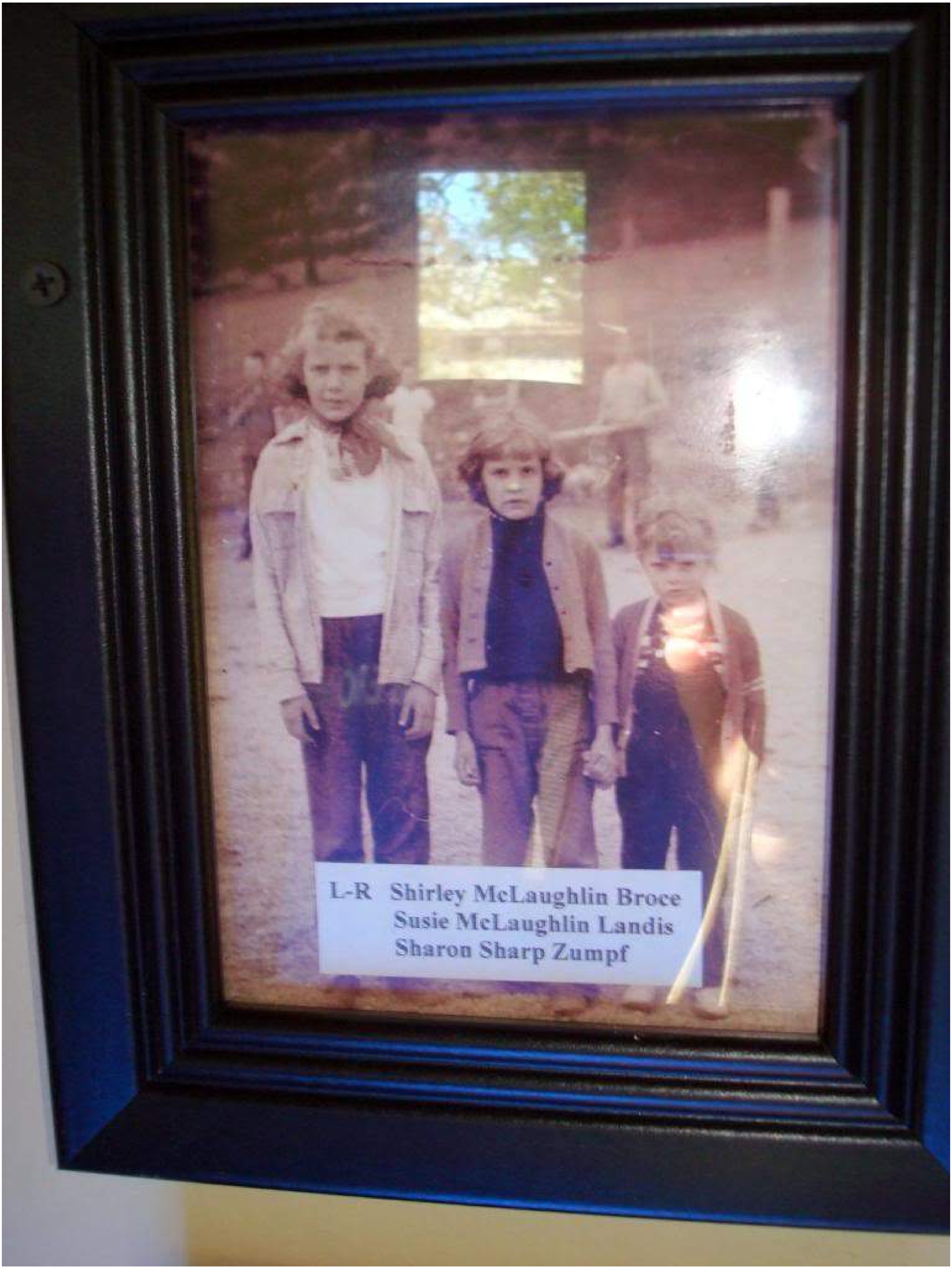
1948

Sitting
Keith McLaughlin,
Paul Mullens
Bobby Kelly
Robt. Mullens

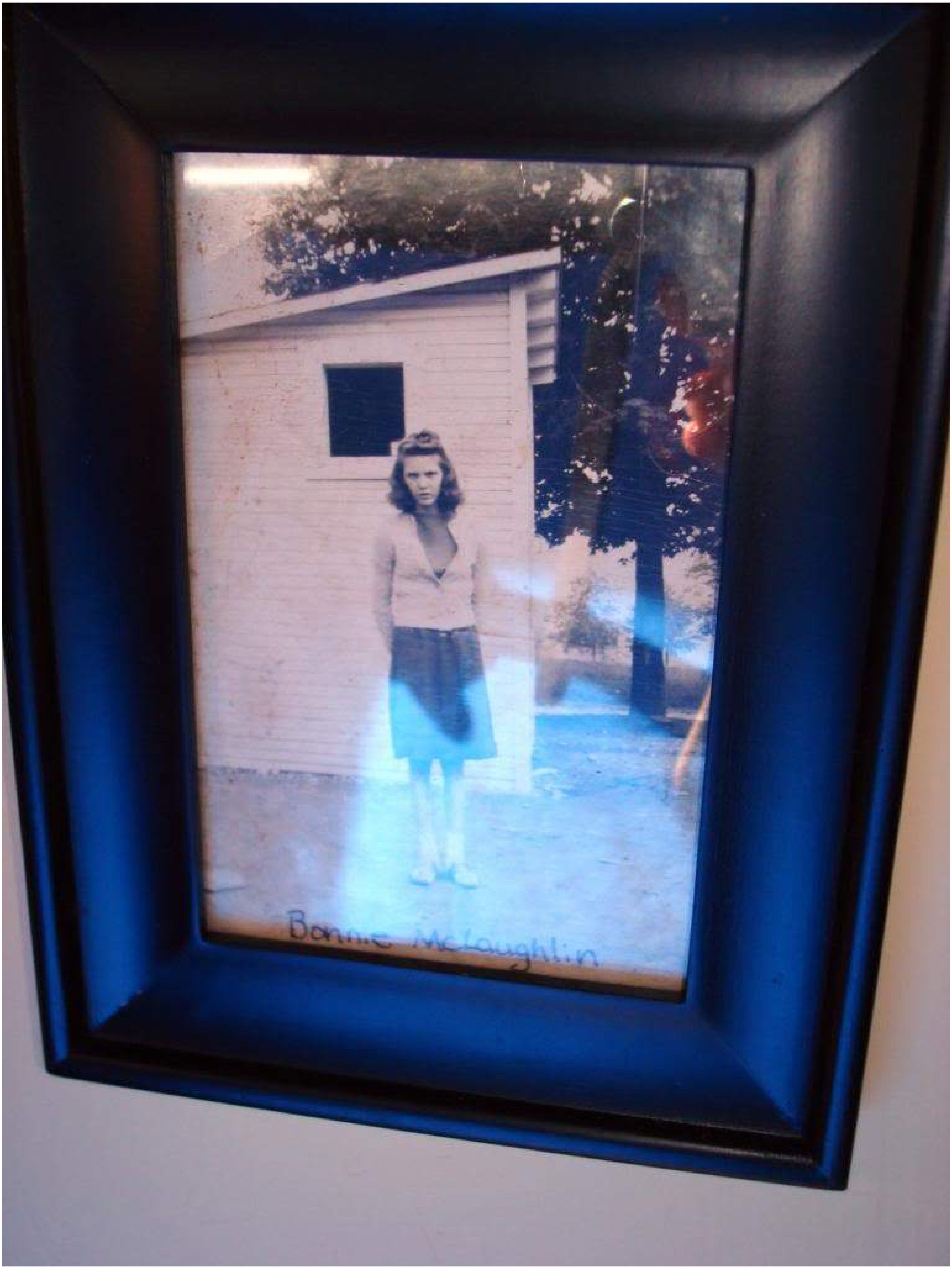
school days, school days
dear old golden rule days
reading 'n writing 'n rithmatic...



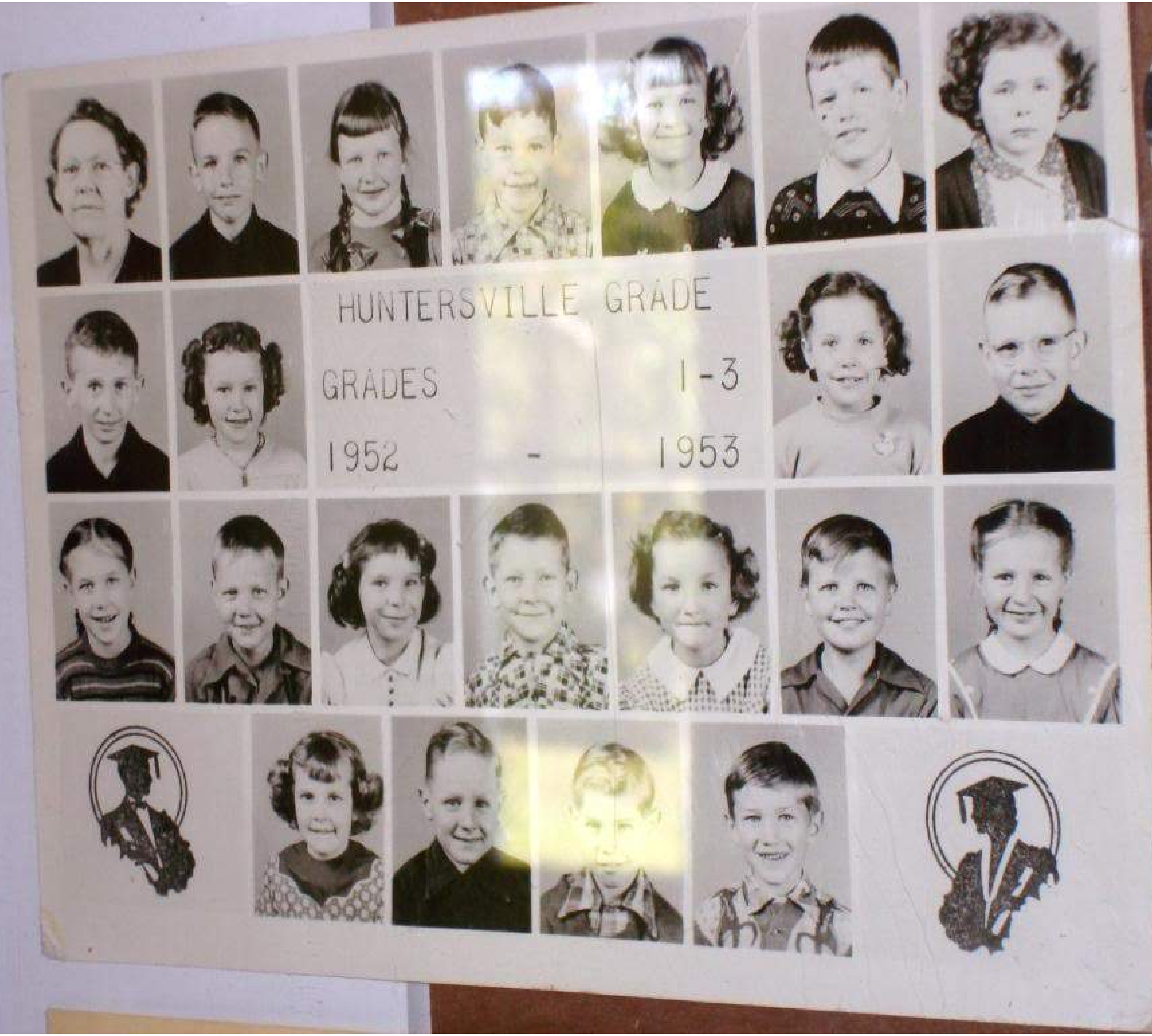
Doug, Connie & Ronnie Grimes when each attended
Huntersville School



L-R Shirley McLaughlin Broce
Susie McLaughlin Landis
Sharon Sharp Zumpf



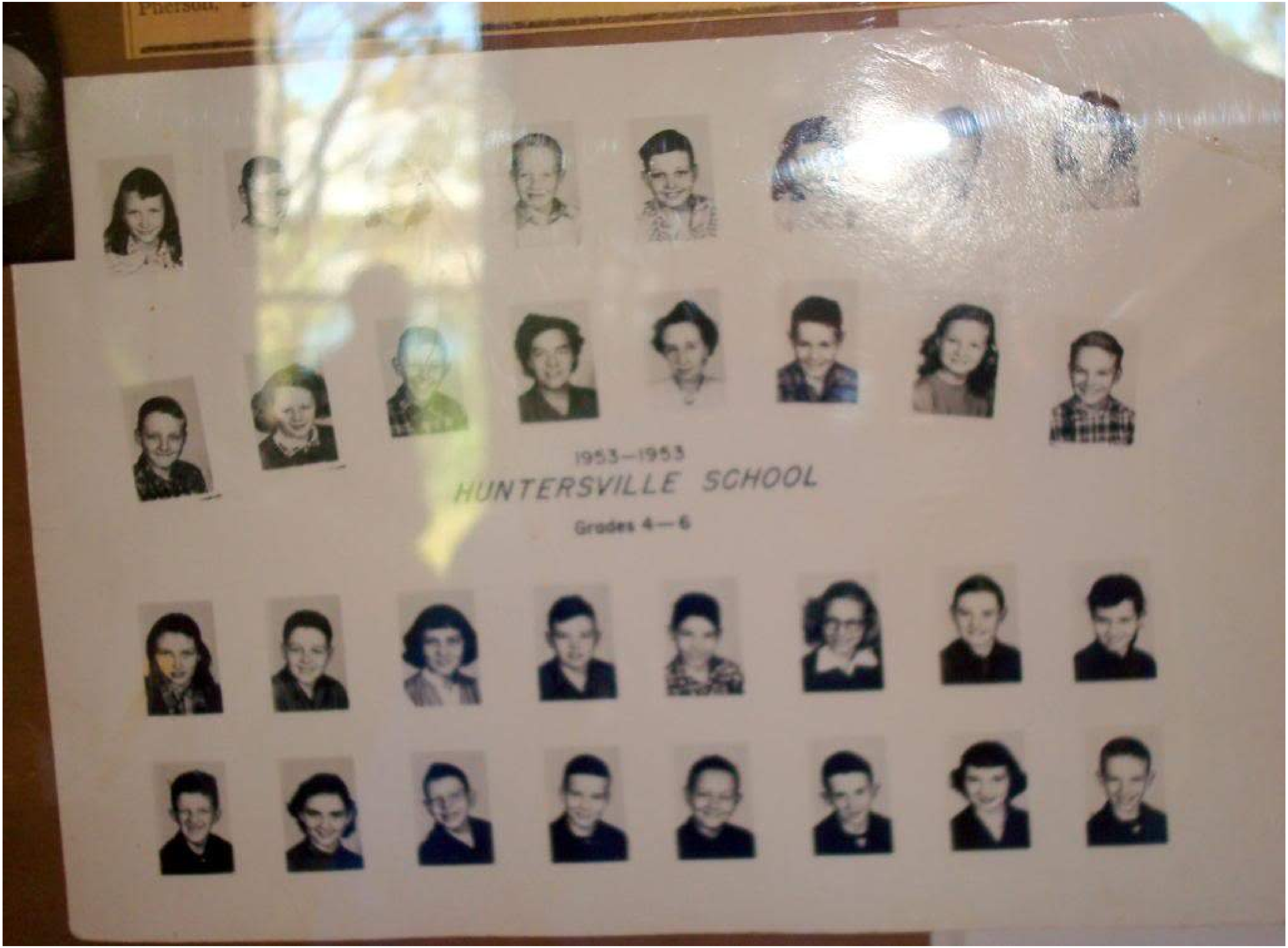
Bonnie McLaughlin



HUNTERSVILLE GRADE

GRADES 1-3

1952 - 1953



1953—1953

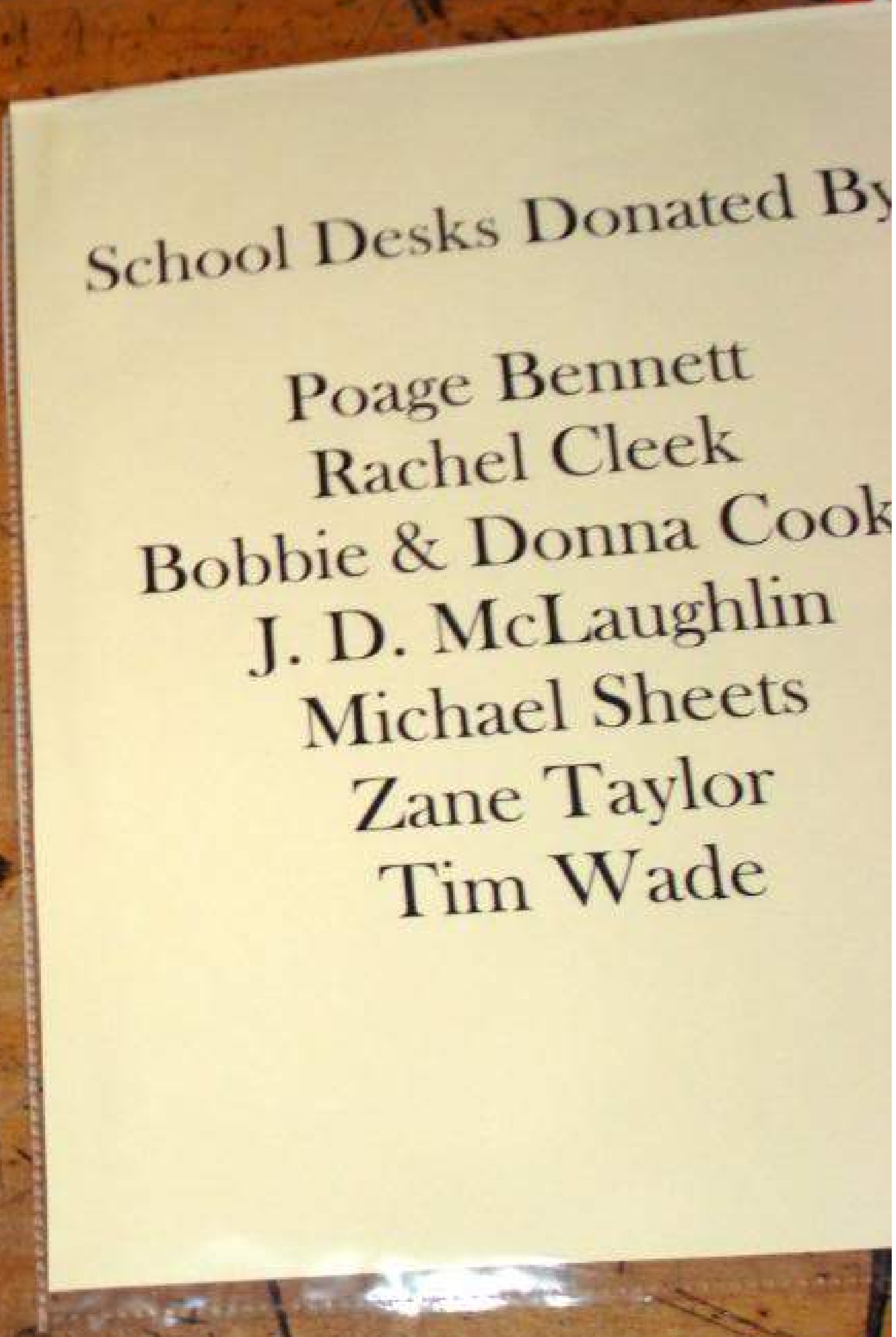
HUNTERSVILLE SCHOOL

Grades 4—6

186-DSC03884.jpg

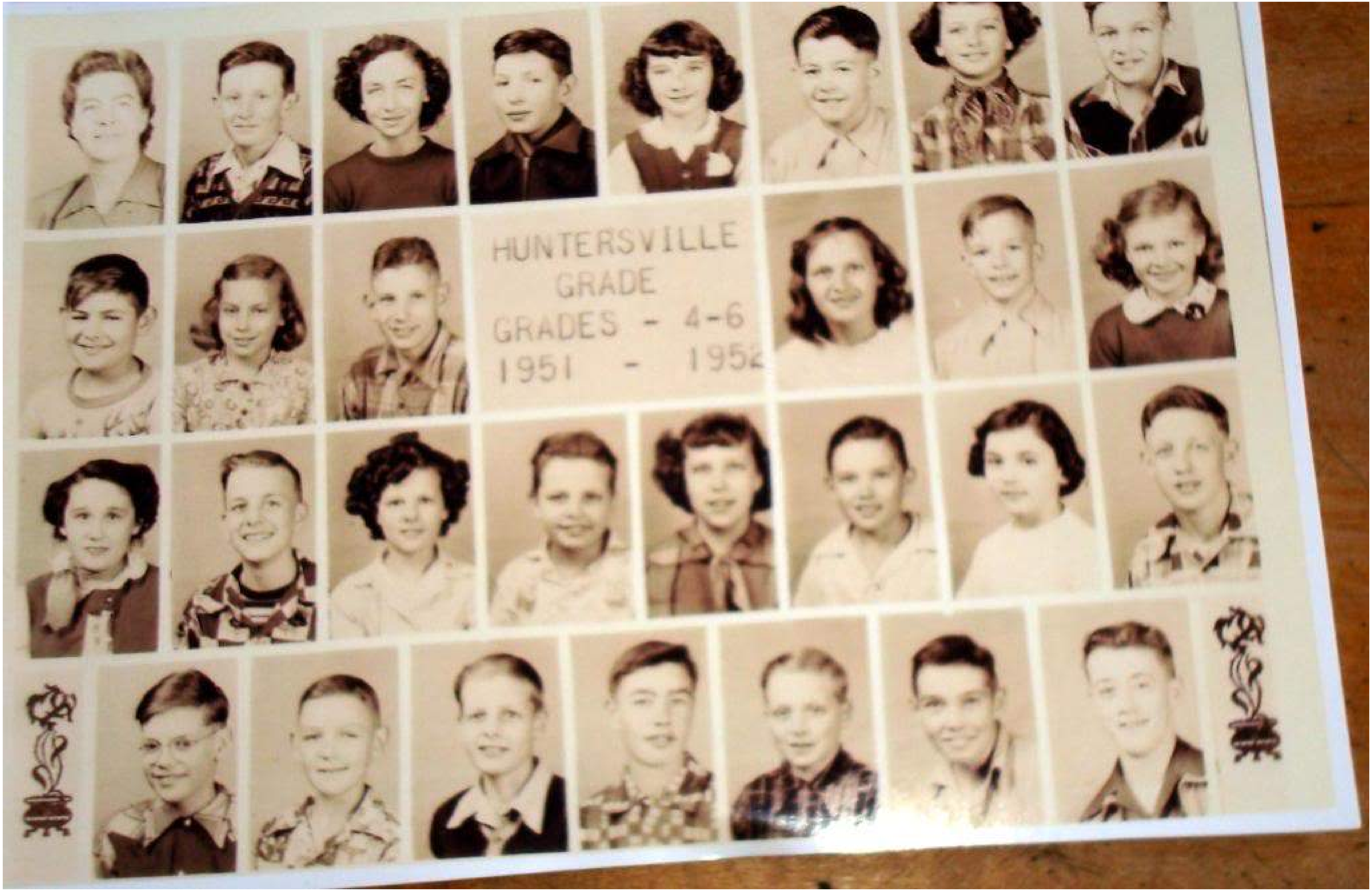
187-DSC03885.jpg

HUNTERSVILLE
GRADE
GRADES - 4-6
1951 - 1952

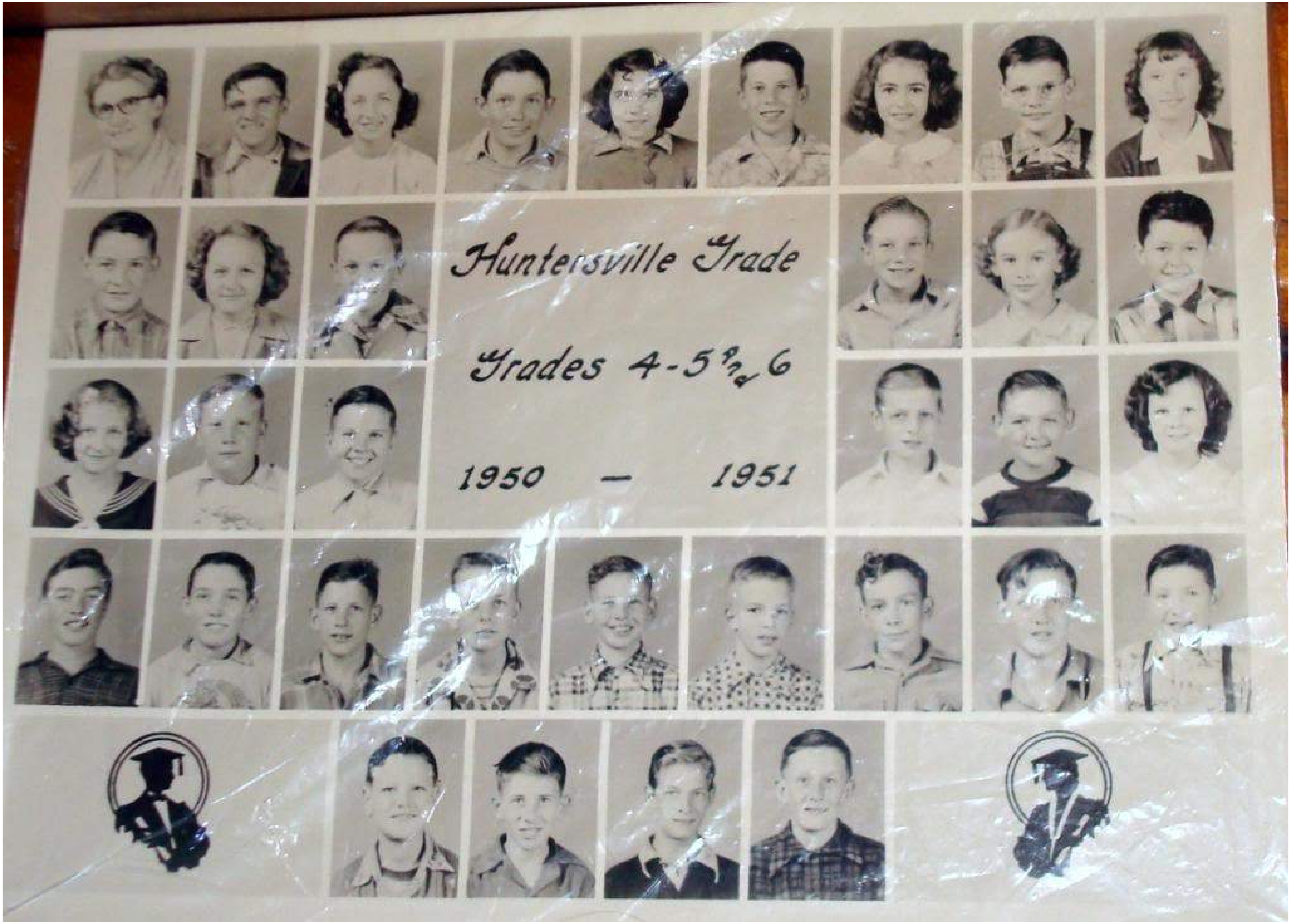


School Desks Donated By

Poage Bennett
Rachel Cleek
Bobbie & Donna Cook
J. D. McLaughlin
Michael Sheets
Zane Taylor
Tim Wade


HUNTERSVILLE
GRADE
GRADES - 4-6
1951 - 1952

189-DSC03887.jpg

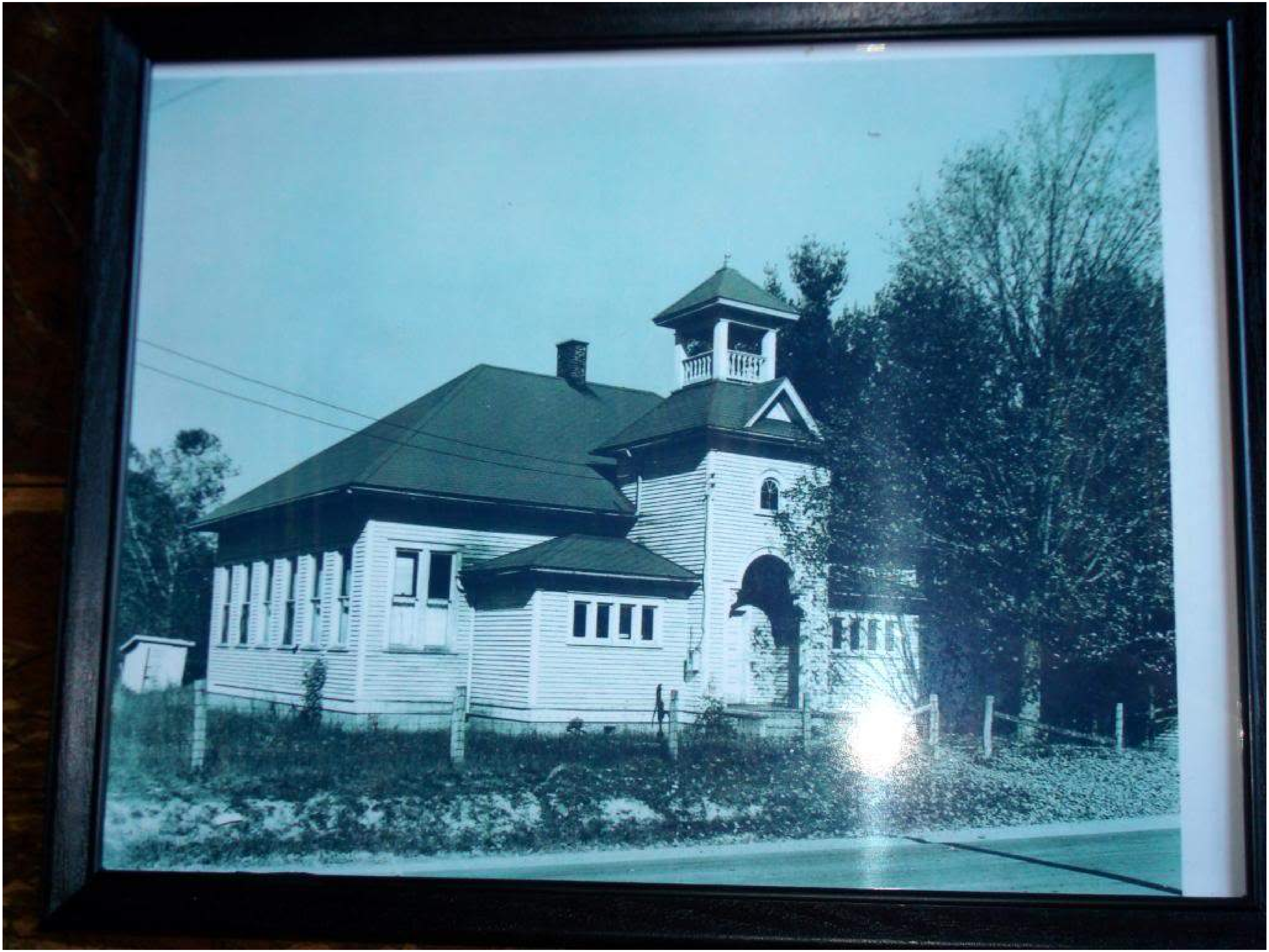


Huntersville Grade

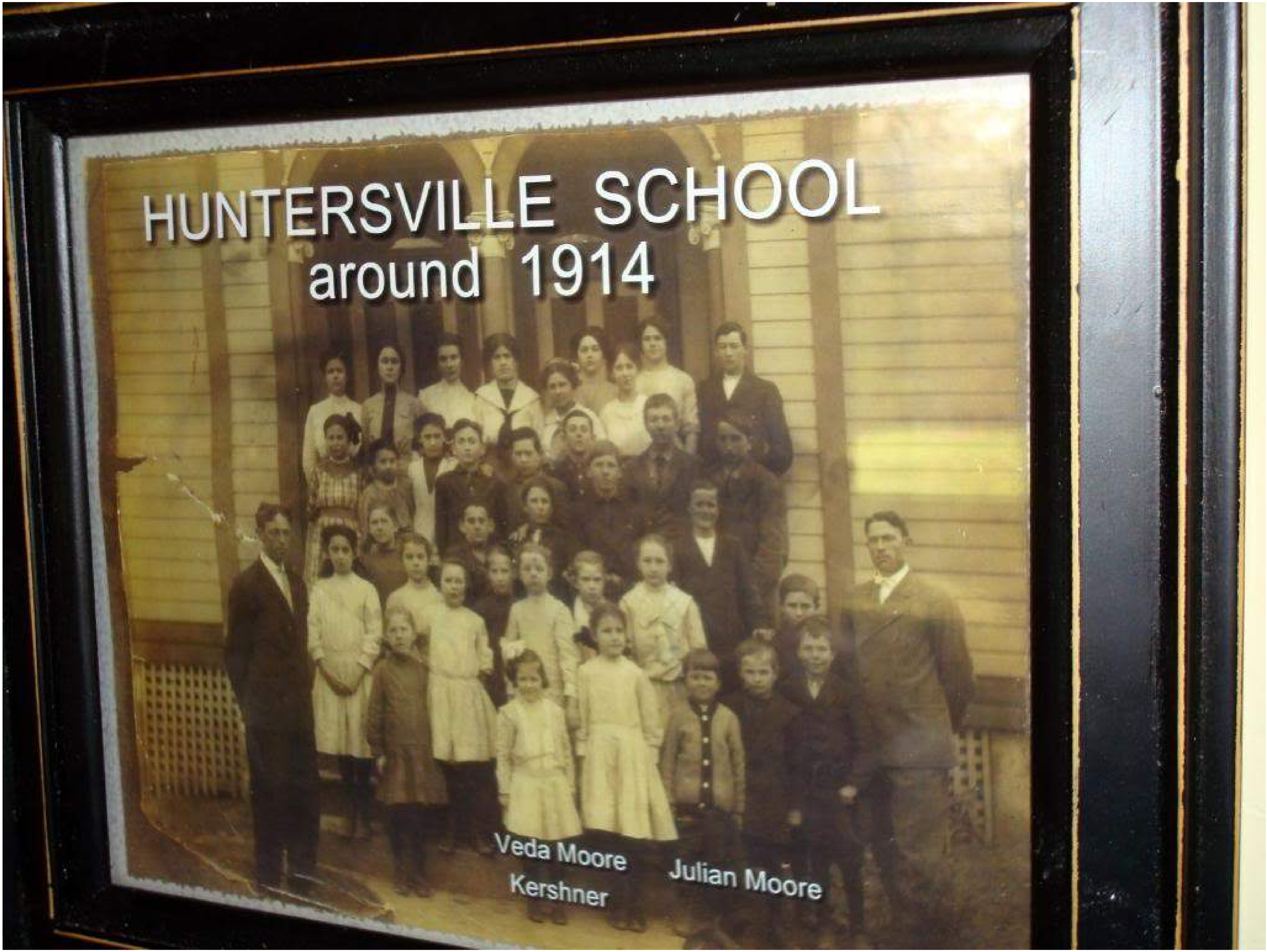
Grades 4-5 and 6

1950 — 1951

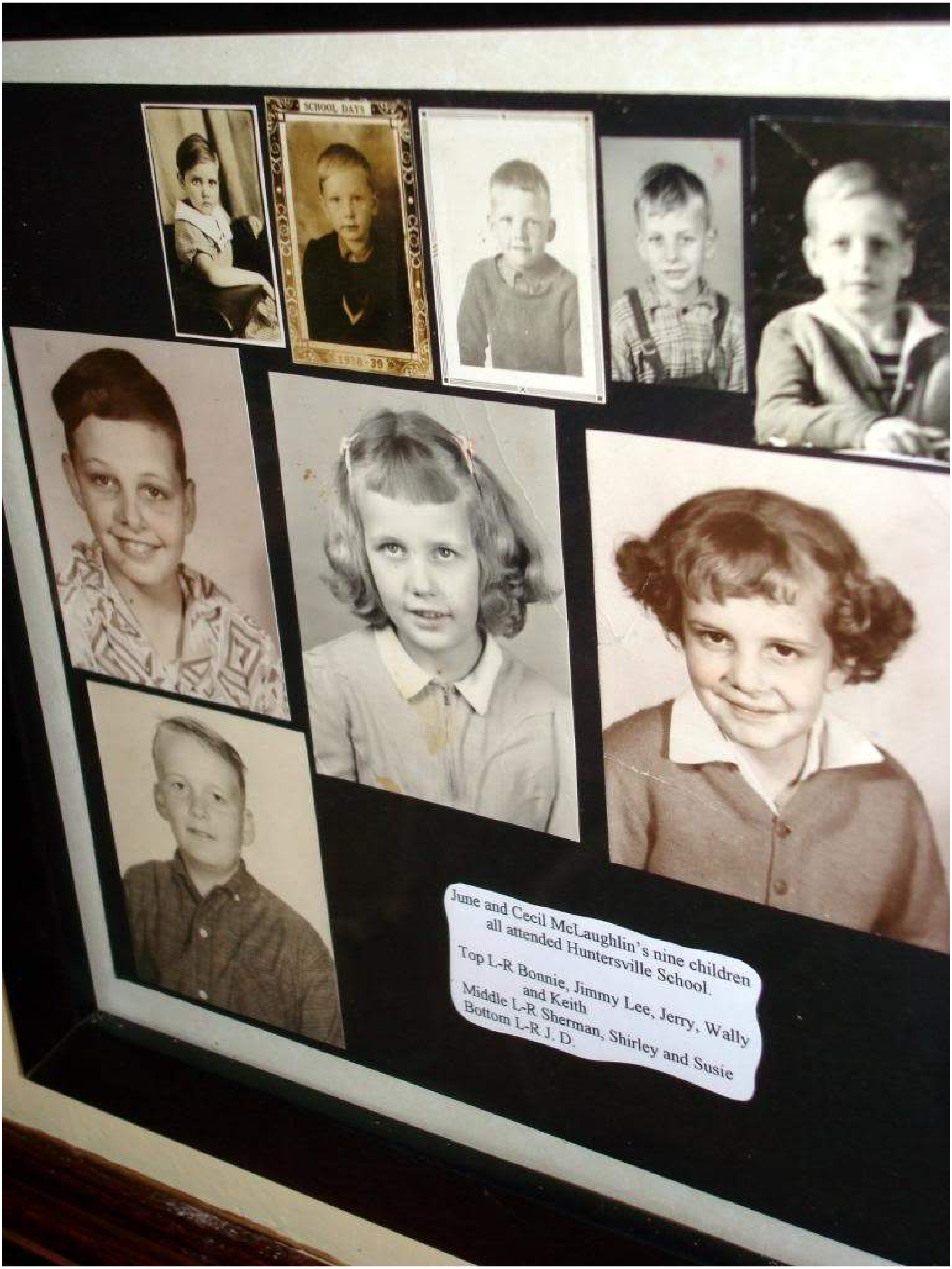
191-DSC03889.jpg



192-DSC03890.jpg

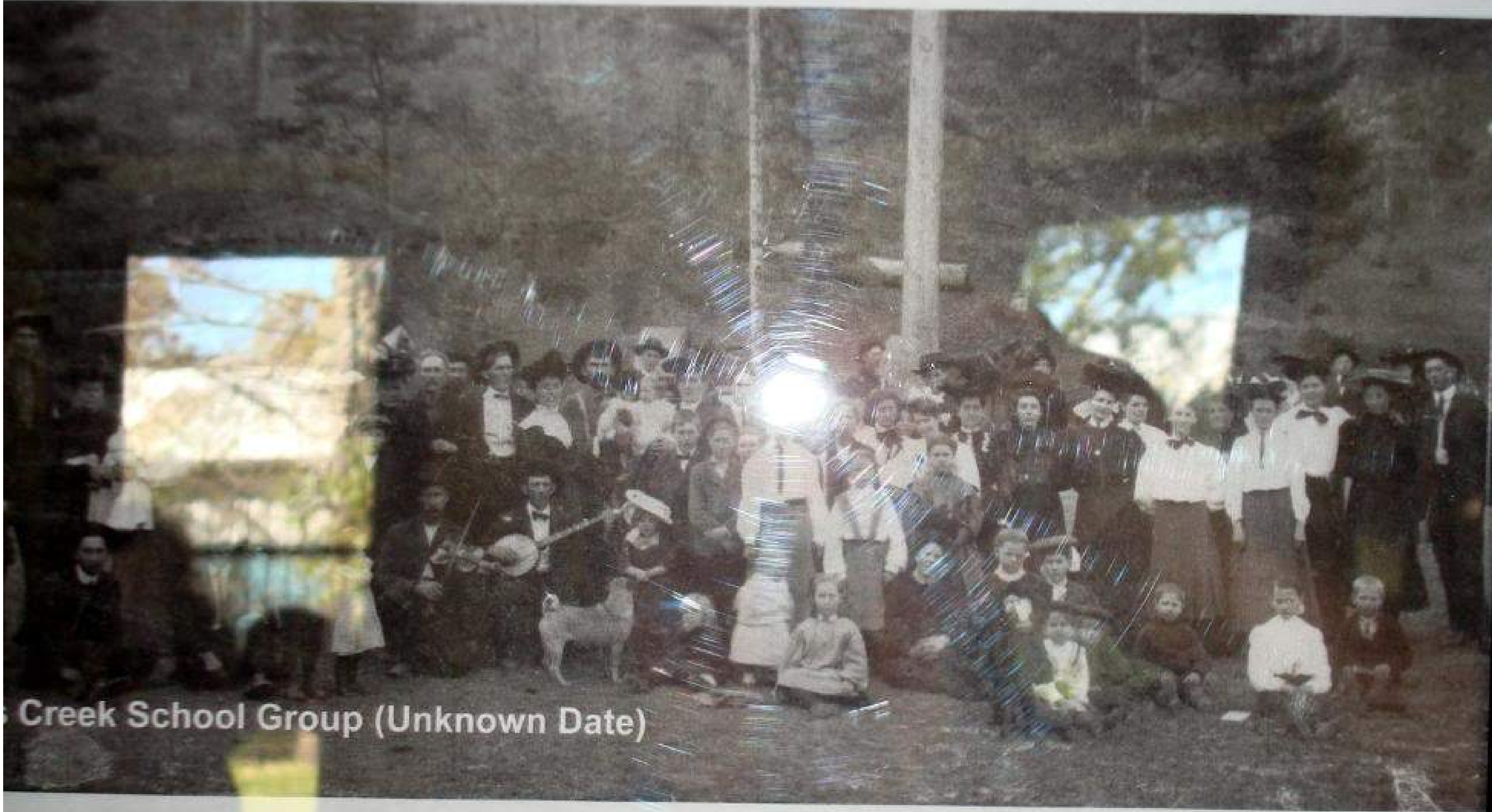

HUNTERSVILLE SCHOOL
around 1914
Veda Moore
Kershner
Julian Moore

193-DSC03891.jpg



June and Cecil McLaughlin's nine children
all attended Huntersville School.

Top L-R Bonnie, Jimmy Lee, Jerry, Wally
and Keith
Middle L-R Sherman, Shirley and Susie
Bottom L-R J. D.

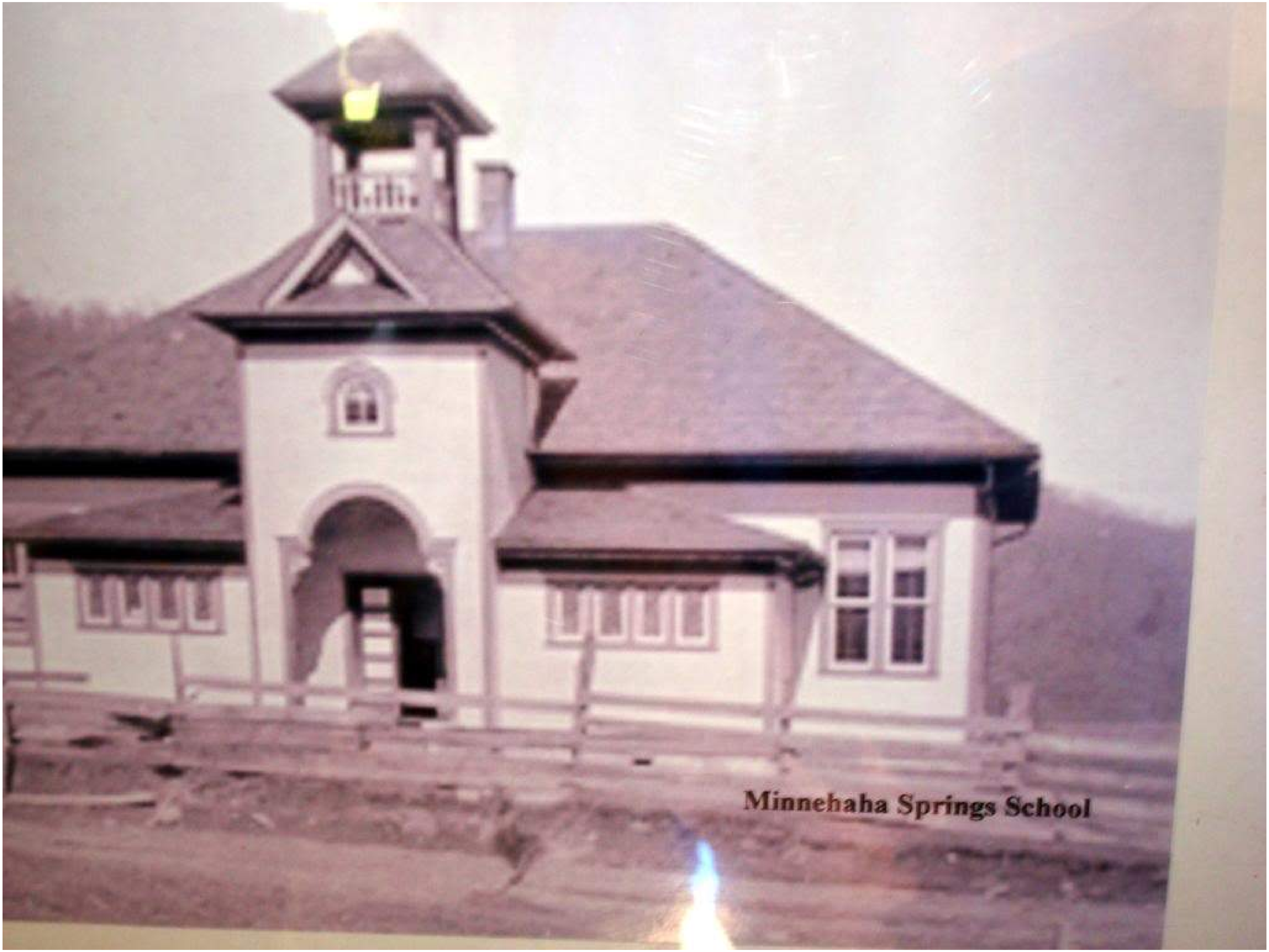

s Creek School Group (Unknown Date)

e first school house on Brown's Creek was on the W. T. Moore place; the teachers were Cyrus Ross and Joseph Moore". ("Located 3 miles north of Rte 39 on Rte 28. In use by 1895. New building in 1899. Closed in the 1920's. page 94")

tory of Pocahontas County 1981, page 91&94 Edited by W. P. McNeel

(See reverse side for Browns Mtn.

reek School



Minnehaha Springs School

Schools

There is no high school in this community for the reason that the settlement is a scattered one, but the schools have made rapid progress since the age of the log school house.

When the Civil War b[illegible] being taught by Miss Mattie Gum, the mother of George [illegible] rsville, in a log school house which stood on the [illegible] Hiveley's residence. The next building used for sch[illegible] neighborhood was on the hill not far from J. A. Cleek's. The [illegible] term taught here was by Enoch H. Moore, in the year of 1876 and 1877. By the next winter a new building had been constructed at the present location. This was destroyed by fire a few years ago. The building now in use was located on the site of the old one.

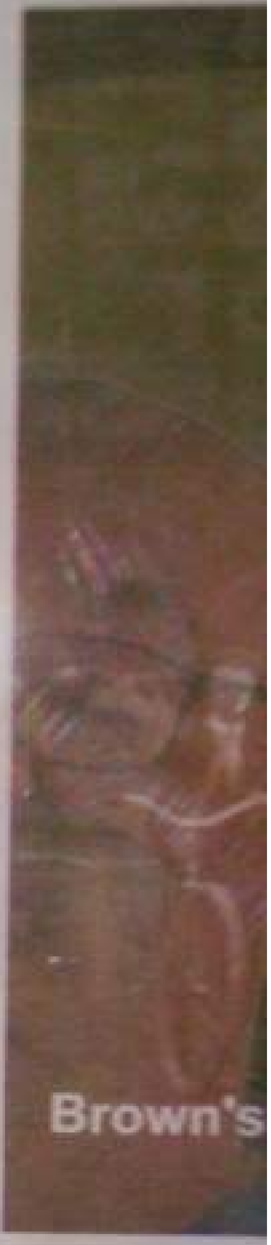
The very first school at Minnehaha Springs, then Driscol, was taught in a dwelling located on the bank above the warm spring. H. M. Lockridge and Mrs. W. L. Herold were the teachers. School was held here between 1880 and 1885. The next school known in the Minnehaha Springs neighborhood was located near Earl Dever's residence. A one-room building was then erected at Minnehaha Springs about 1900. Some teachers who taught in this building were: Miss Anna Fleishman, Miss Emma Warwick, Miss Anna Cleek, Miss Maude Lockridge, Miss Margie Herold, Miss Grace Moore, Mrs. Sidney Wilson, Miss Mamie White, Miss Margaret Sharp, Miss Elisabeth Herold, Miss Helen McElwee.

It became necessary to have a larger building, and in 1915 a two-room structure was erected. W. L. Herold was the contractor.

The school building at Rimel was built about 1900 or 1905. J. A. Reed and J. G. Sharp were the contractors for the construction.

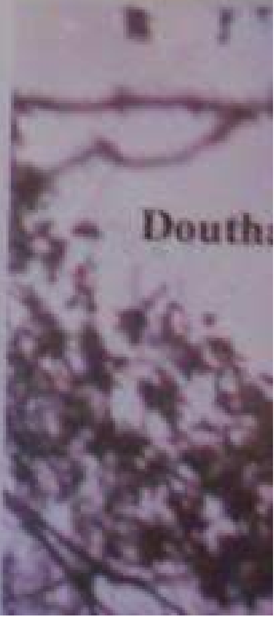
Octave Alderman donated the land on which the first school house on Douthard's Creek was erected. The school was known as "Lonely Dale School."

Miss Lillie Friel, Boud Hannah, Gilbert Alderman, and Moser Herold were teachers. The present Douthard's Creek school house was built in 1910. This school boasts ofhaving more young



"Th

Hist

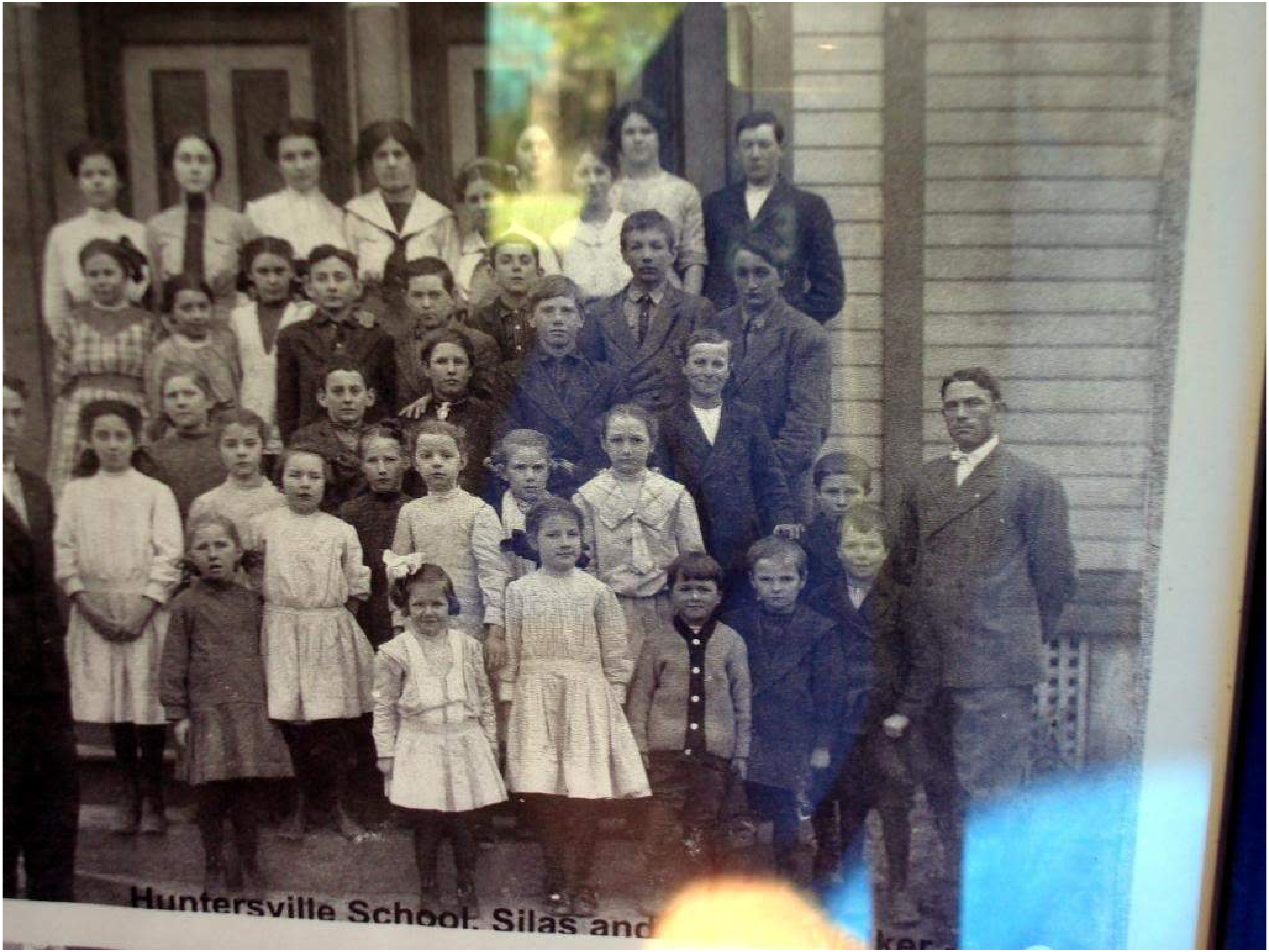


Friel, Ross Henson, Gilbert Alder [illegible] Her-
s. The present Douthard's Creek sc[illegible] built
hool boasts ofhaving more young m[illegible]
fession than any other school in t[illegible] community. Nine
were teachers--four being from the family of B. F.
rd's Creek school building is also used for preach-
d Sunday School.

school known on Brown's Mountain was held in the home
Amos McLoughlin about 1895. Miss Nora Riley was teach-
r the school was taught in Mr. and Mrs. Mack Ervine's
lie Friel was the teacher. Then a school building was
the present, school continues in this building.

rvine, Miss Clara Palmer (now Mrs. G. O. Wade),
Miss Ethel Correll (now Mrs. D. C. Adkinson),
ers who have taught in this school.
ght that a school house once stood where H. Lee
nce now stands. When the late Henry White and
ere from Virginia in 1876, the residents of the
rred to this particular hollow as "School House
hen workmen were excavating for the building of
the remains of a chimney were found; also tin
forks, spoons, etc., which evidence leads
e that several years before, a school had been
is site.

199-DSC03897.jpg



Huntersville School, Silas and [illegible] ker

200-DSC03899.jpg

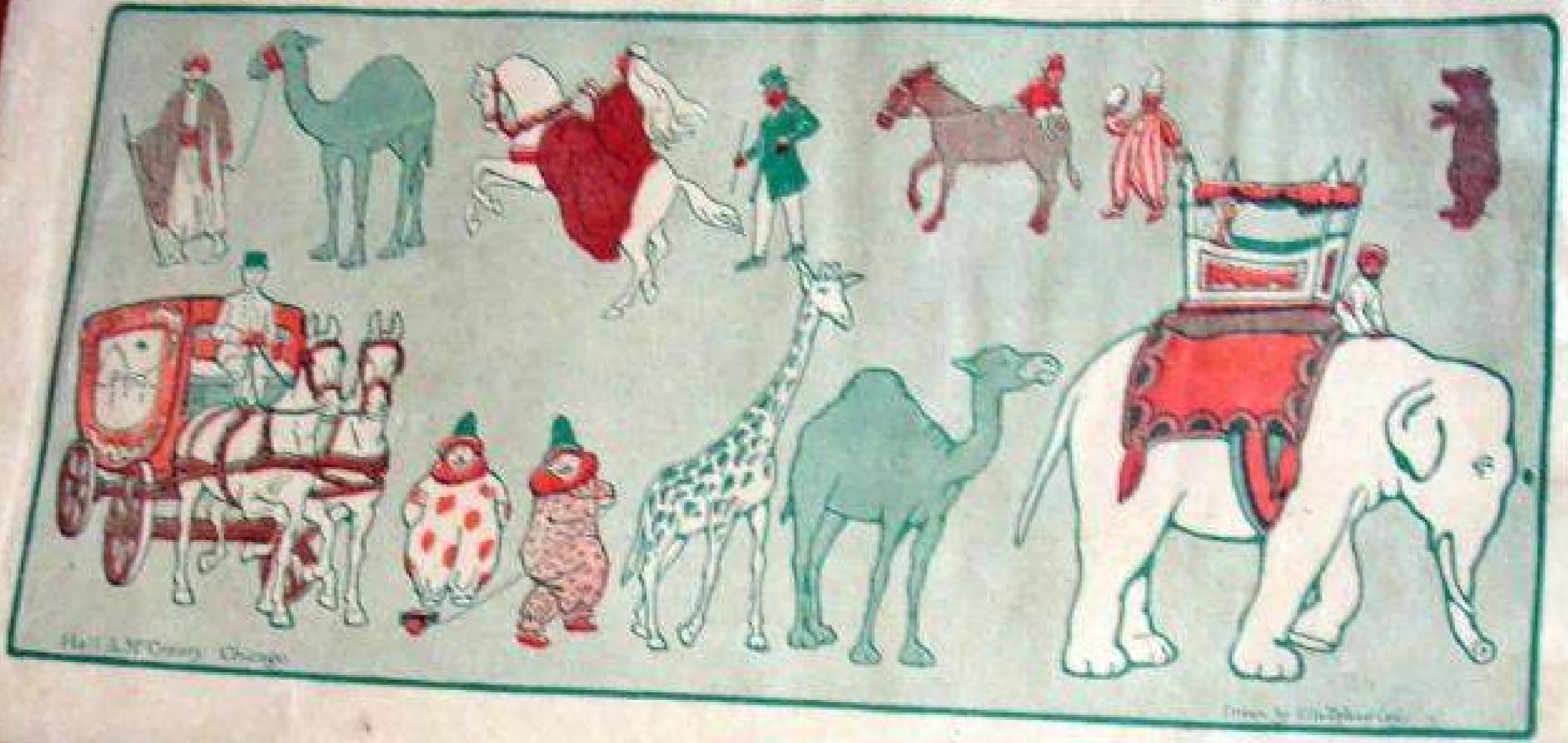
THE LONE RANGER

gonl

CIRCUS PICTURES

To CUT COLOR and PASTE

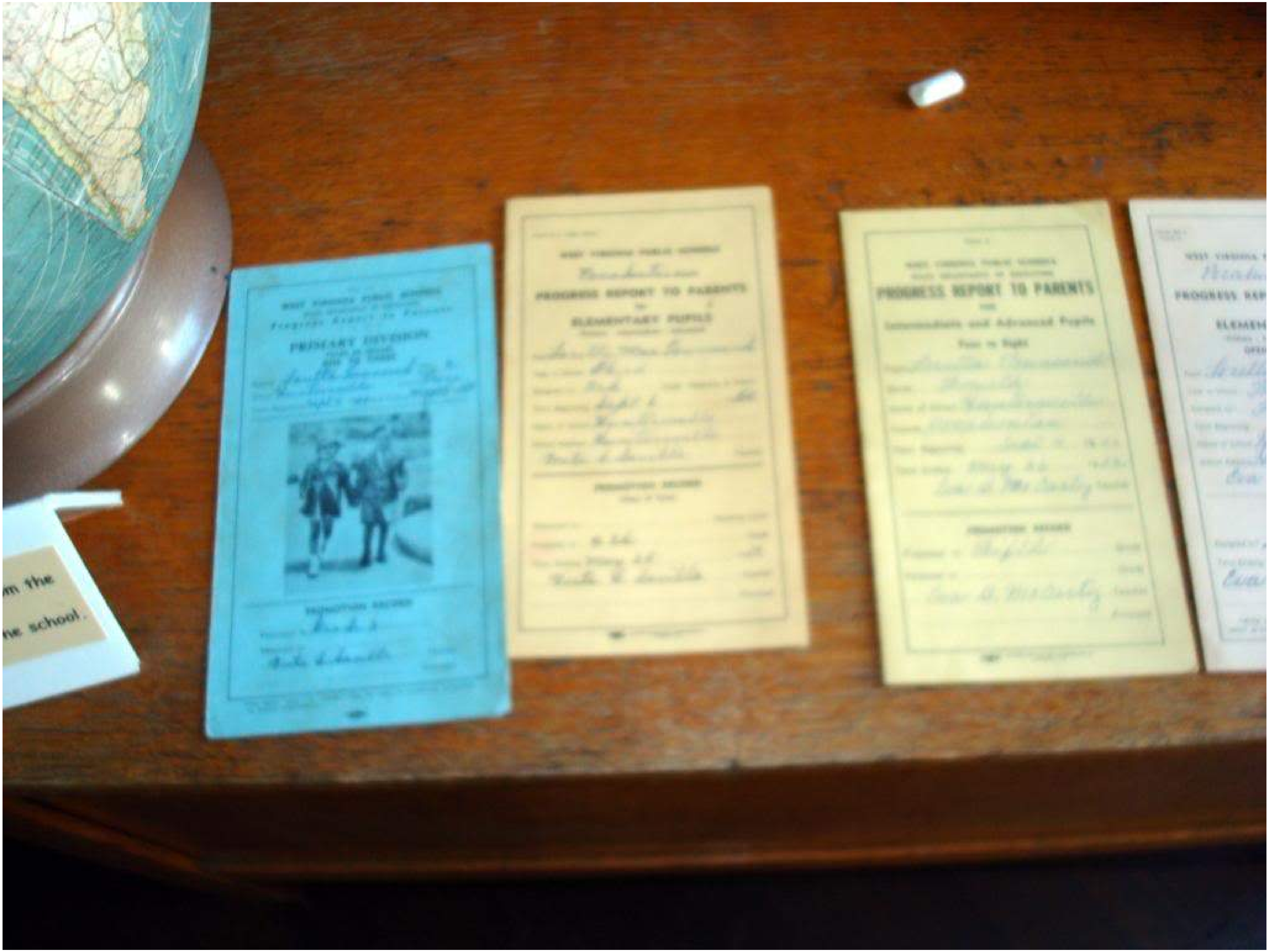
SEAT WORK SILENT READING THOUGHT TESTS



Hall & McCreary Chicago

Drawn by Ella Dolbear Lee

202-DSC03901.jpg



WEST VIRGINIA PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Progress Report to Parents

PRIMARY DIVISION

PROMOTION RECORD

WEST VIRGINIA PUBLIC SCHOOLS

PROGRESS REPORT TO PARENTS

for

ELEMENTARY PUPILS

PROMOTION RECORD

WEST VIRGINIA PUBLIC SCHOOLS

STATE DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

PROGRESS REPORT TO PARENTS

FOR

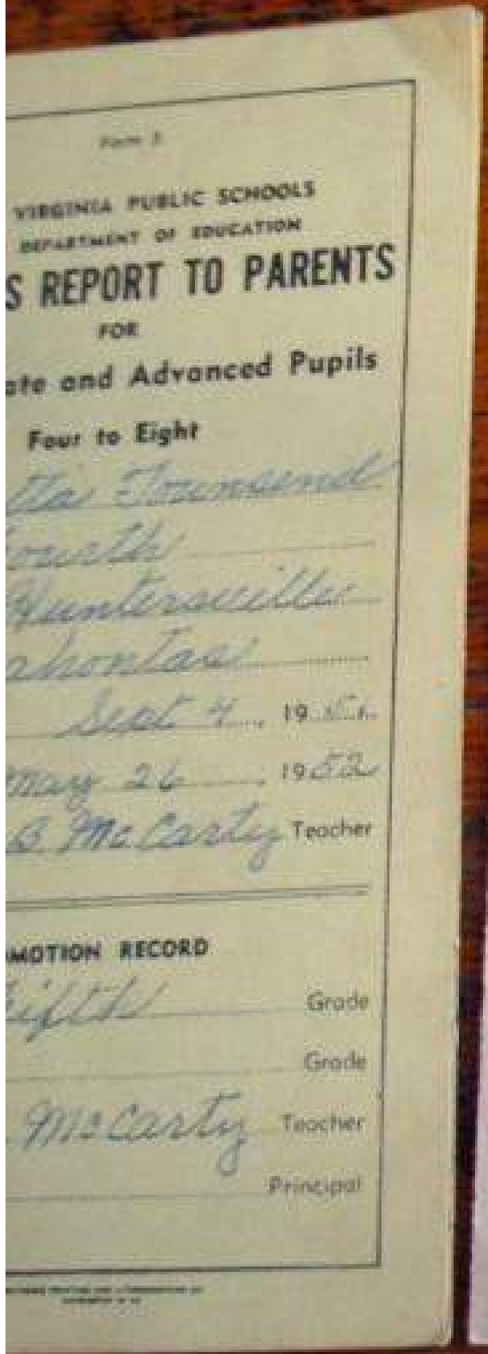
Intermediate and Advanced Pupils

Four to Eight

PROMOTION RECORD

203-DSC03902.jpg

ginia.



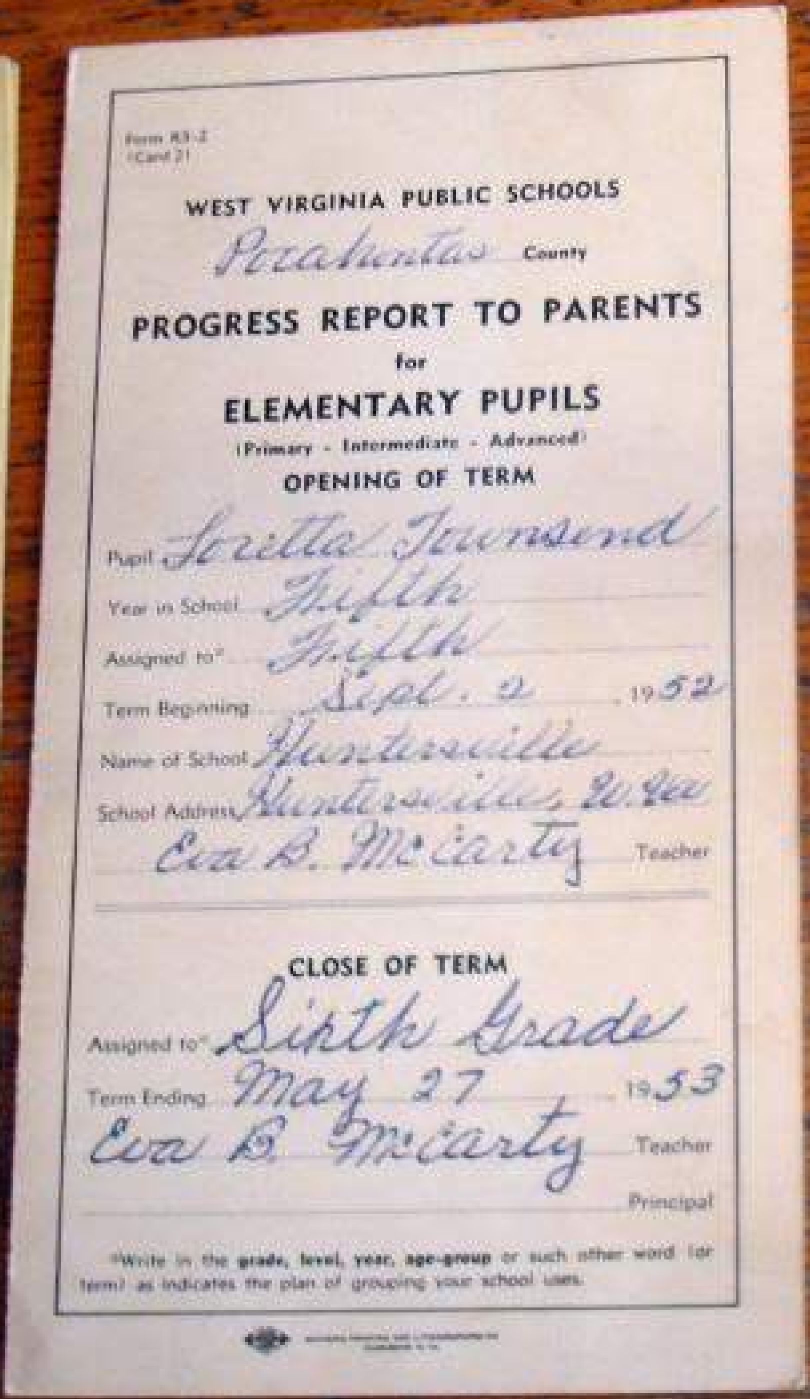
Form 3

VIRGINIA PUBLIC SCHOOLS
DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

S REPORT TO PARENTS
FOR
ate and Advanced Pupils
Four to Eight

tta Townsend
ourth
Huntersville
ahontas
Sept 4 19 5
May 26 1952
B McCarty Teacher

MOTION RECORD
ifth Grade
Grade
McCarty Teacher
Principal



Form R3-2
(Card 2)

WEST VIRGINIA PUBLIC SCHOOLS
Pocahontas County

PROGRESS REPORT TO PARENTS
for
ELEMENTARY PUPILS
(Primary - Intermediate - Advanced)

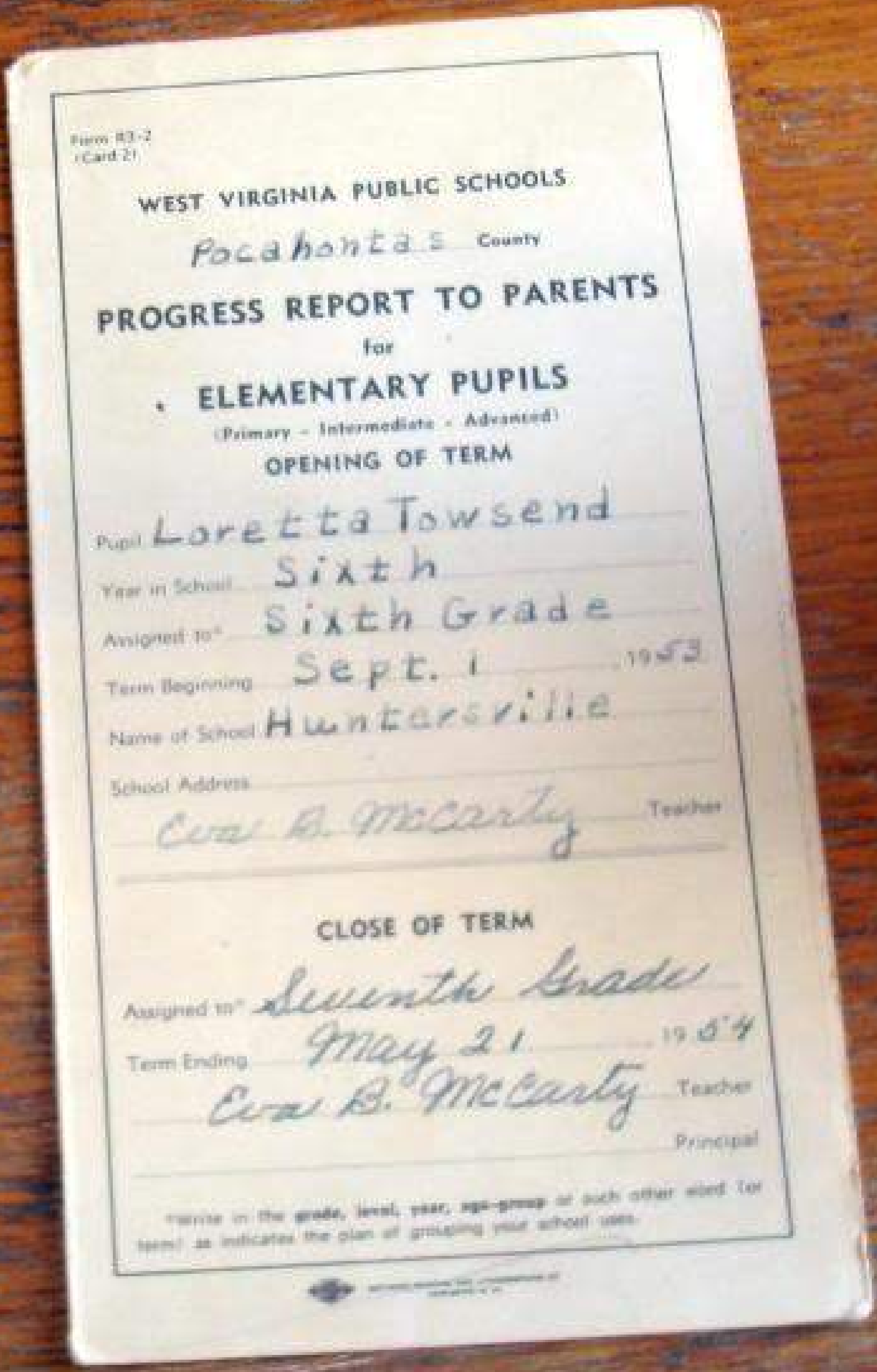
OPENING OF TERM

Pupil Loretta Townsend
Year in School Fifth
Assigned to* Fifth
Term Beginning Sept. 2 1952
Name of School Huntersville
School Address Huntersville, W. Va
Eva B. McCarty Teacher

CLOSE OF TERM

Assigned to* Sixth Grade
Term Ending May 27 1953
Eva B. McCarty Teacher
Principal

*Write in the **grade, level, year, age-group** or such other word (or term) as indicates the plan of grouping your school uses.



Form R3-2
(Card 2)

WEST VIRGINIA PUBLIC SCHOOLS
Pocahontas County

PROGRESS REPORT TO PARENTS
for
ELEMENTARY PUPILS
(Primary - Intermediate - Advanced)

OPENING OF TERM

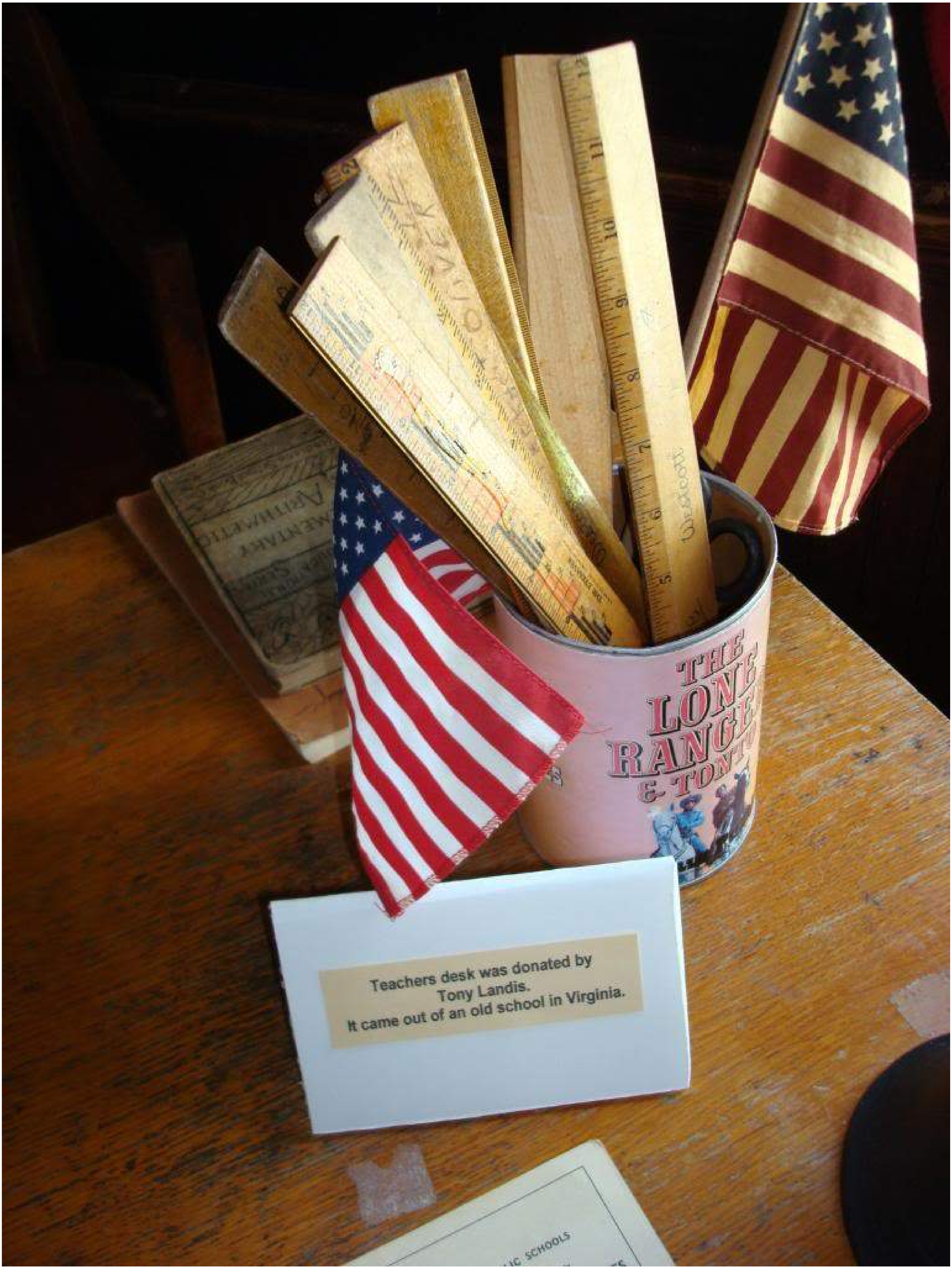
Pupil Loretta Towsend
Year in School Sixth
Assigned to* Sixth Grade
Term Beginning Sept. 1 1953
Name of School Huntersville
School Address
Eva B. McCarty Teacher

CLOSE OF TERM

Assigned to* Seventh Grade
Term Ending May 21 1954
Eva B. McCarty Teacher
Principal

*Write in the **grade, level, year, age-group** or such other word (or term) as indicates the plan of grouping your school uses.

204-DSC03903.jpg



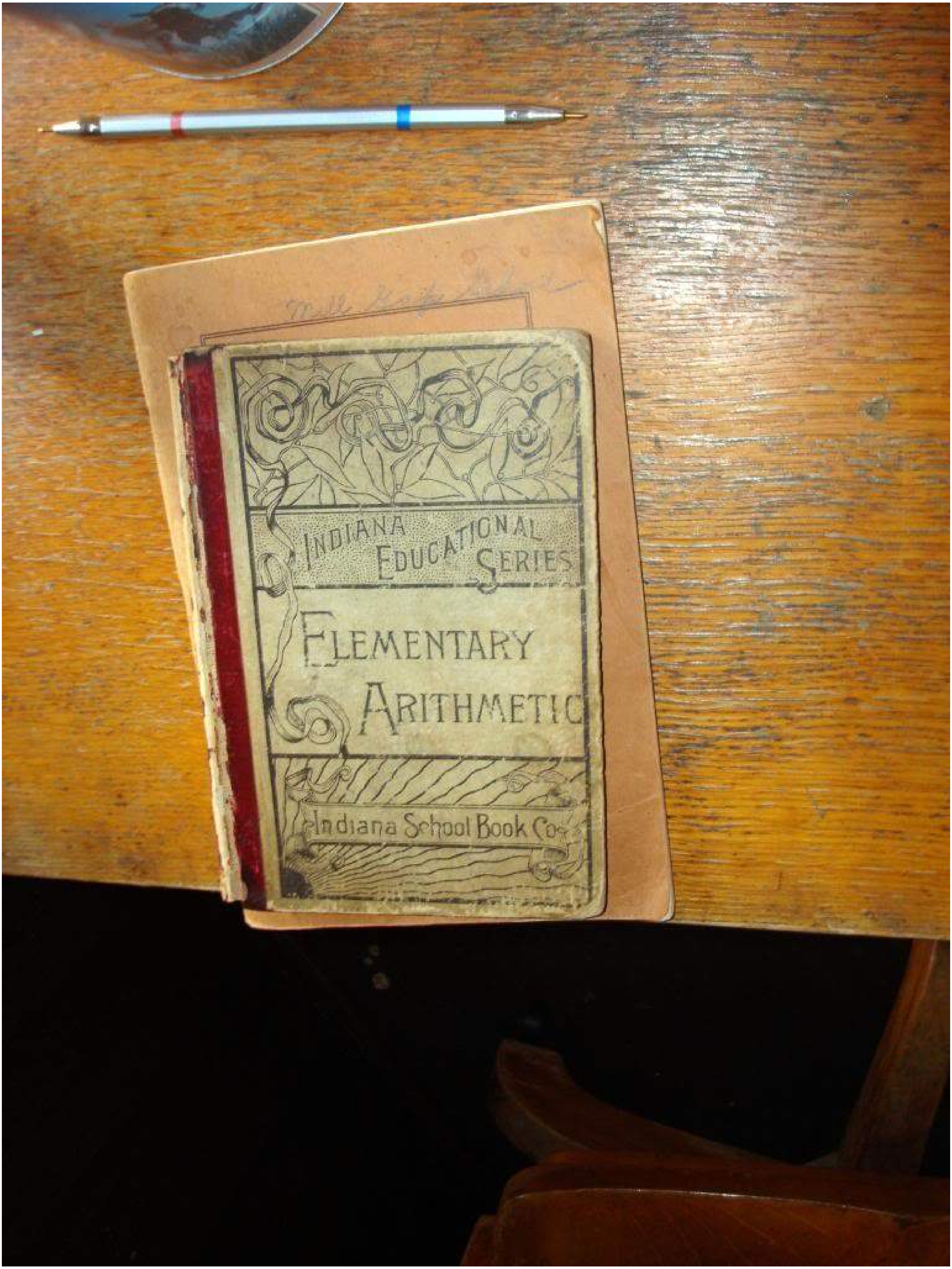
ELEMENTARY ARITHMETIC
THE LONE RANGER & TONTO
PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Teachers desk was donated by
Tony Landis.
It came out of an old school in Virginia.

205-DSC03904.jpg

TH
LON
RANG
& TON
Teachers desk was donated by
Tony Landis.
ame out of an old school in Virginia.
CHOOLS
ARENTS

206-DSC03905.jpg

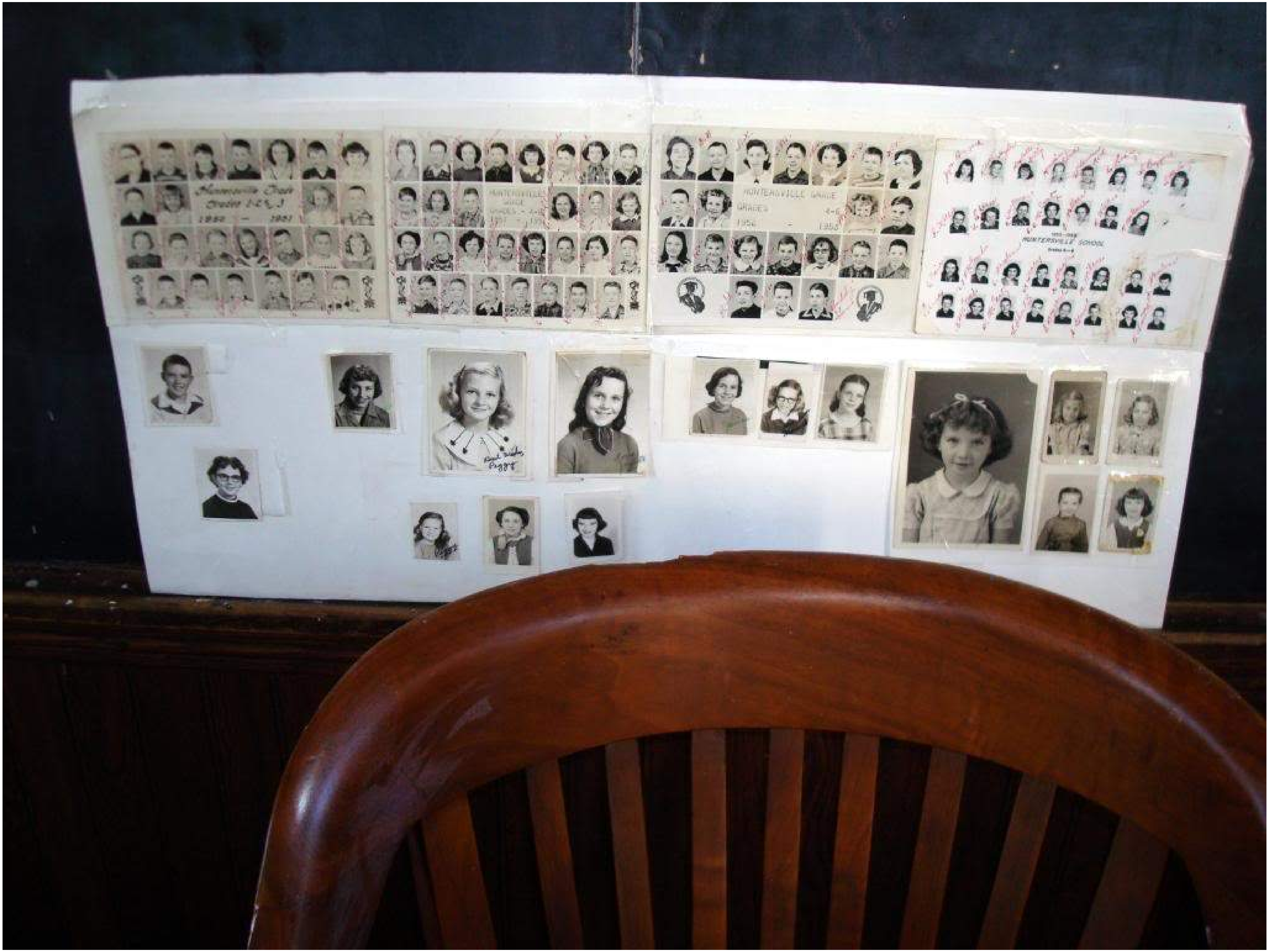


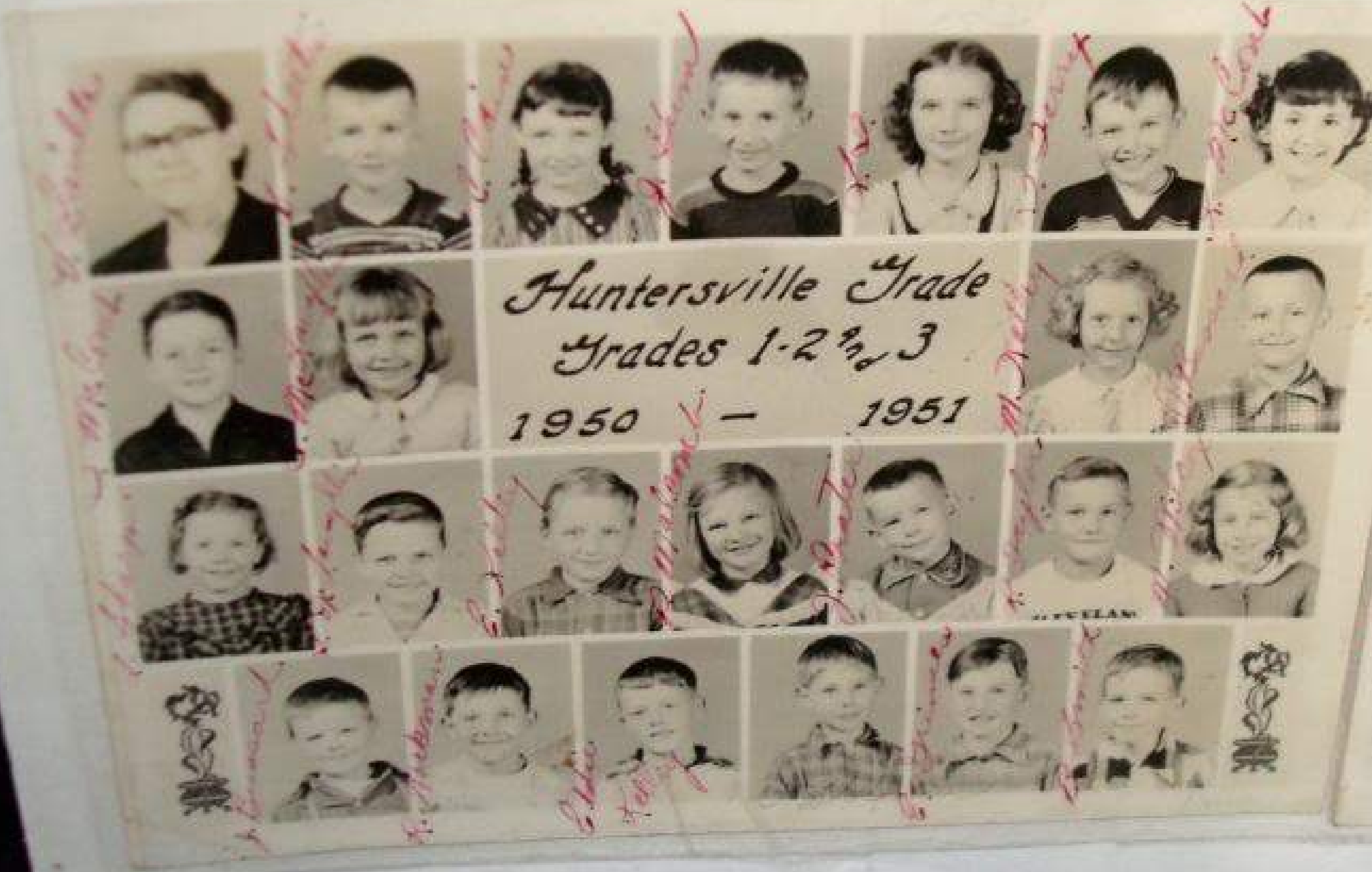
INDIANA EDUCATIONAL SERIES

ELEMENTARY ARITHMETIC

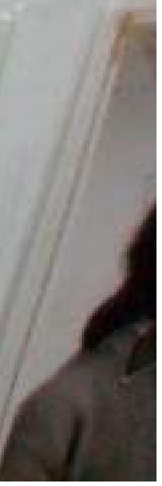
Indiana School Book Co.

207-DSC03906.jpg

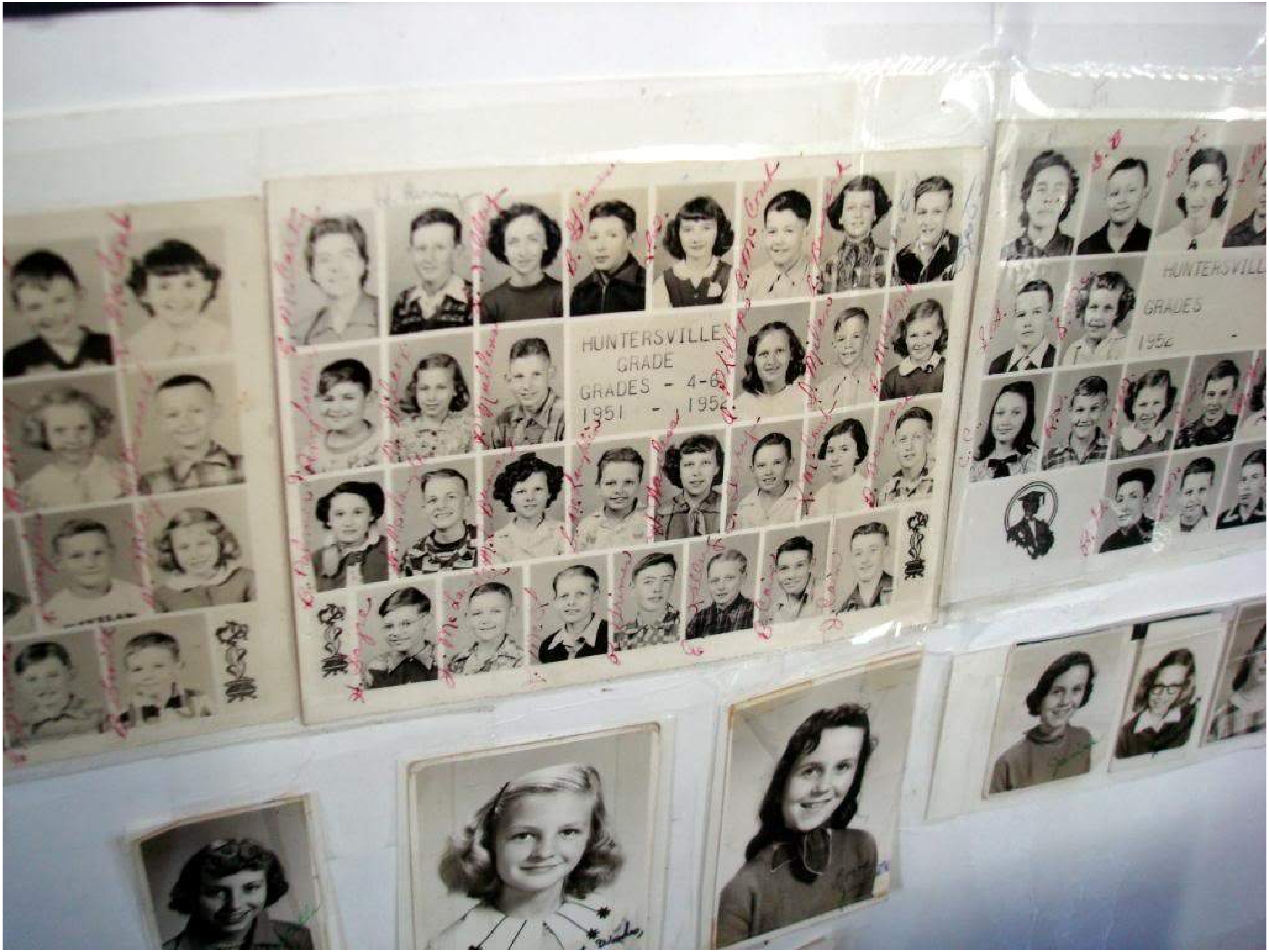

HUNTERSVILLE GRADE
GRADES 4-6
HUNTERSVILLE SCHOOL
Best Wishes
Peggy

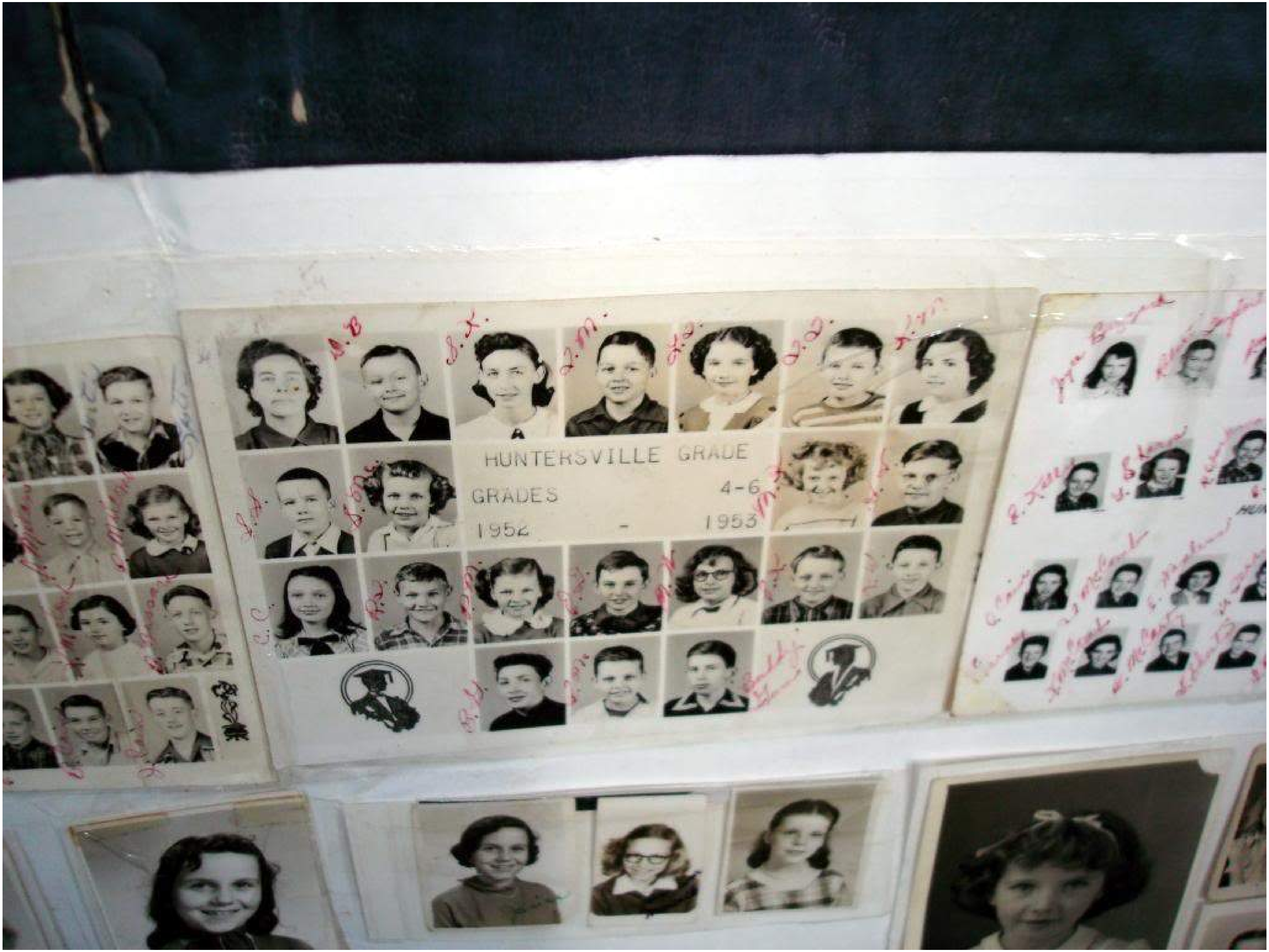

Huntersville Grade
Grades 1-2 & 3
1950 — 1951

HUNTERSV
GRADE
GRADES -
1951 -



209-DSC03908.jpg

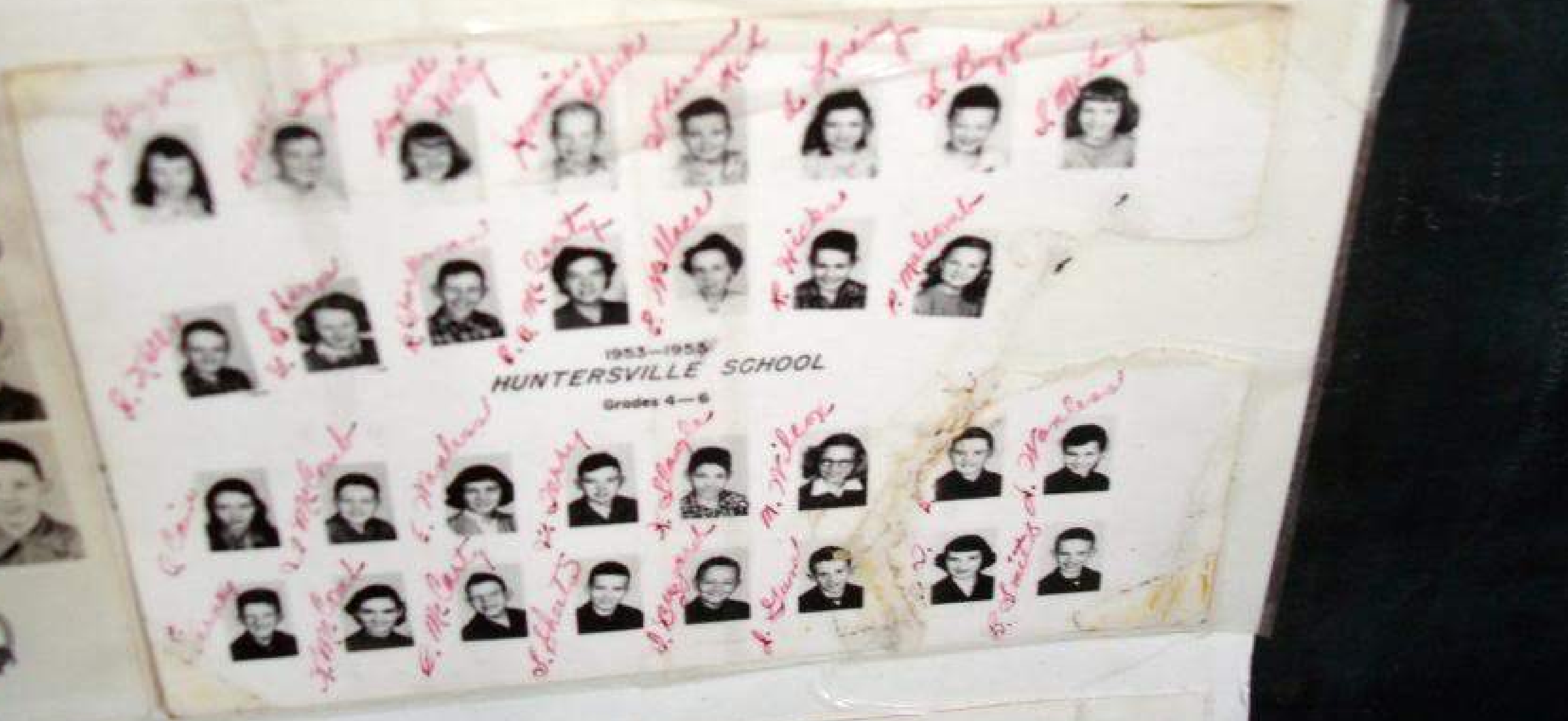

HUNTERSVILLE
GRADE
GRADES - 4-6
1951 - 1952
HUNTERSVILL
GRADES
1952



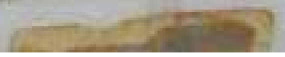
HUNTERSVILLE GRADE

GRADES 4-6

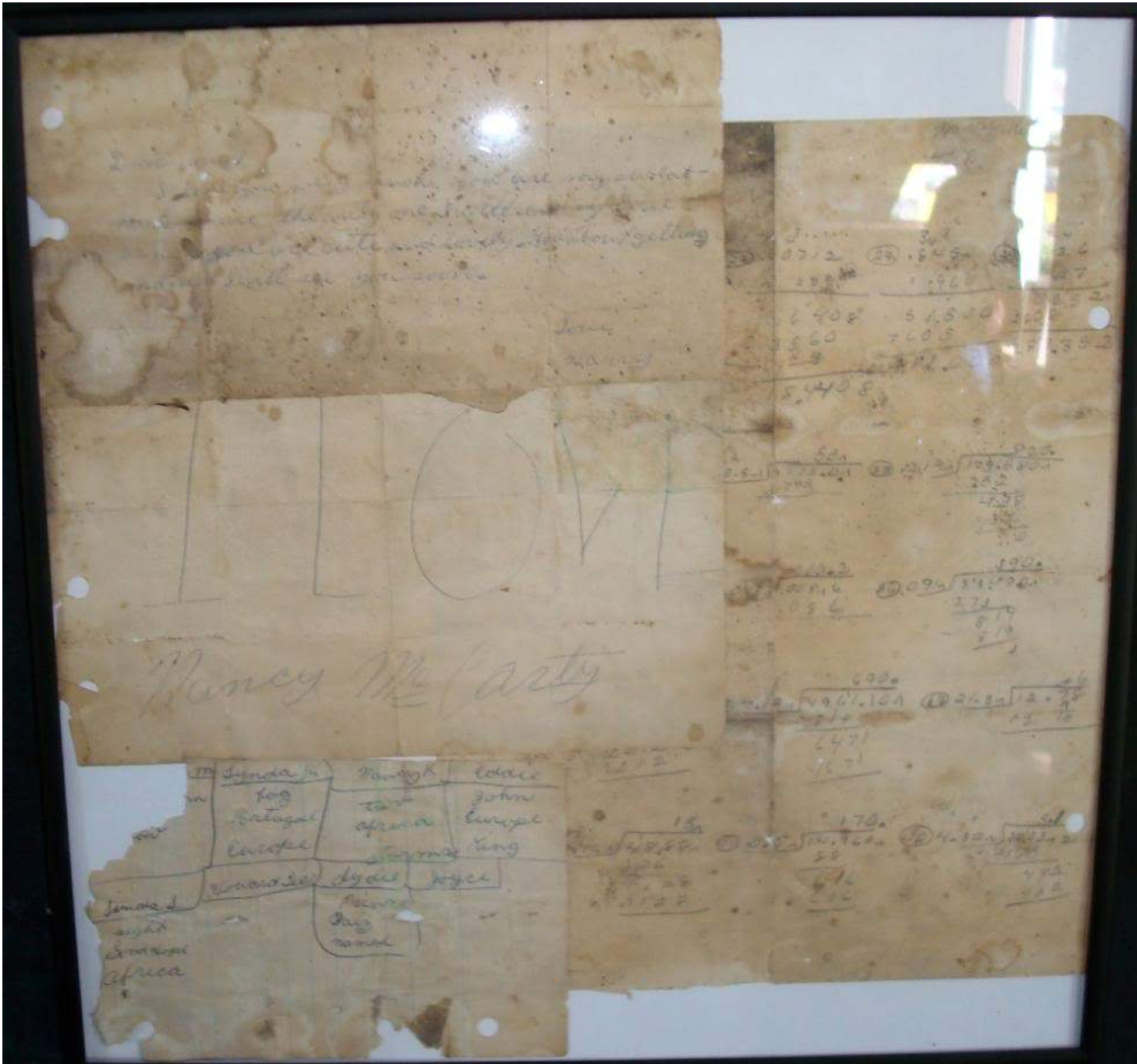
1952 - 1953

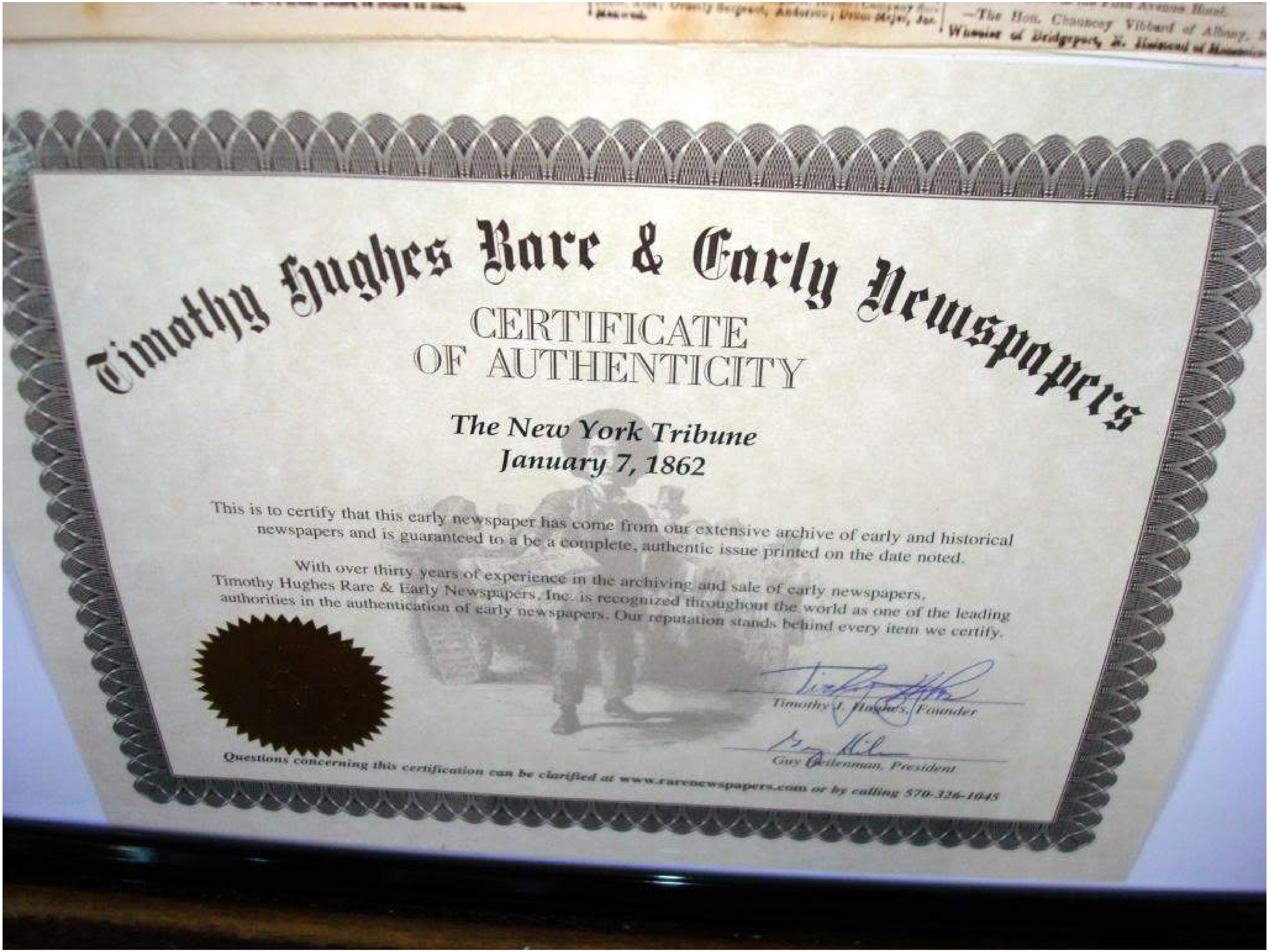


1953—1954
HUNTERSVILLE SCHOOL
Grades 4—6



212-DSC03911.jpg





—The Hon. Chauncey Vibbard of Albany,

Timothy Hughes Rare & Early Newspapers

CERTIFICATE OF AUTHENTICITY

The New York Tribune
January 7, 1862

This is to certify that this early newspaper has come from our extensive archive of early and historical newspapers and is guaranteed to a be a complete, authentic issue printed on the date noted.

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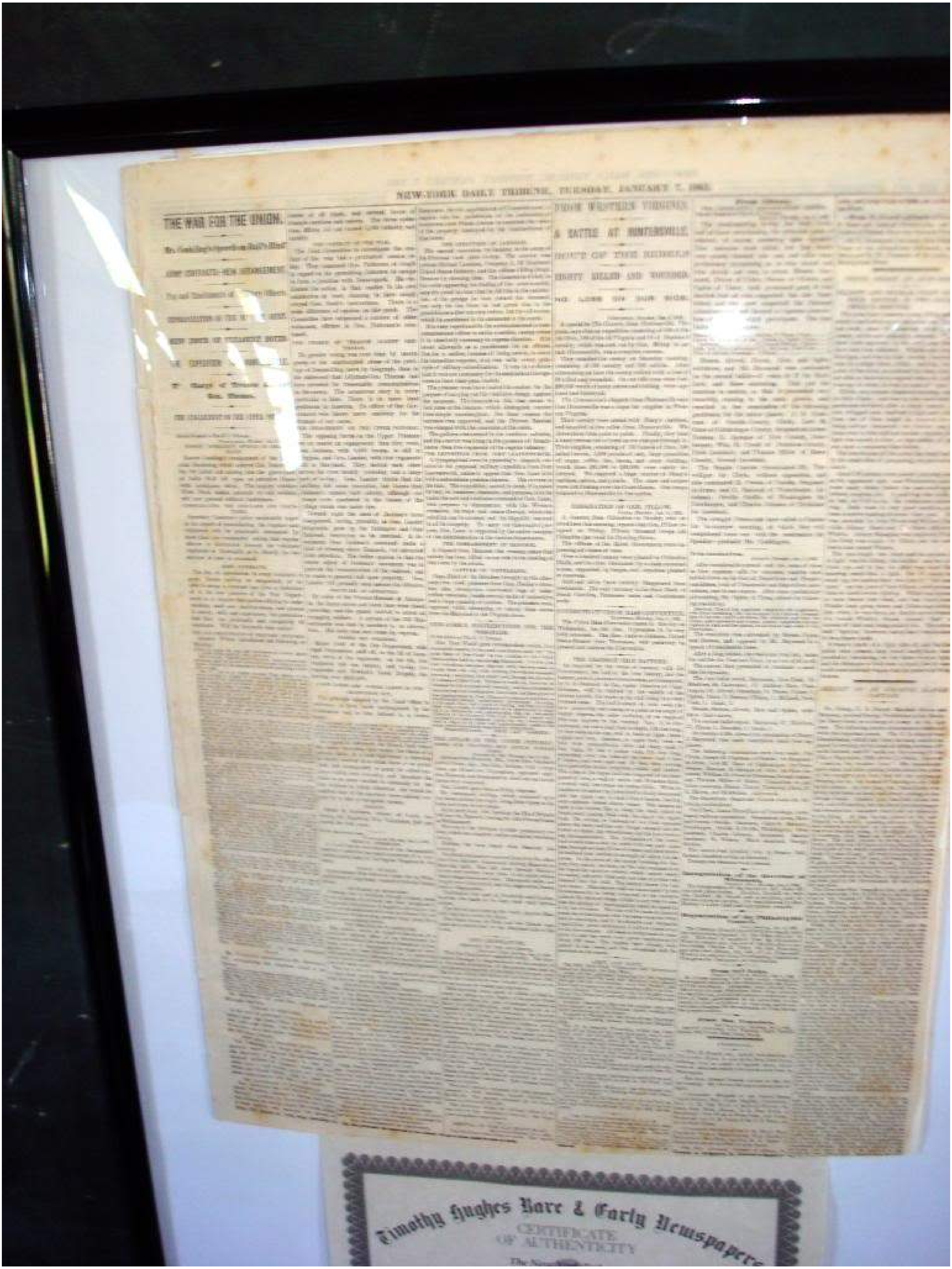
Timothy J. Hughes, Founder

Guy Heilenman, President

Questions concerning this certification can be clarified at www.rarenewspapers.com or by calling 570-326-1045



NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE, TUESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1862.

THE WAR FOR THE UNION.

Mr. Conkling's Speech on Ball's Bluff.

ARMY CONTRACTS—NEW ARRANGEMENT.

FROM WESTERN VIRGINIA.

A BATTLE AT HUNTERSVILLE.

ROUT OF THE REBELS.

EIGHTY KILLED AND WOUNDED.

NO LOSS ON OUR SIDE.

Timothy Hughes Rare & Early Newspapers

CERTIFICATE OF AUTHENTICITY

The New

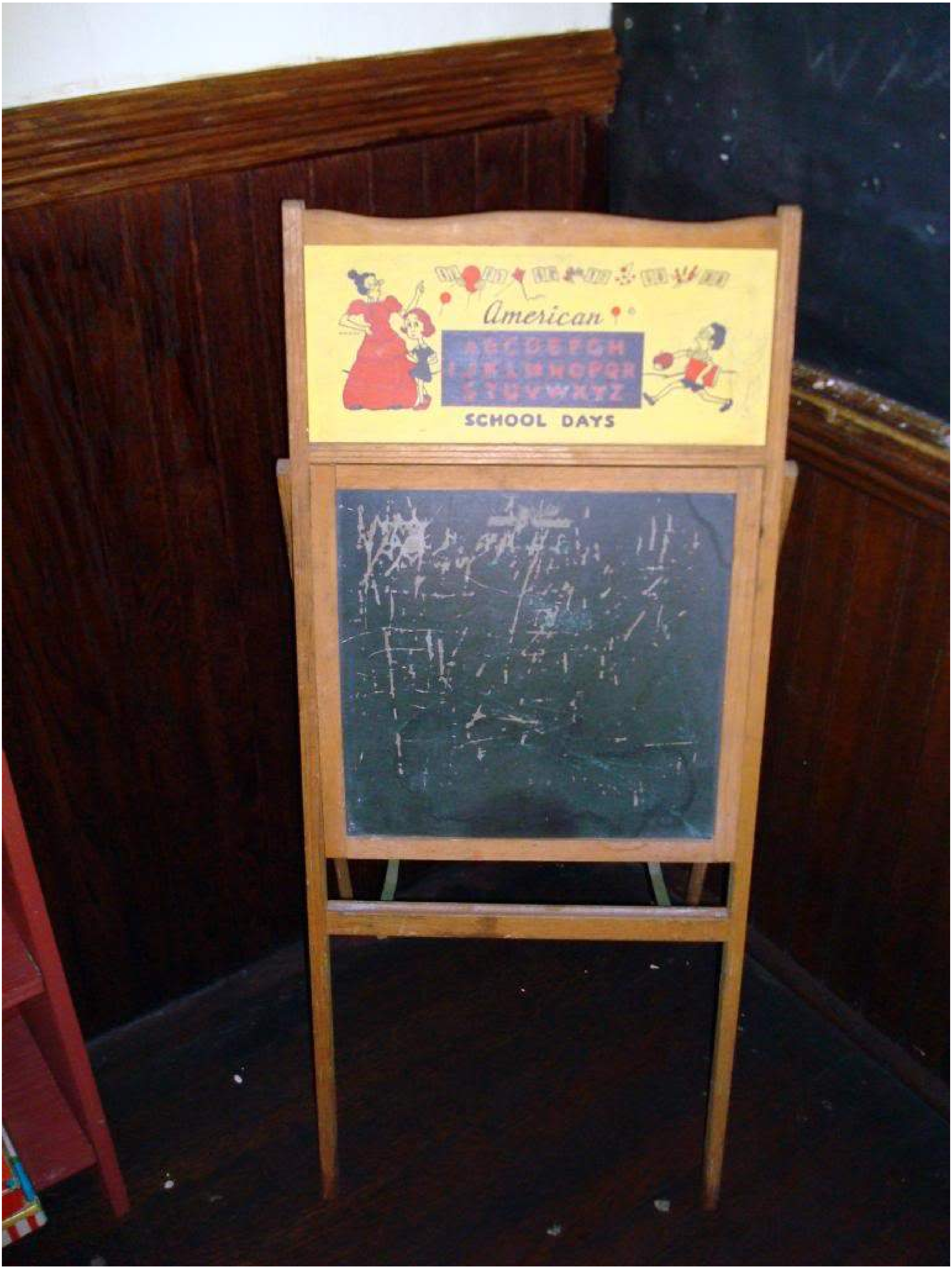
216-DSC03915.jpg

SATIN RIBBON
HIGH GRADE WRITING TABLET
A.B.C.

217-DSC03916.jpg

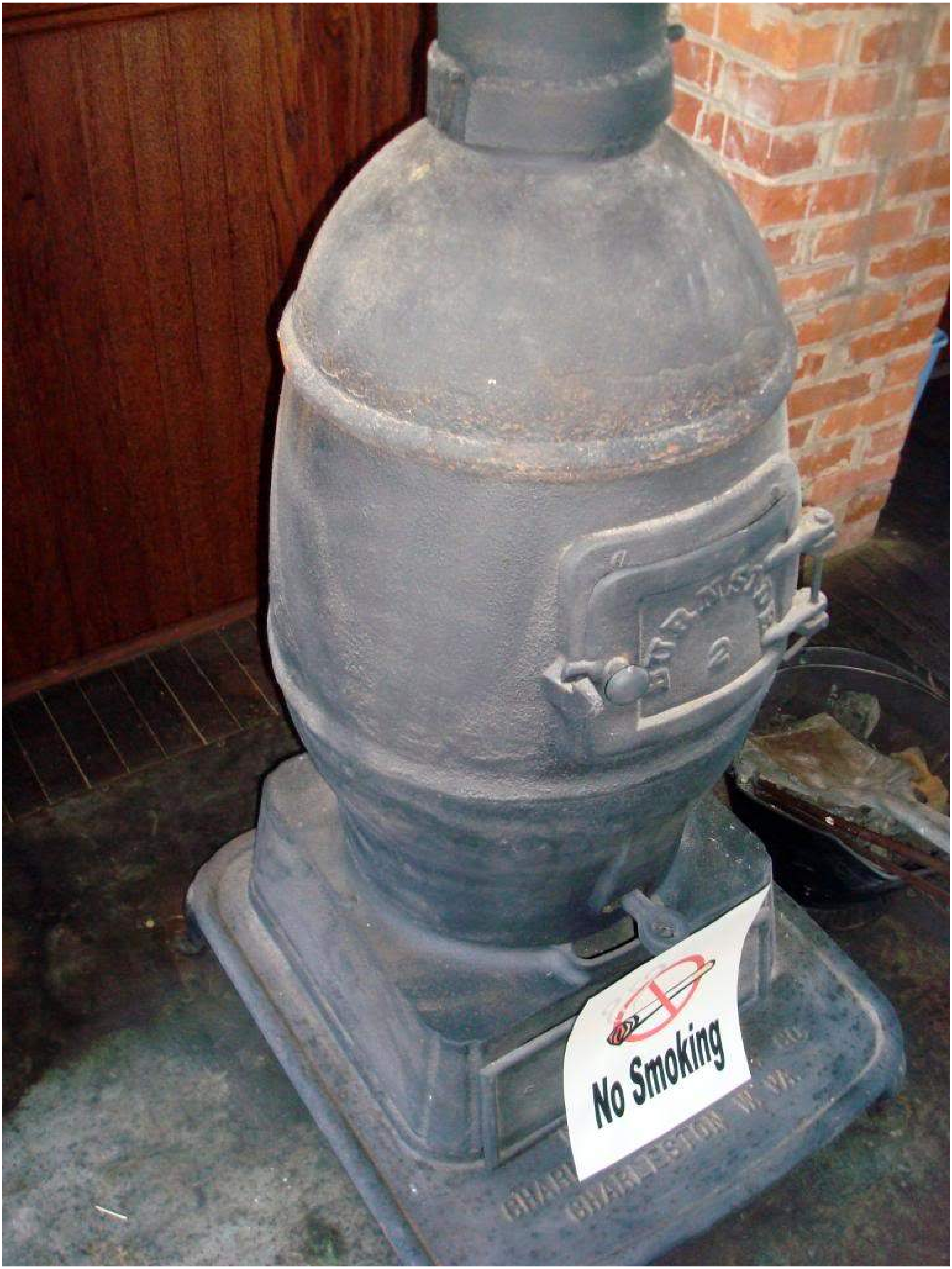
Teacher's Prayer
Sentence Builder

218-DSC03917.jpg

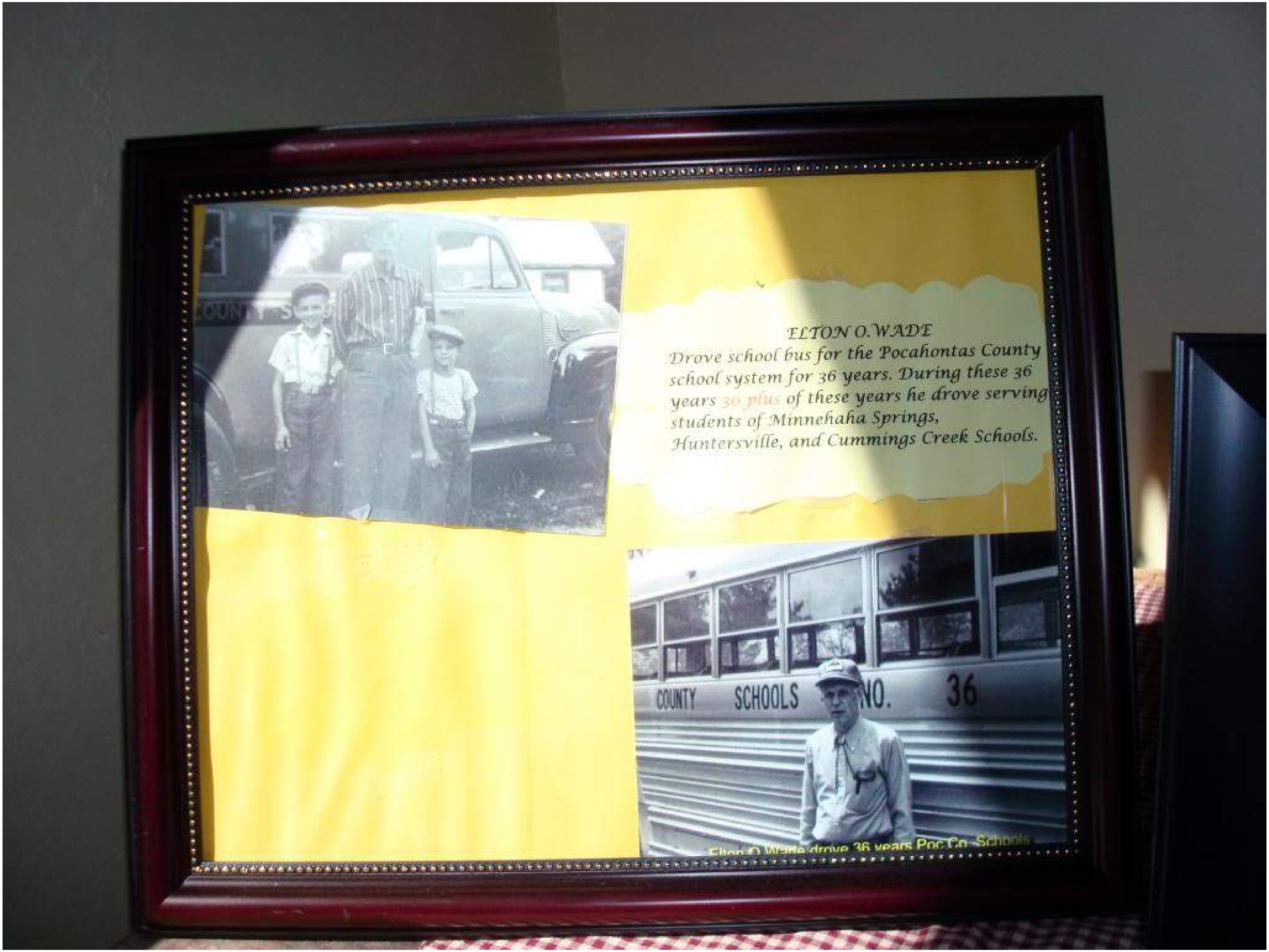

American
ABCDEFGH
IJKLMNOPQR
STUVWXYZ
SCHOOL DAYS

219-DSC03918.jpg

220-DSC03919.jpg

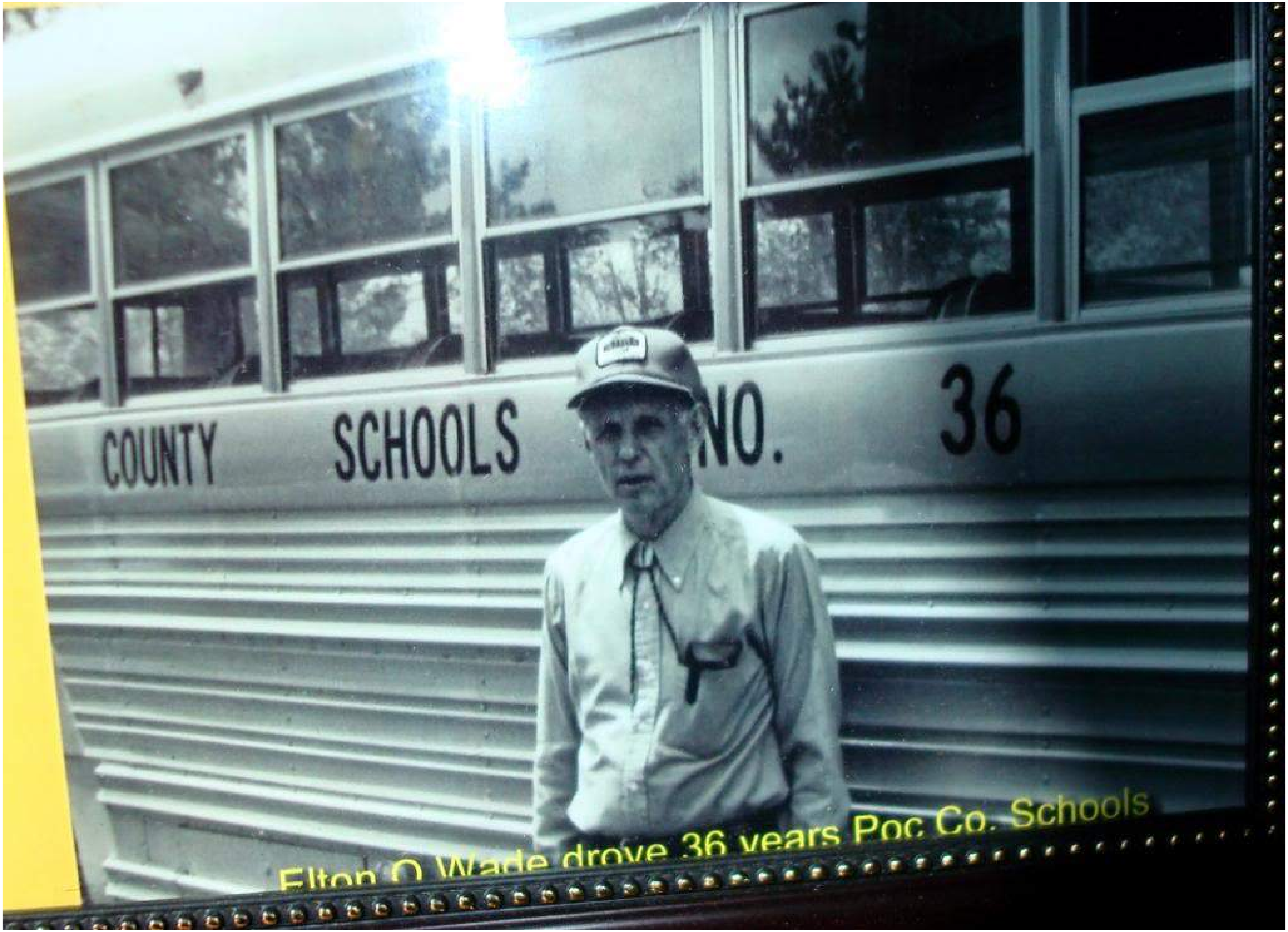

No Smoking
CHARLESTON

221-DSC03920.jpg



ELTON O.WADE
Drove school bus for the Pocahontas County school system for 36 years. During these 36 years 30 plus of these years he drove serving students of Minnehaha Springs, Huntersville, and Cummings Creek Schools.

Elton O Wade drove 36 years Poc.Co. Schools


COUNTY SCHOOLS NO. 36

Elton O Wade drove 36 years Poc Co. Schools

223-DSC03922.jpg

224-DSC03923.jpg

225-DSC03924.jpg

226-DSC03925.jpg

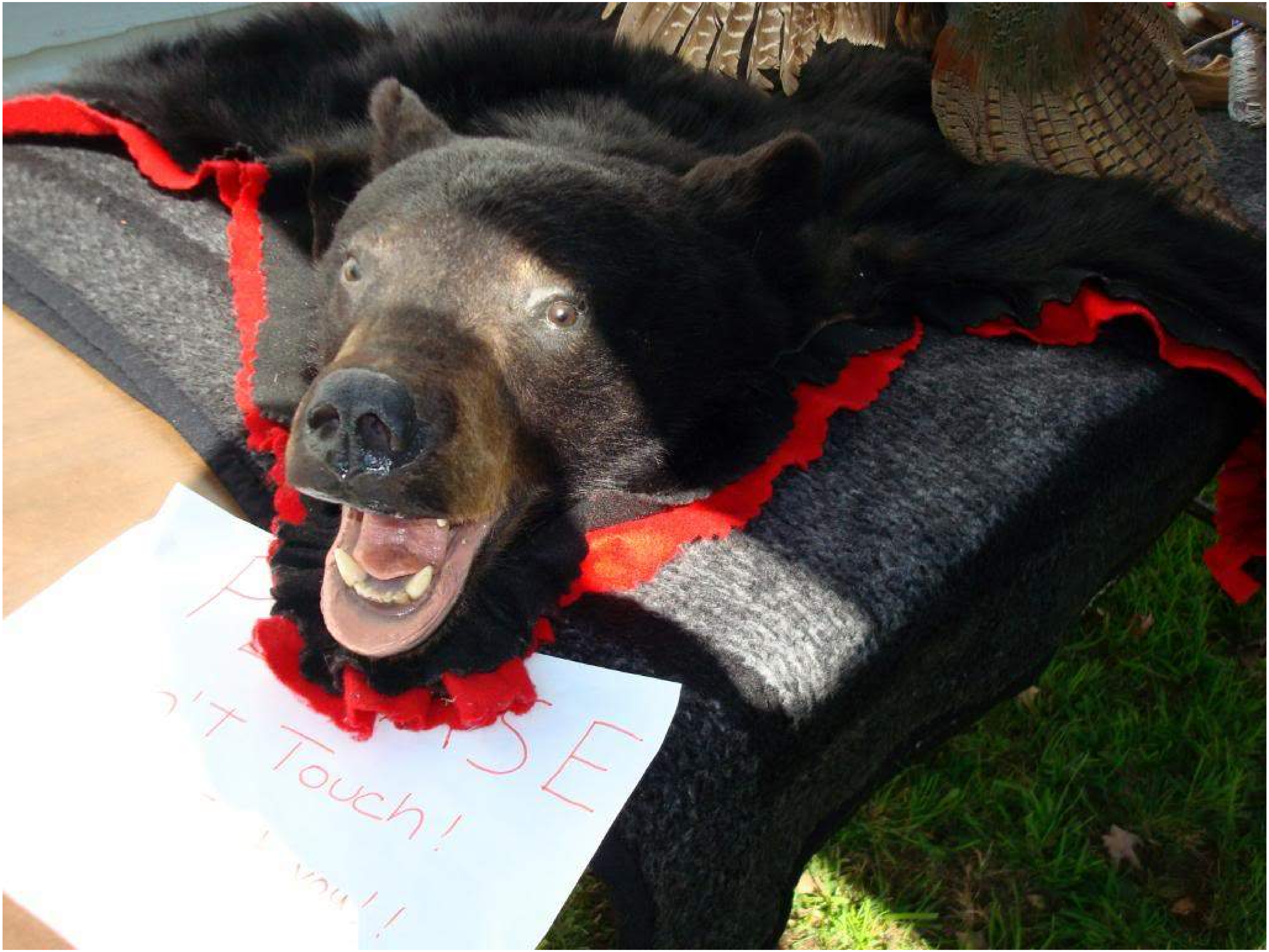
227-DSC03926.jpg

228-DSC03927.jpg

229-DSC03928.jpg

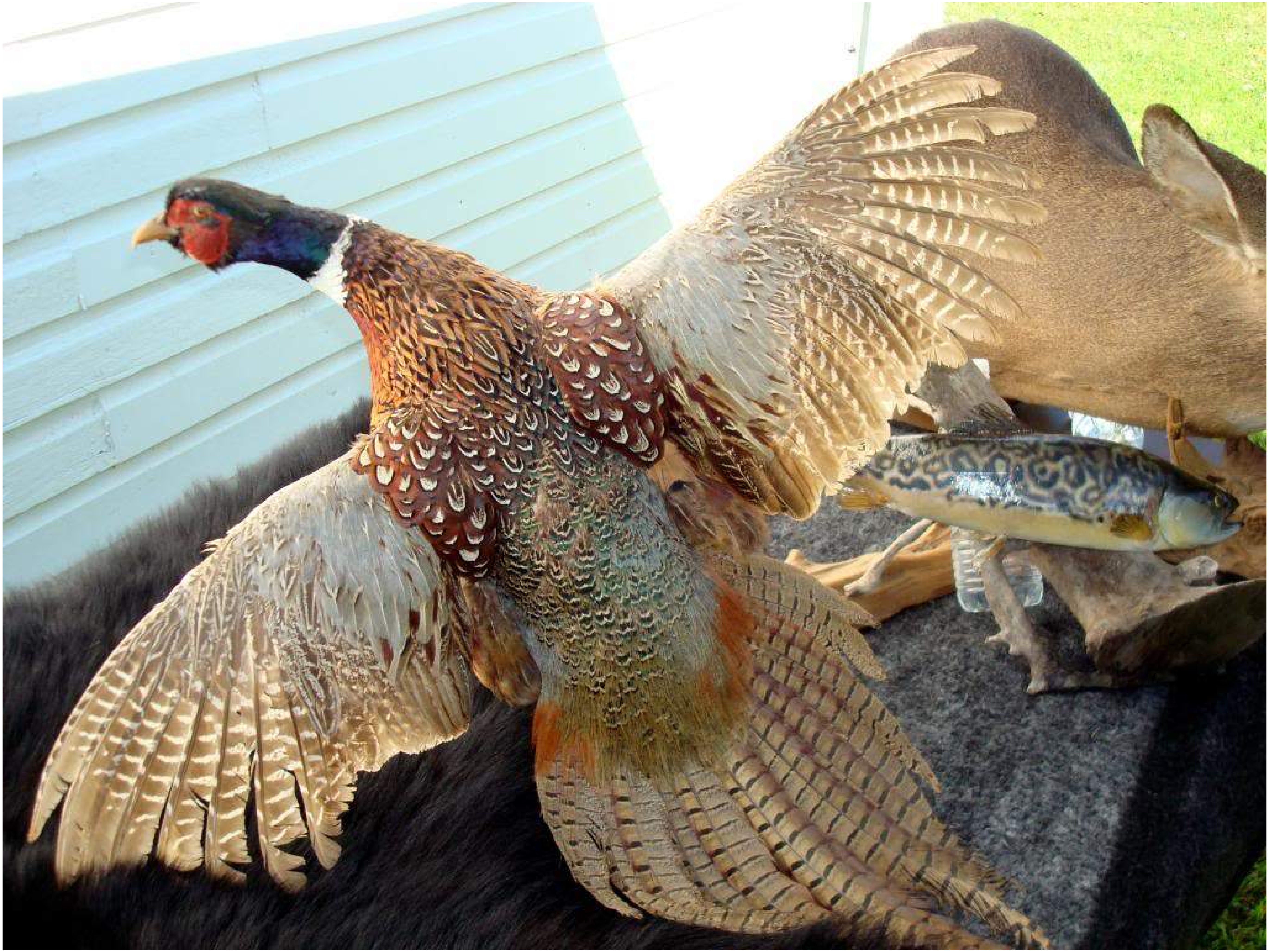
230-DSC03929.jpg

231-DSC03930.jpg


P SE
n't Touch!
you!!

232-DSC03931.jpg

233-DSC03932.jpg

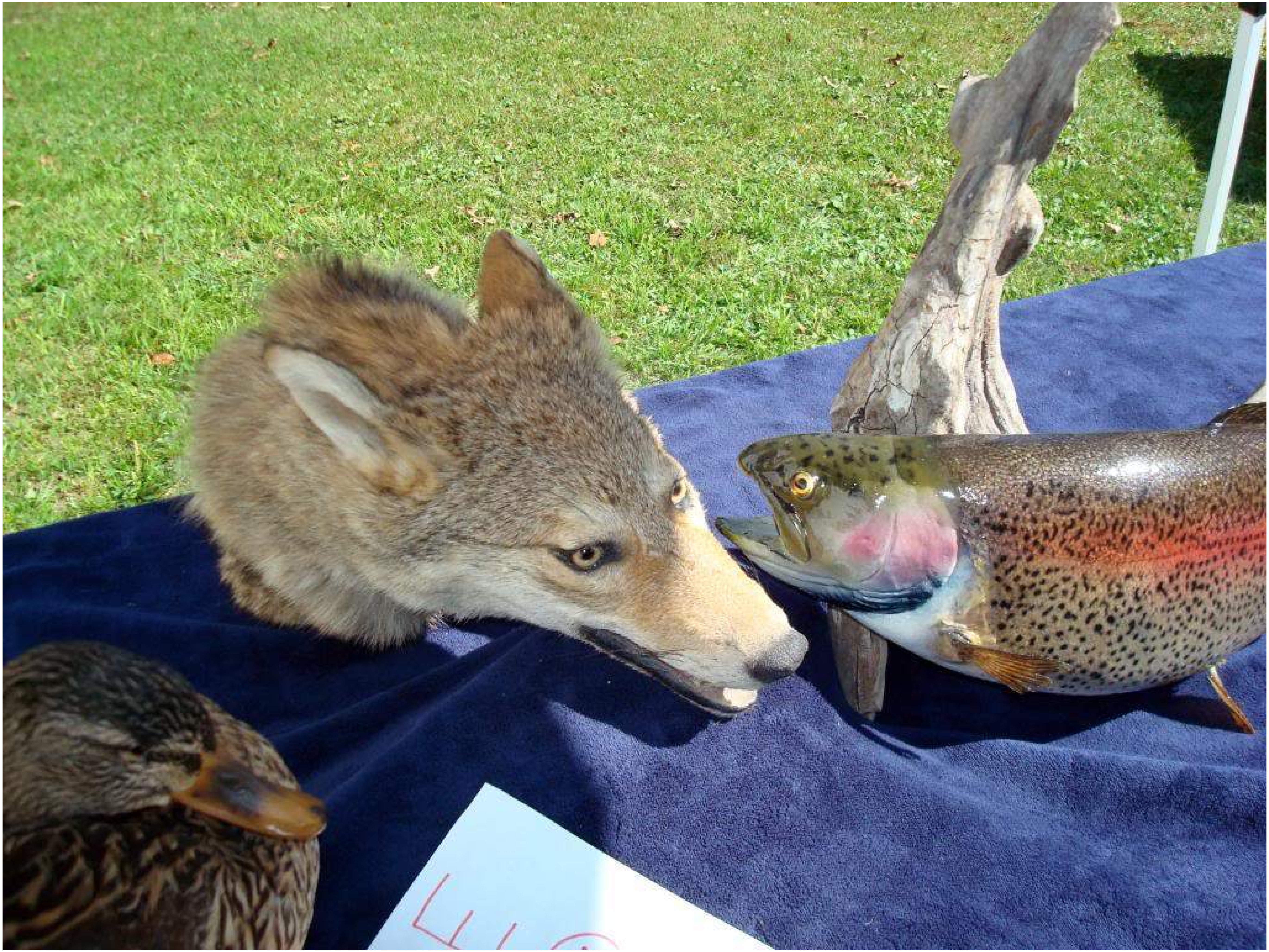


234-DSC03933.jpg

235-DSC03934.jpg

EASE
Do not
Touc

236-DSC03935.jpg



237-DSC03936.jpg

238-DSC03937.jpg

239-DSC03938.jpg

LITTLE HO
THE BIG
LITTLE HO
ON THE PRA
ON THE
OF PLU

240-DSC03939.jpg

Little House in the Big Woods
Little House on the Prairie
Farmer Boy
On the Banks of Plum Creek
American Needlework
Old Town in the Green Groves
By the Shores of Silver Lake
The World of Little House
The Long Winter
These Happy Golden Years
Little Town on the Prairie
The First Four Years
On the Way Home
Travel
Prairie Quilts
Cookbook
The Little House Guidebook
Laura: The Life of Laura Ingalls Wilder
Donald Zochert
Donations
Laura Ingalls Wilder Country
William Anderson
Laura Ingalls Wilder: A Biography
Little House
McGuffey's Fifth Eclectic Reader
1879 Edition
Prairie Girls
Please Recycle

241-DSC03940.jpg

242-DSC03941.jpg

243-DSC03942.jpg

244-DSC03943.jpg

245-DSC03944.jpg

246-DSC03947.jpg

247-DSC03948.jpg

248-DSC03949.jpg

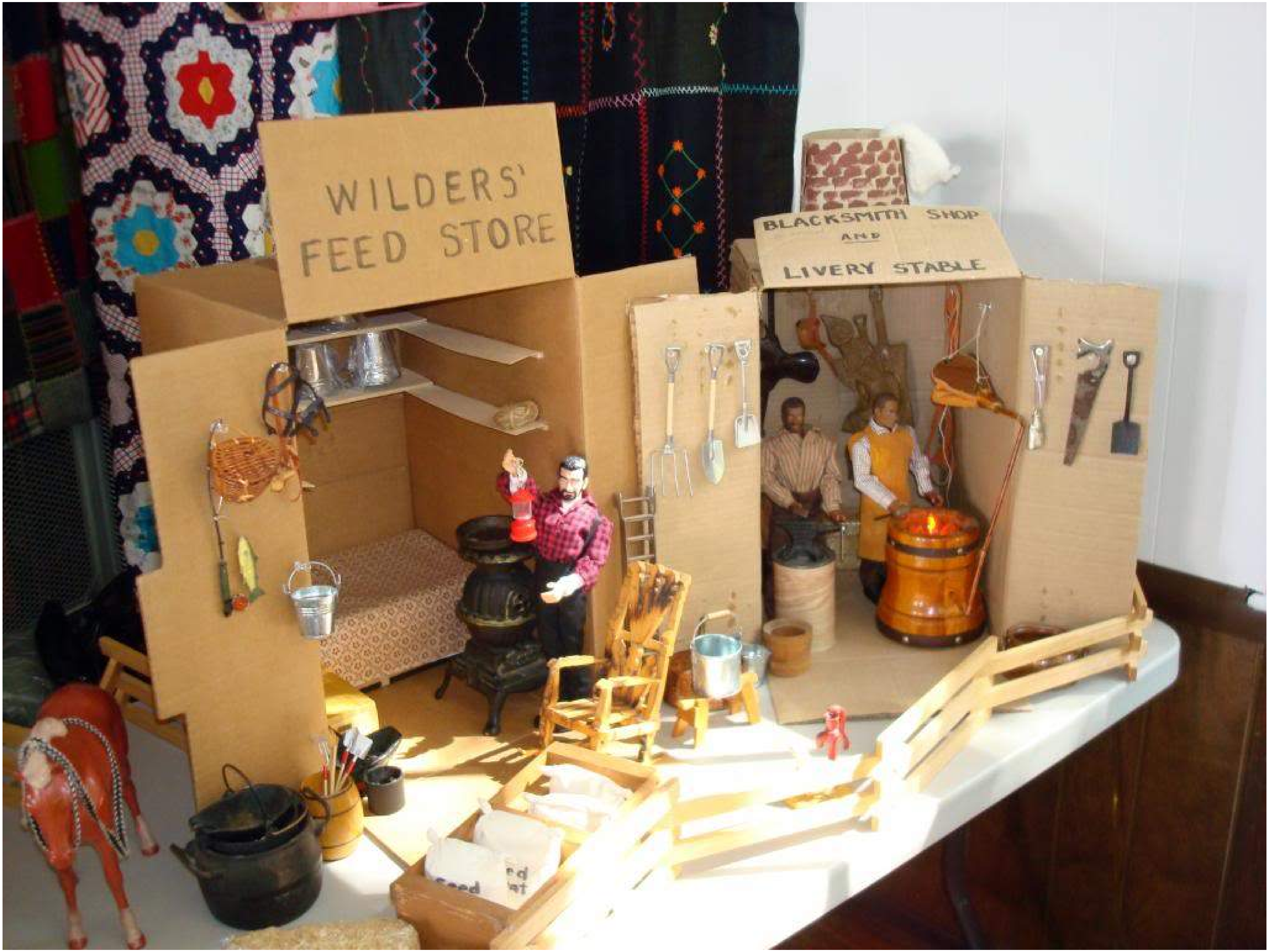
249-DSC03950.jpg

250-DSC03951.jpg

251-DSC03952.jpg

252-DSC03953.jpg

253-DSC03954.jpg


WILDERS' FEED STORE
BLACKSMITH SHOP AND LIVERY STABLE
Seed
ed

254-DSC03955.jpg

255-DSC03956.jpg

256-DSC03957.jpg

GENERAL
STORE

257-DSC03958.jpg

BANK of DE SMET
U.S. POST OFFICE
DOCTORS OFFICE

258-DSC03959.jpg

TAILOR SHOP
DOCTORS OFFICE
BANK OF DE SMET

259-DSC03960.jpg

TAILOR SHOP
DO
O

260-DSC03961.jpg

Today is Feb 16 1880
The letter of the week is
Uu
The word of the week is
"United"

261-DSC03962.jpg

262-DSC03963.jpg

263-DSC03964.jpg

264-DSC03965.jpg

265-DSC03966.jpg

266-DSC03967.jpg

267-DSC03968.jpg

268-DSC03969.jpg

269-DSC03970.jpg

1886
METHODIST
CHURCH
CHURCH Supper

270-DSC03971.jpg

271-DSC03975.jpg

272-DSC03976.jpg

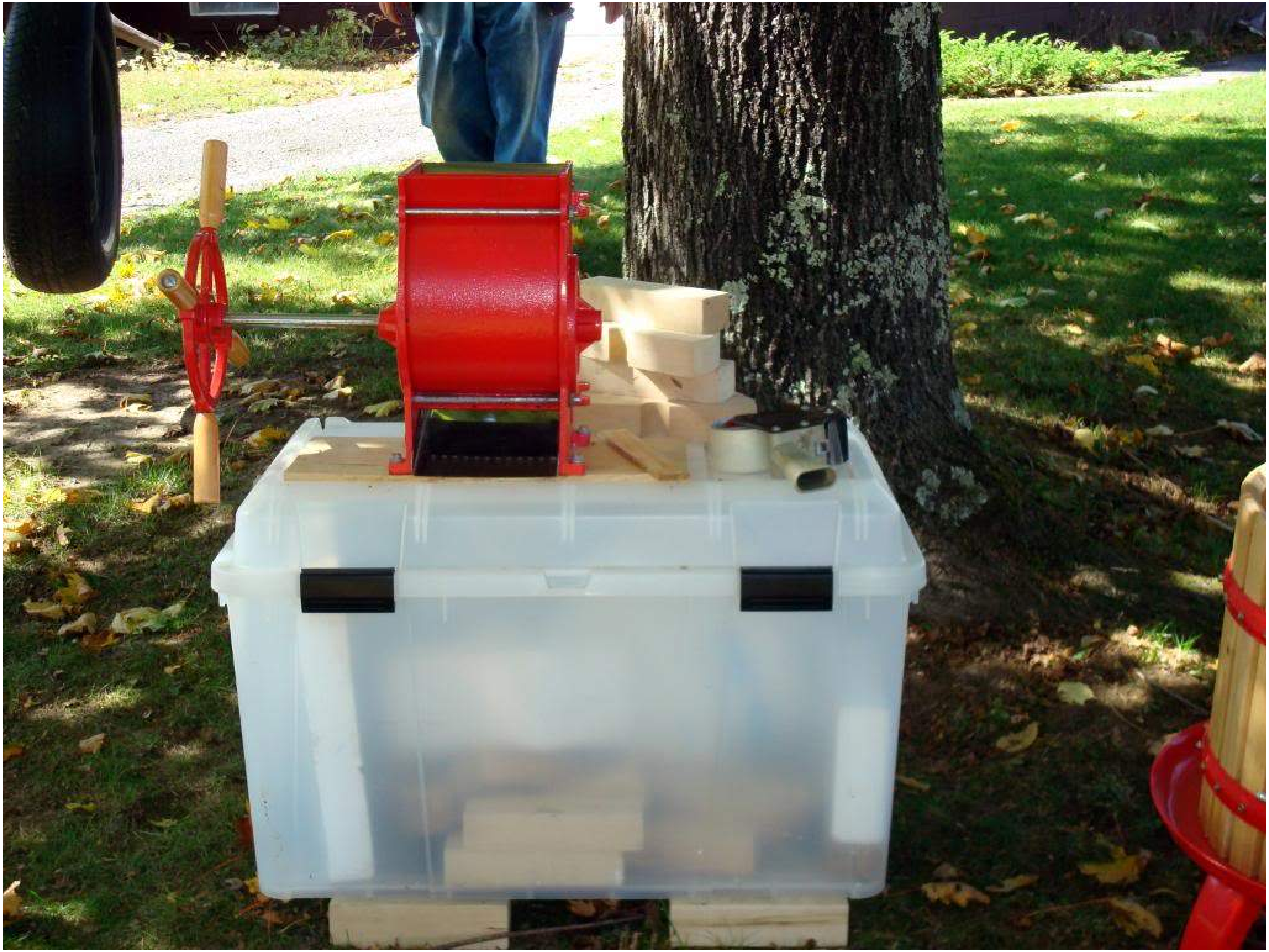
273-DSC03977.jpg

274-DSC03979.jpg

275-DSC03980.jpg

Cider
That's
Working
Fresh
Apple
Cider
Hot or Cold $1.00
Sweet or Working
Gallons $7.00
Warning
HOT
CIDER
$1.00 /CUP

276-DSC03981.jpg



277-DSC03982.jpg

278-DSC03983.jpg

50
Fresh
Apple
HOT
CIDER

279-DSC03984.jpg

280-DSC03985.jpg

281-DSC03994.jpg

282-DSC03995.jpg

283-DSC03996.jpg

284-DSC03997.jpg

285-DSC03998.jpg

286-DSC03999.jpg

287-DSC04000.jpg

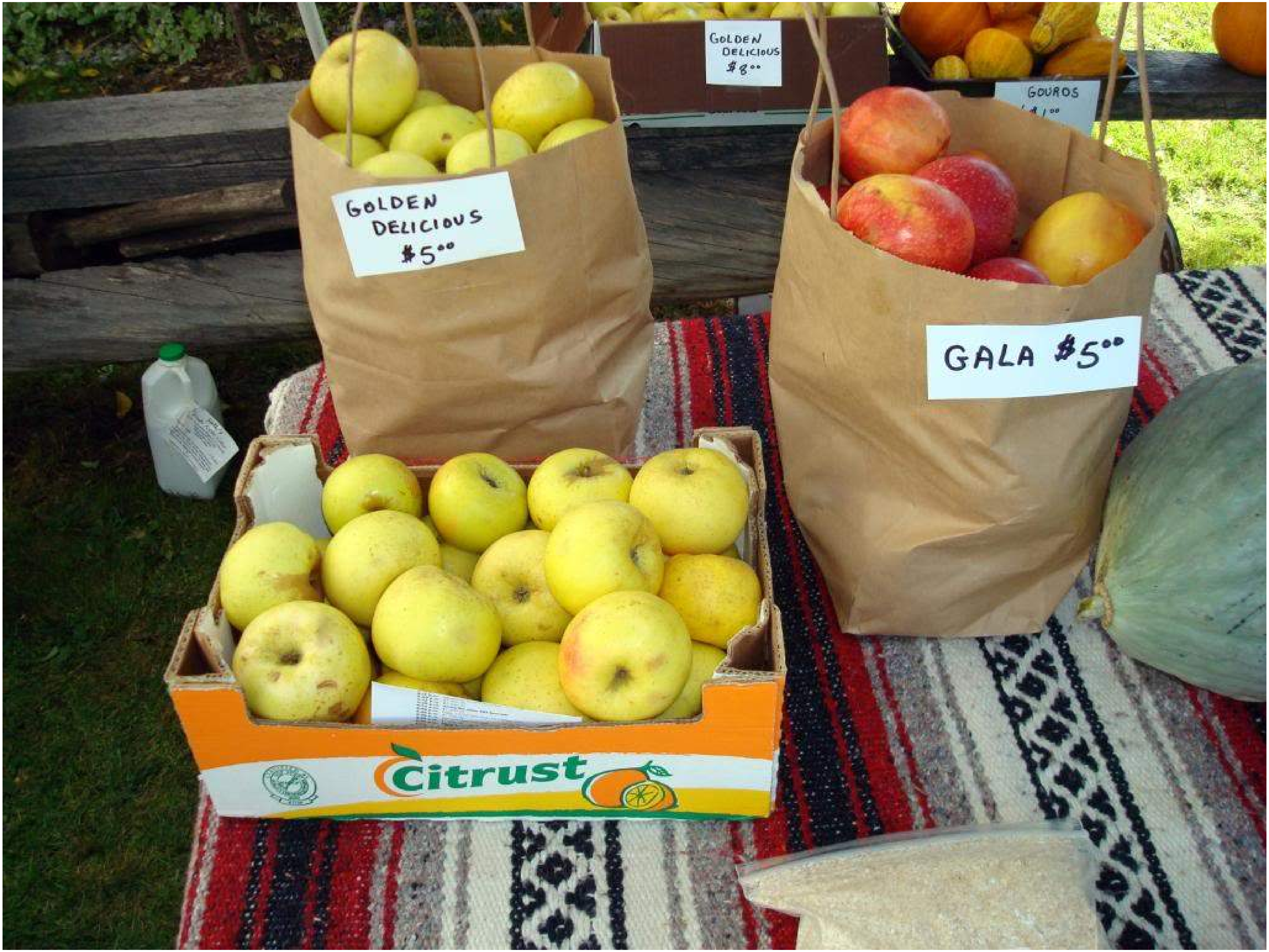
288-DSC04001.jpg

289-DSC04002.jpg

290-DSC04005.jpg

GOLDEN DELICIOUS $5.00
GALA $5.00
GOLDEN DELICIOUS $8.00
PUMPKIN $2.00 EA
BLUE HUBBARD $4.00
BLUE HUBBARD SQUASH $3.00
$3.00
Citrust
MULTI-GRAIN BREAD
$6.00/LOAF
OPEN HOUSE

291-DSC04006.jpg


GOLDEN DELICIOUS $8.00
GOURDS $1.00
GOLDEN DELICIOUS $5.00
GALA $5.00
Citrust

292-DSC04007.jpg

GOURDS
3/$1.00
MIX OR MATCH
PUMPKIN
$2.00 EA
BLUE HUBBARD
$4.00
BLUE HUBBARD
SQUASH $3.00
AIN BREAD
WHOLE WHEAT,
LLET, MOLASSES,
OAF
OPE
HOU

293-DSC04008.jpg

Gold Medal
BETTER FOR BREAD FLOUR

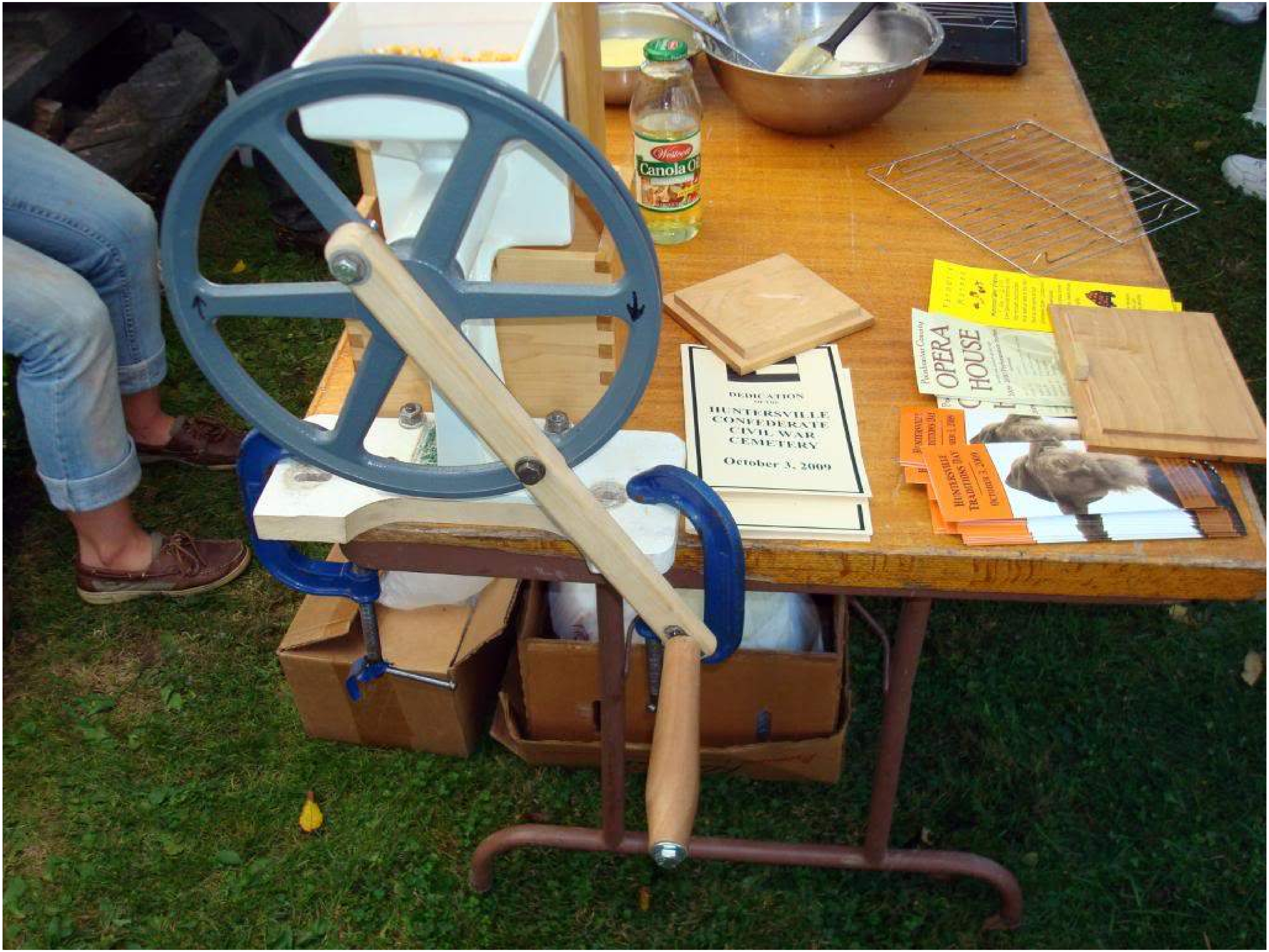
294-DSC04009.jpg

CLOVER VALLEY
Iodized SALT
THIS SALT SUPPLIES IODIDE, A NECESSARY NUTRIENT

295-DSC04010.jpg

DEDICATIO
OF THE
HUNTERSV
CONFEDE
CIVIL W
CEMET
October

296-DSC04011.jpg


Wesson
Canola Oil
DEDICATION OF THE
HUNTERSVILLE CONFEDERATE CIVIL WAR CEMETERY
October 3, 2009
OPERA HOUSE
HUNTERSVILLE TRADITIONS DAY
OCTOBER 3, 2009

297-DSC04012.jpg

DEDICATION
HUNTERSVILLE
CONFEDERATE
CIVIL WAR
CEMETERY
October 3, 2009
OPERA
HOUSE

298-DSC04013.jpg

DEDICATION OF THE
HUNTERSVILLE
CONFEDERATE
CIVIL WAR
CEMETERY
October 3, 2009

299-DSC04014.jpg

300-DSC04015.jpg

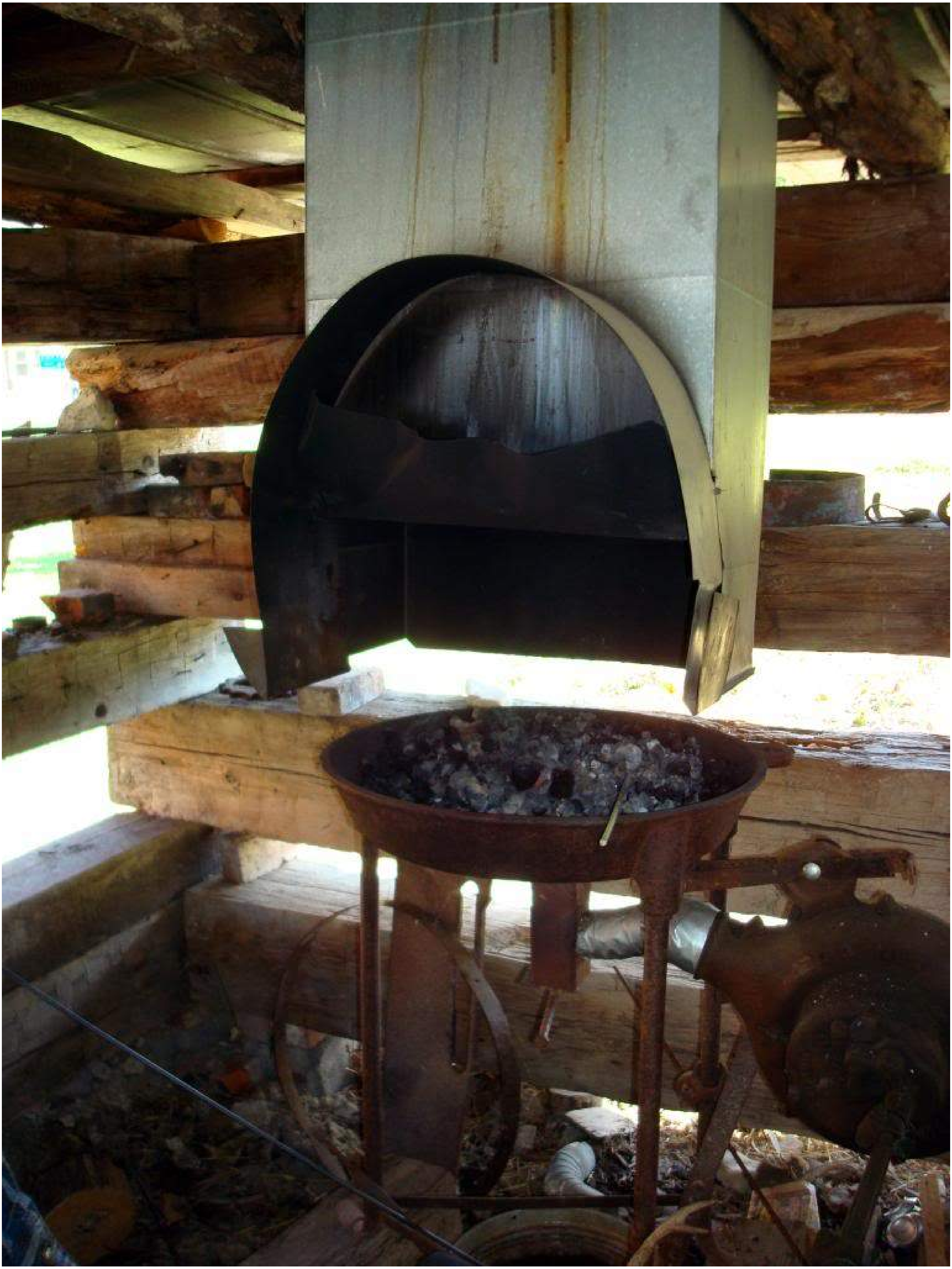
301-DSC04016.jpg

302-DSC04017.jpg

10
CORN SHELL

303-DSC04018.jpg

304-DSC04019.jpg



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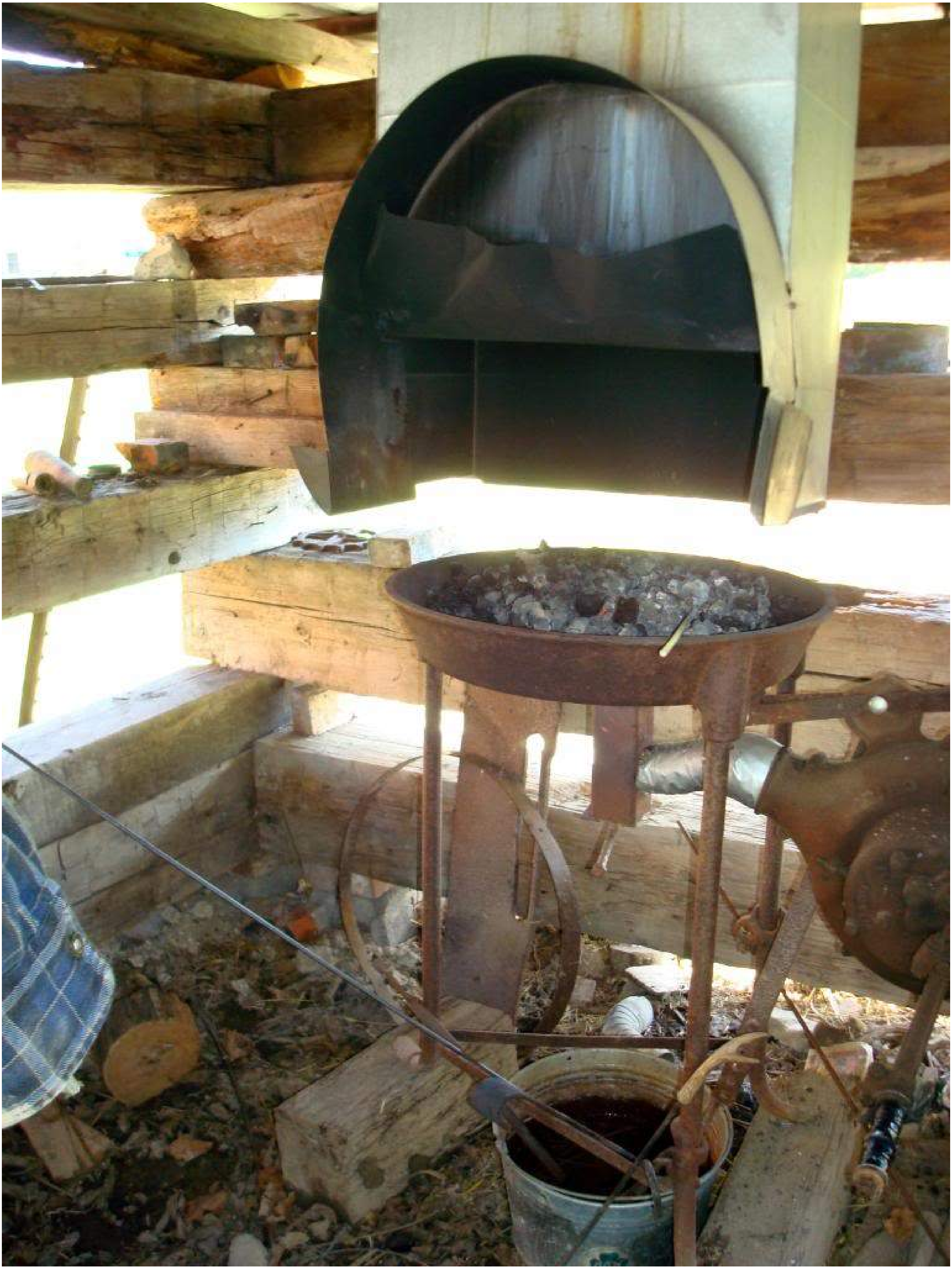

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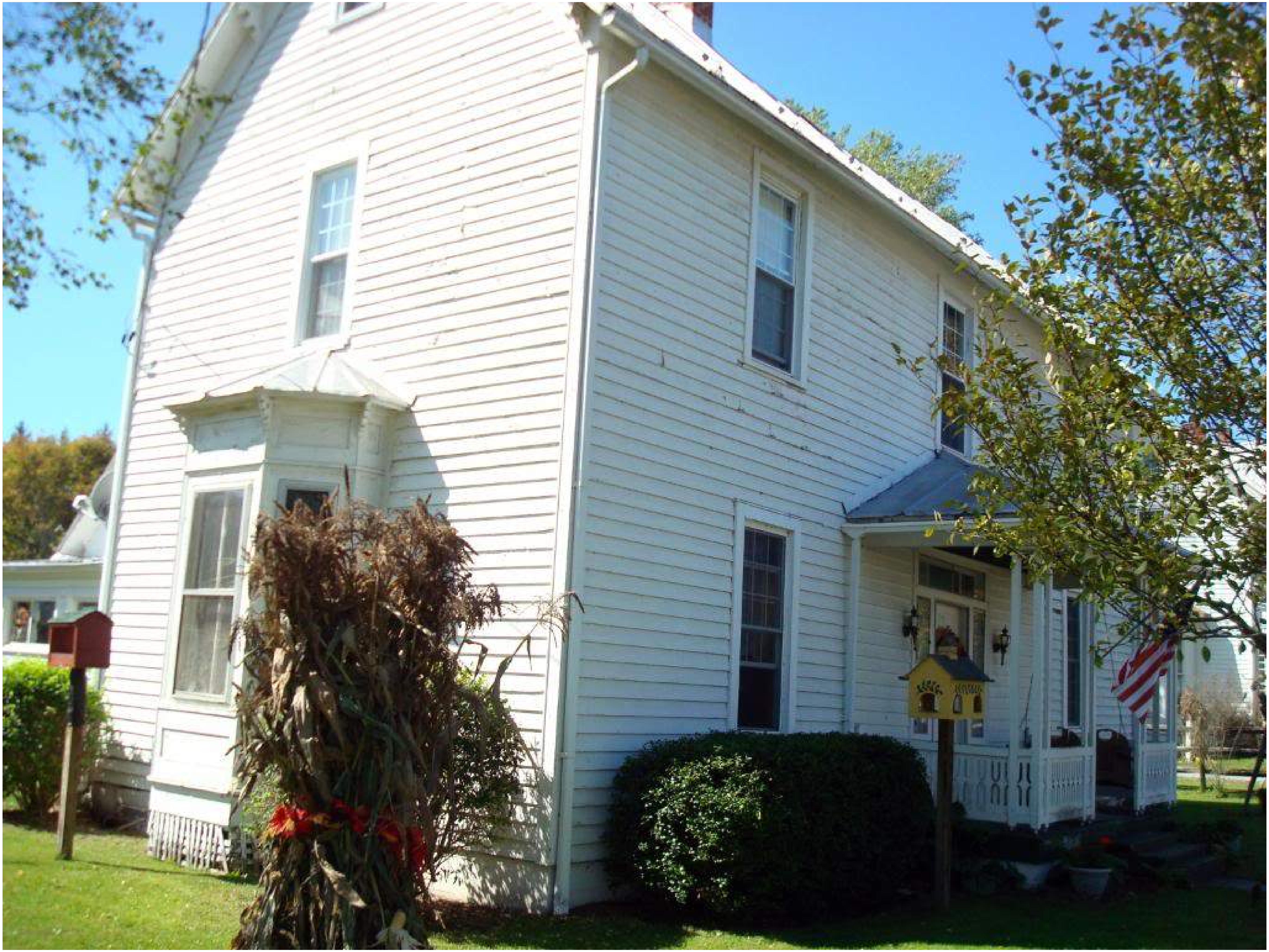
307-DSC04022.jpg

308-DSC04023.jpg



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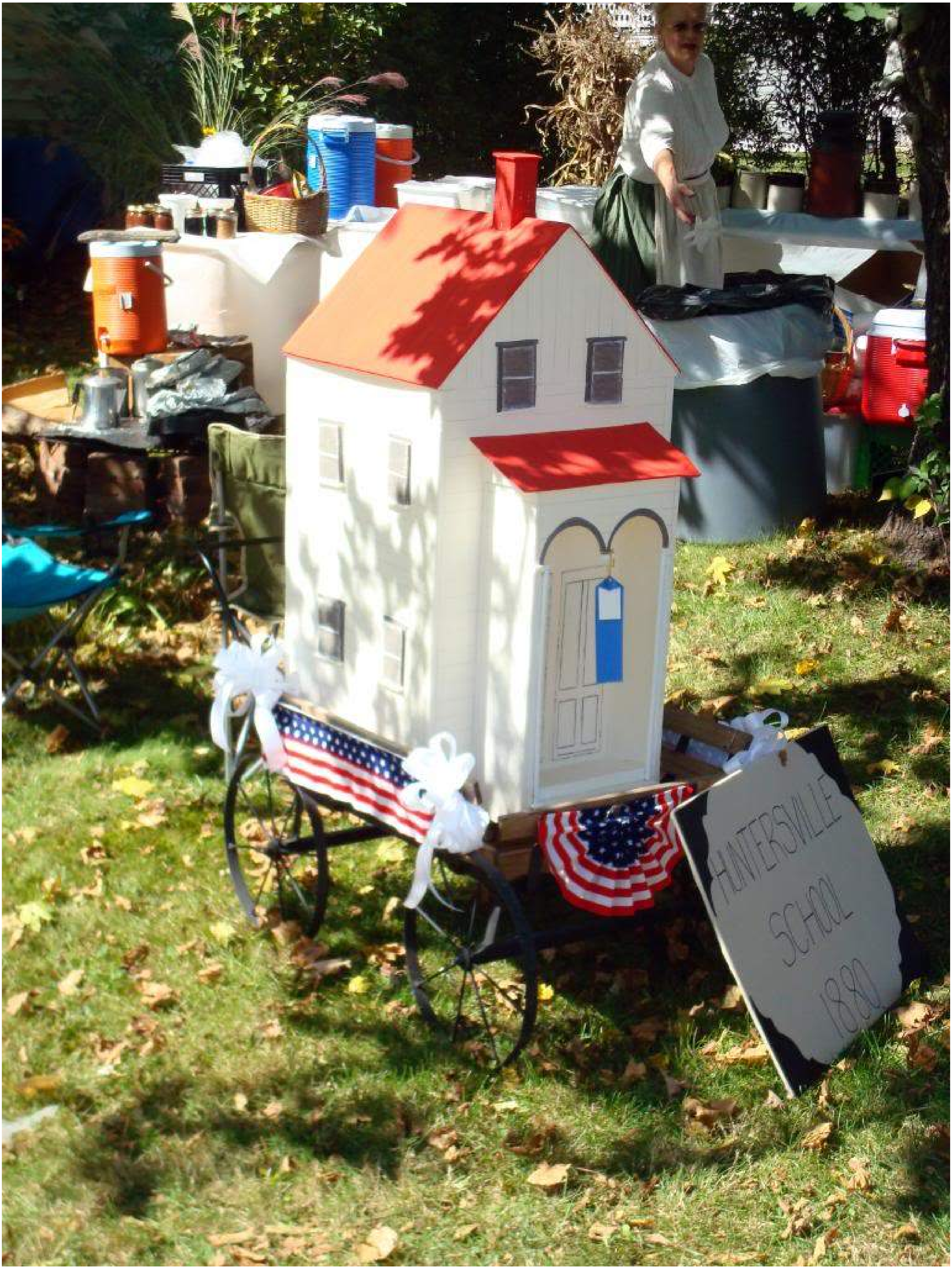
310-DSC04025.jpg

311-DSC04026.jpg


HUNTERSVILLE
SCHOOL
1880

312-DSC04027.jpg

TOBACCO
QUITLINE
966-8784

313-DSC04030.jpg

QUIT LINE
1-877-966-8784
FRESH

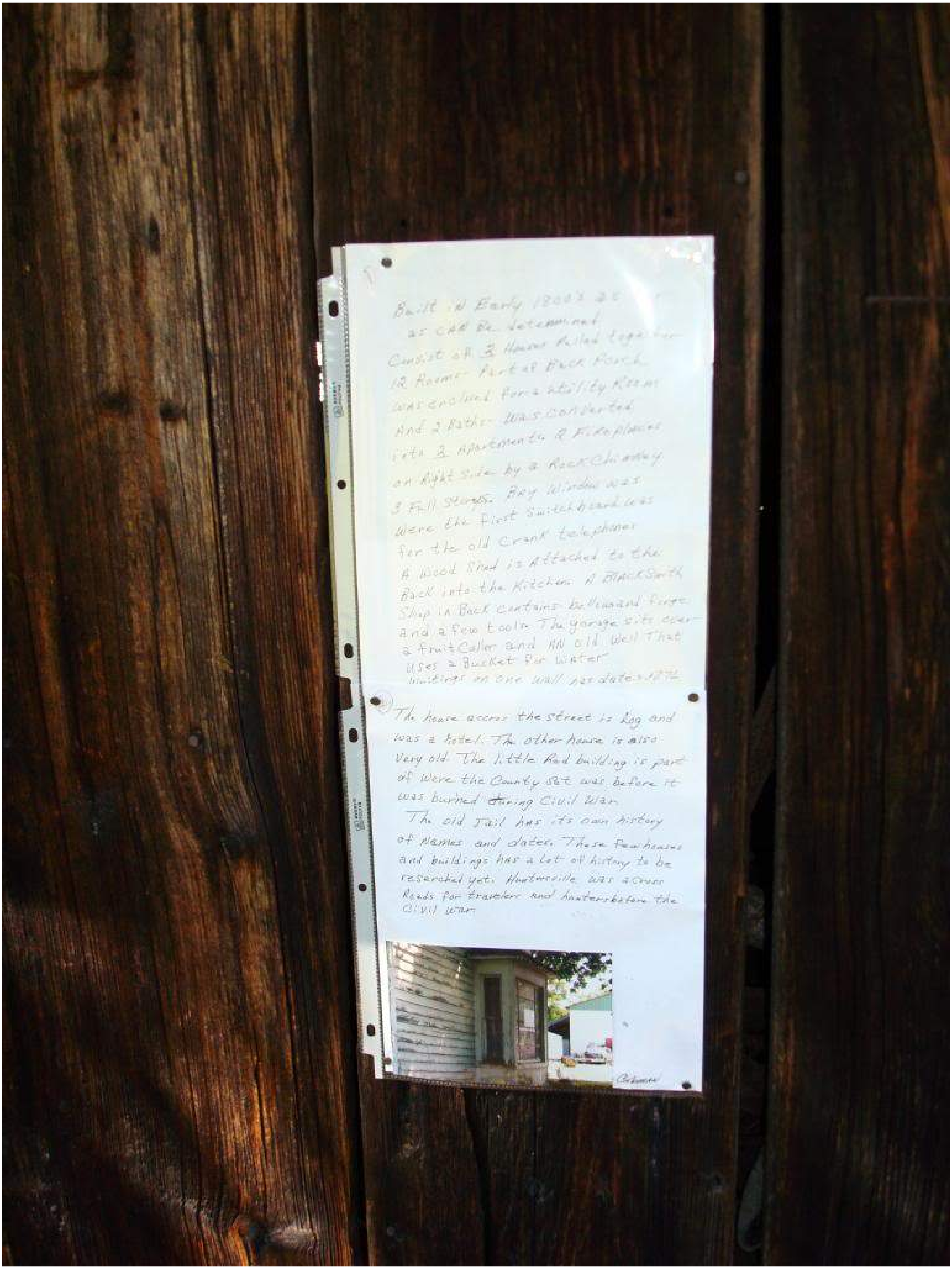
314-DSC04031.jpg

1-8
RED OA
REALT
304-799-
FRESH
APPLE

315-DSC04032.jpg

West Virginia
TOBACCO
QUITLINE
1-877-YNOT-QUIT
1-877-966-8784
1 966-8784

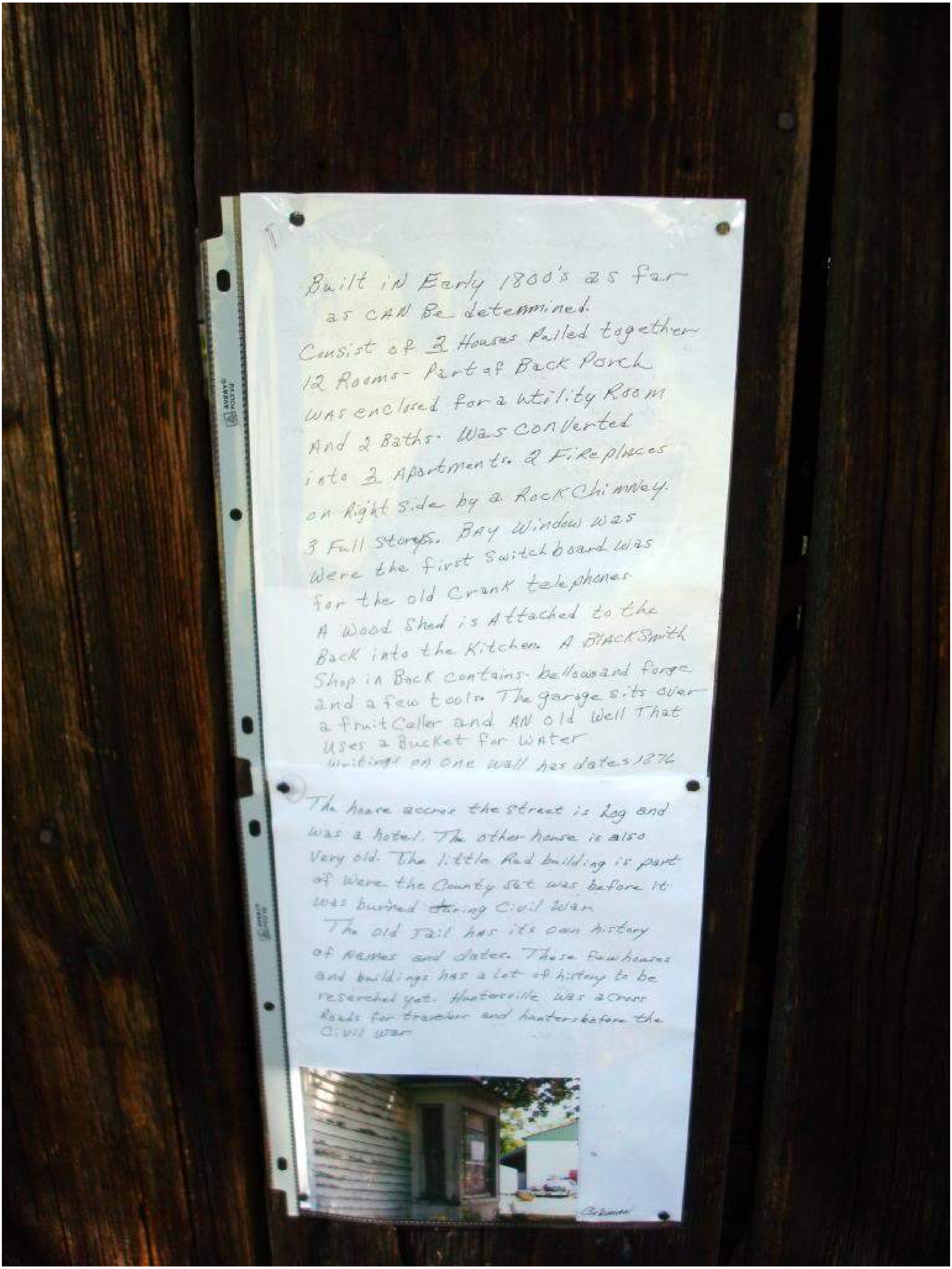
316-DSC04036.jpg



Built in Early 1800's as
as can be determined
Consist of 3 Houses Pulled together
12 Rooms. Part of Back Porch
was enclosed For a Utility Room
And 2 Baths. Was converted
into 3 Apartments. 2 Fireplaces
on Right Side by a Rock Chimney
3 Full stories. Bay Window was
were the First Switchboard was
for the old Crank telephones
A Wood Shed is Attached to the
Back into the Kitchen. A Blacksmith
Shop in Back contains Bellows and Forge
and a few tools. The garage sits over
a fruit Cellar and an old Well That
uses a Bucket For Water
Writings on one wall are dated [illegible]

The house across the street is Log and
was a hotel. The other house is also
Very old. The little Red building is part
of were the County Set was before it
was burned ~~during~~ Civil War.
The old Jail has its own history
of Names and dates. These few houses
and buildings has a lot of history to be
researched yet. Huntersville was a Cross
Roads for travelers and hunters before the
Civil War

317-DSC04037.jpg



Built in Early 1800's as far
as CAN Be determined.
Consist of 2 Houses Pulled together
12 Rooms- Part of Back Porch
was enclosed for a utility Room
And 2 Baths. Was converted
into 2 Apartments. 2 Fireplaces
on Right side by a Rock Chimney.
3 Full storys. Bay Window was
Were the first Switchboard was
for the old Crank telephones
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Back into the Kitchen. A BlackSmith
Shop in Back contains bellows and forge
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The old Jail has it's own history
of Names and dates. These few houses
and buildings has a lot of history to be
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Roads for travelers and hunters before the
Civil war

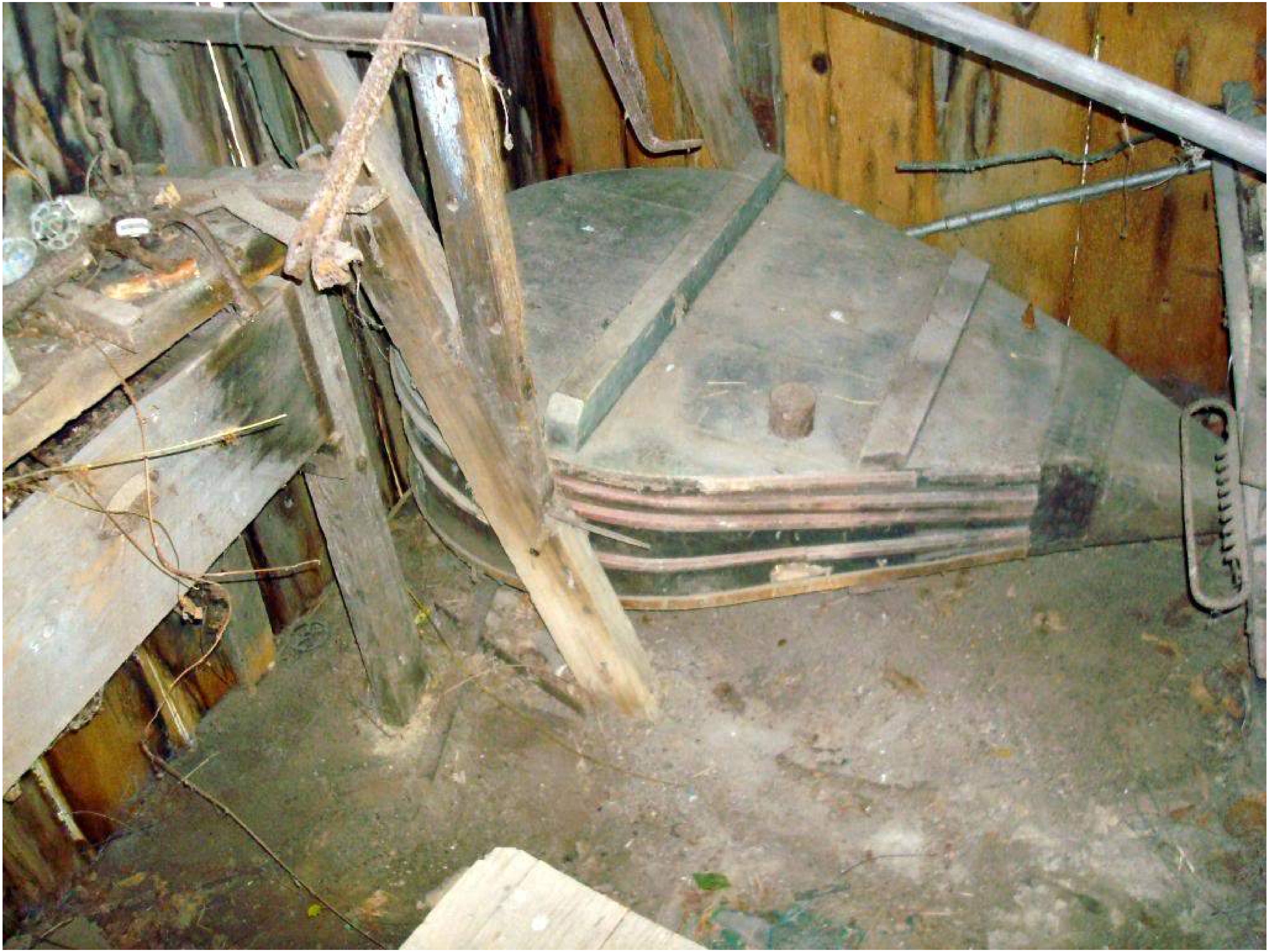
318-DSC04038.jpg

319-DSC04039.jpg

320-DSC04040.jpg

321-DSC04041.jpg

322-DSC04042.jpg



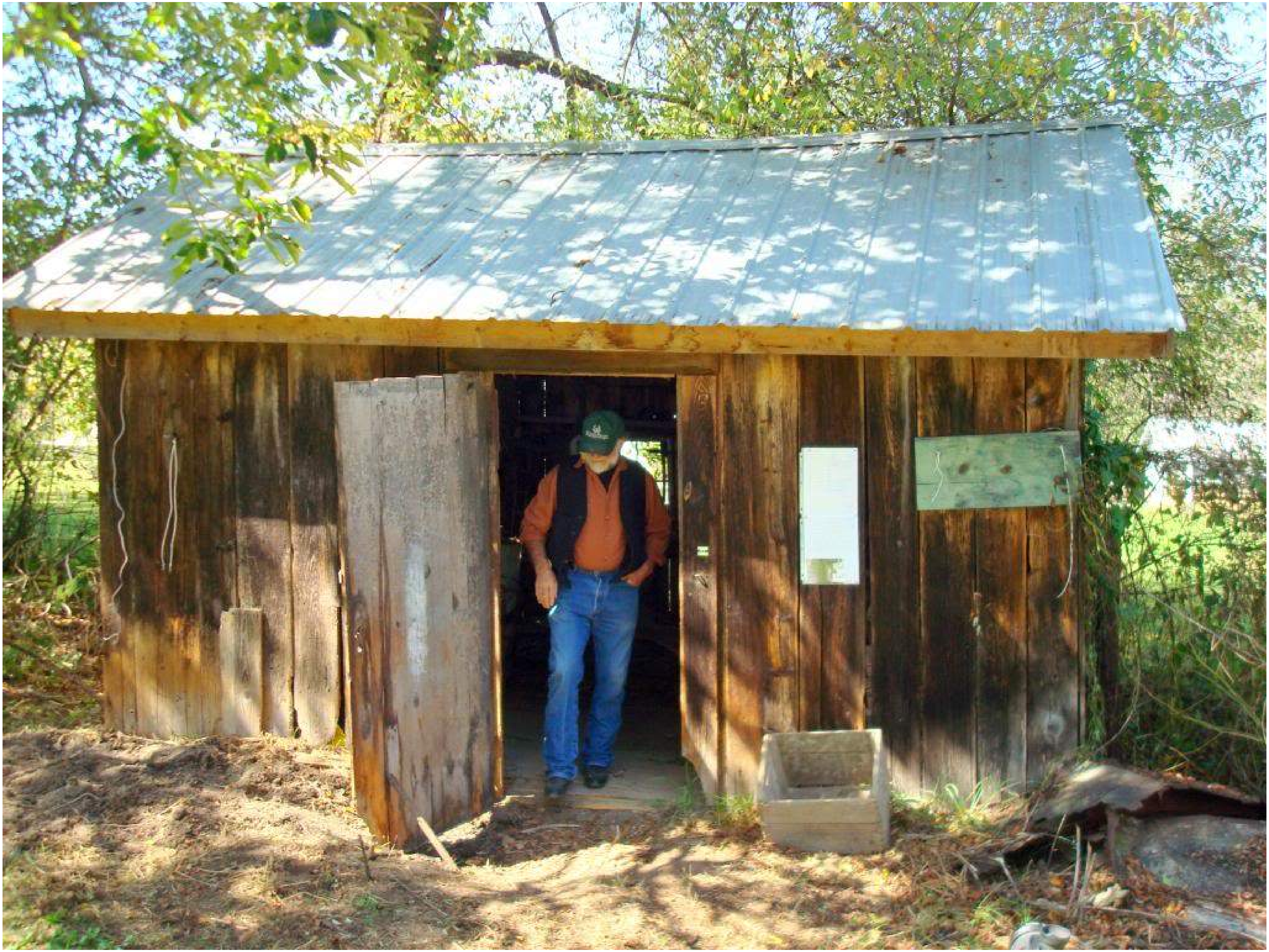
323-DSC04043.jpg

324-DSC04044.jpg

325-DSC04045.jpg

326-DSC04046.jpg

327-DSC04047.jpg



328-DSC04048.jpg

329-DSC04049.jpg

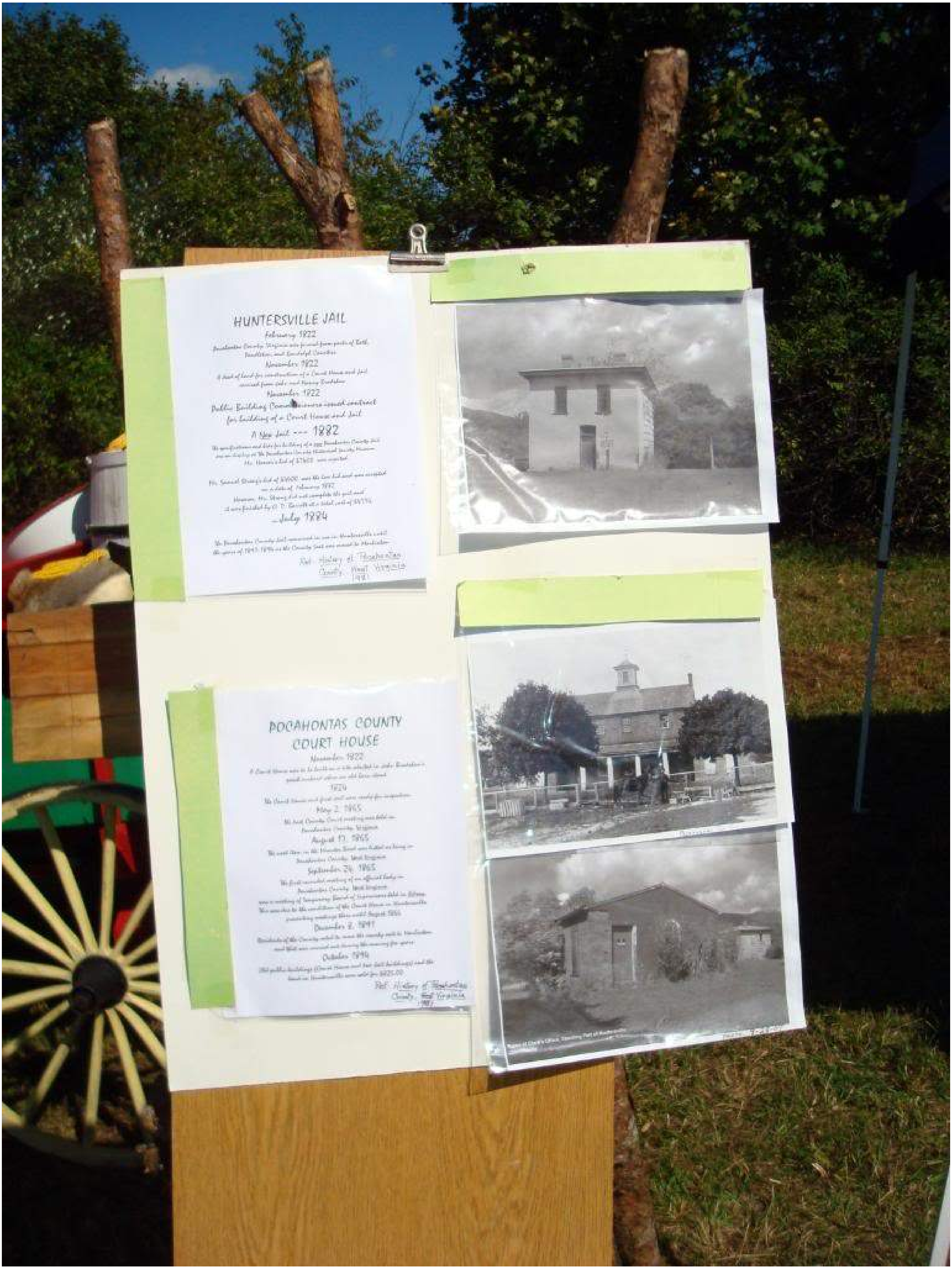
330-DSC04050.jpg

TRADING POST

331-DSC04051.jpg

332-DSC04052.jpg

333-DSC04053.jpg



HUNTERSVILLE JAIL

February 1822

November 1822

November 1822

Public Building Commissioners issued contract for building of a Court House and Jail

A New Jail --- 1882

—July 1884

Ref. History of Pocahontas County, West Virginia 1981

POCAHONTAS COUNTY COURT HOUSE

November 1822

1824

May 2, 1865

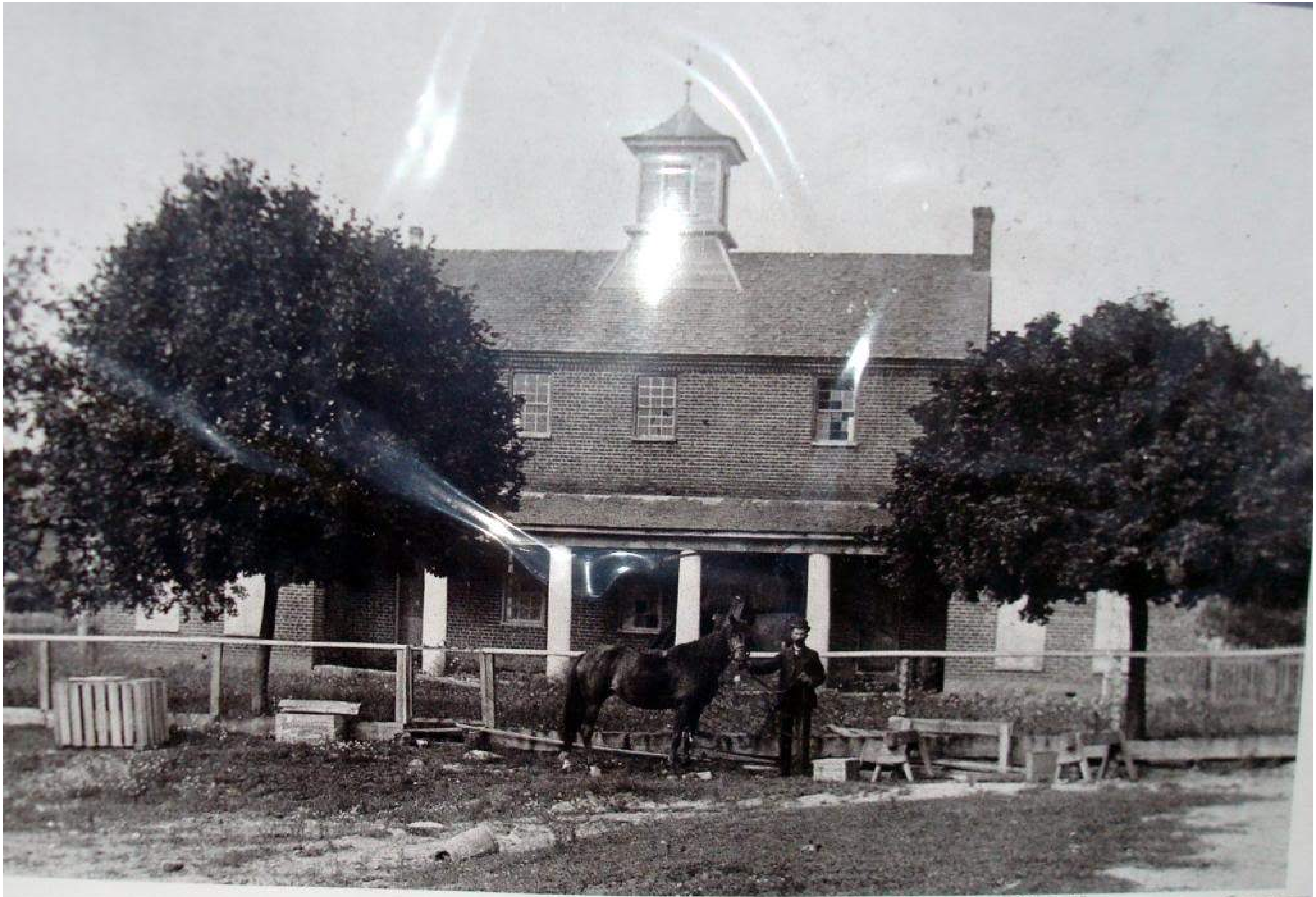
August 17, 1865

September 26, 1865

December 2, 1891

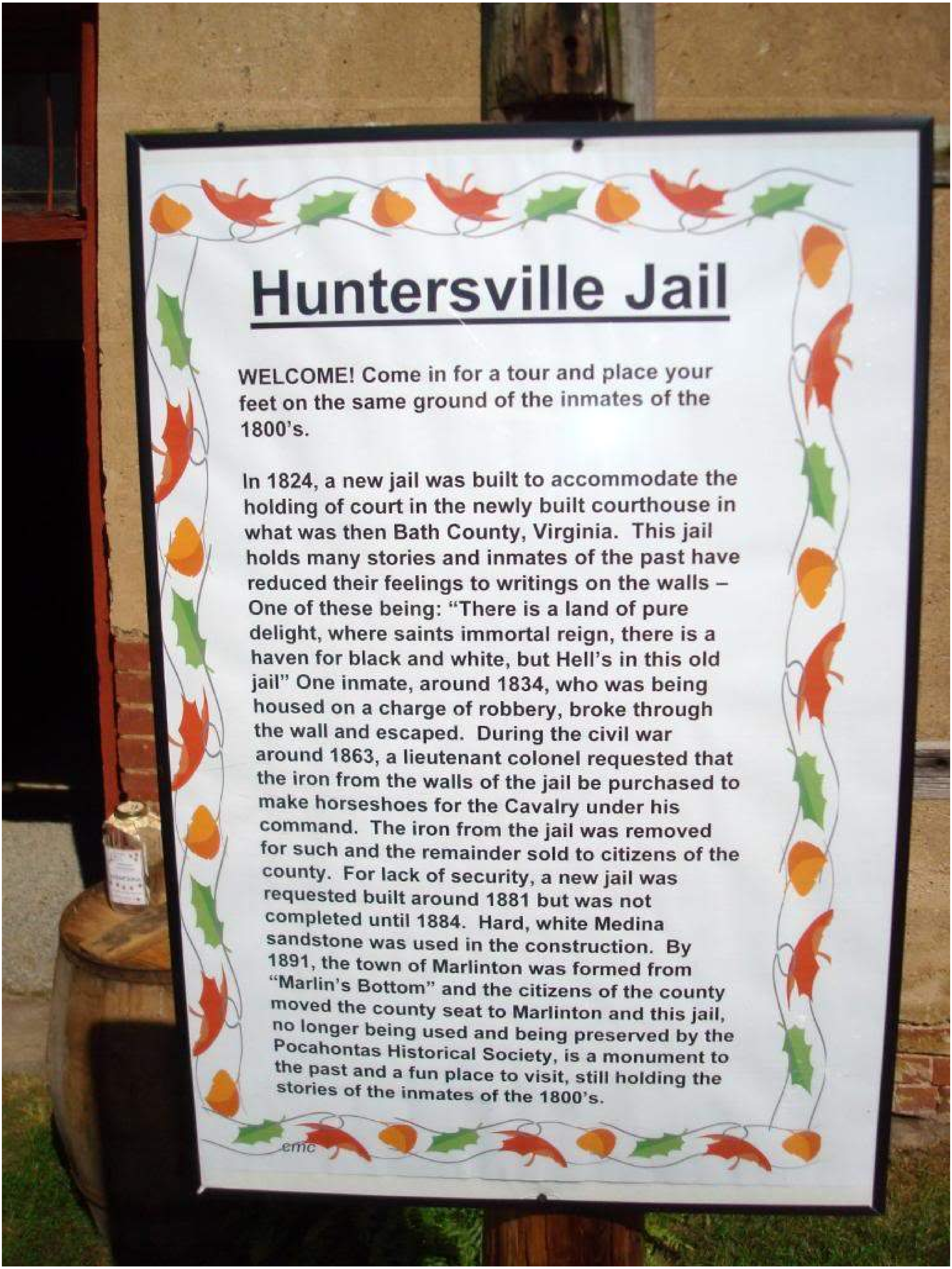
October 1894

Ref. History of Pocahontas County, West Virginia 1981



POCAHONTAS CO. HISTORICAL SOCIET

335-DSC04058.jpg



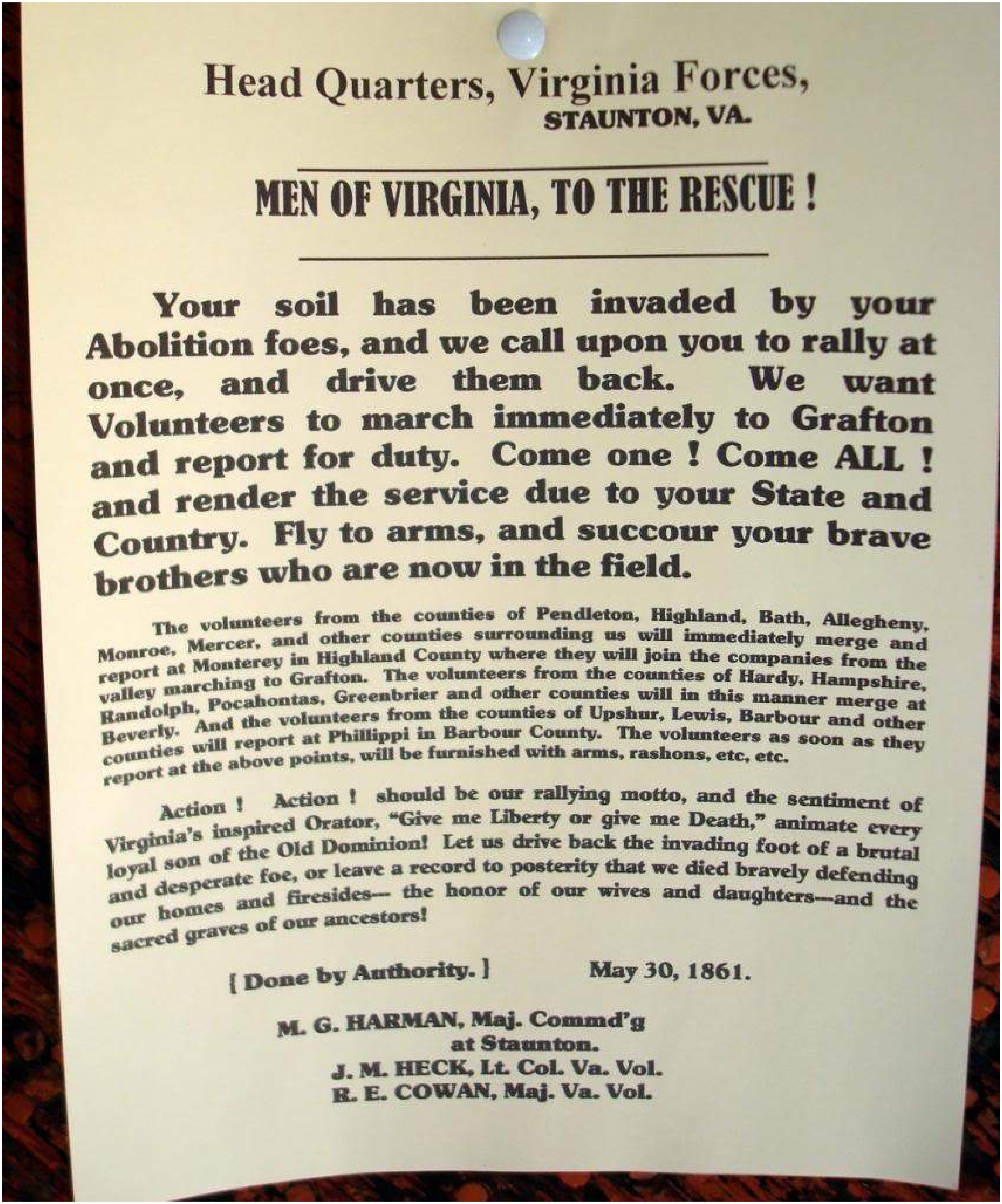
Huntersville Jail

WELCOME! Come in for a tour and place your feet on the same ground of the inmates of the 1800's.

In 1824, a new jail was built to accommodate the holding of court in the newly built courthouse in what was then Bath County, Virginia. This jail holds many stories and inmates of the past have reduced their feelings to writings on the walls – One of these being: "There is a land of pure delight, where saints immortal reign, there is a haven for black and white, but Hell's in this old jail" One inmate, around 1834, who was being housed on a charge of robbery, broke through the wall and escaped. During the civil war around 1863, a lieutenant colonel requested that the iron from the walls of the jail be purchased to make horseshoes for the Cavalry under his command. The iron from the jail was removed for such and the remainder sold to citizens of the county. For lack of security, a new jail was requested built around 1881 but was not completed until 1884. Hard, white Medina sandstone was used in the construction. By 1891, the town of Marlinton was formed from "Marlin's Bottom" and the citizens of the county moved the county seat to Marlinton and this jail, no longer being used and being preserved by the Pocahontas Historical Society, is a monument to the past and a fun place to visit, still holding the stories of the inmates of the 1800's.

emc

336-DSC04059.jpg



Head Quarters, Virginia Forces,

STAUNTON, VA.

MEN OF VIRGINIA, TO THE RESCUE !

Your soil has been invaded by your Abolition foes, and we call upon you to rally at once, and drive them back. We want Volunteers to march immediately to Grafton and report for duty. Come one ! Come ALL ! and render the service due to your State and Country. Fly to arms, and succour your brave brothers who are now in the field.

The volunteers from the counties of Pendleton, Highland, Bath, Allegheny, Monroe, Mercer, and other counties surrounding us will immediately merge and report at Monterey in Highland County where they will join the companies from the valley marching to Grafton. The volunteers from the counties of Hardy, Hampshire, Randolph, Pocahontas, Greenbrier and other counties will in this manner merge at Beverly. And the volunteers from the counties of Upshur, Lewis, Barbour and other counties will report at Phillippi in Barbour County. The volunteers as soon as they report at the above points, will be furnished with arms, rashons, etc, etc.

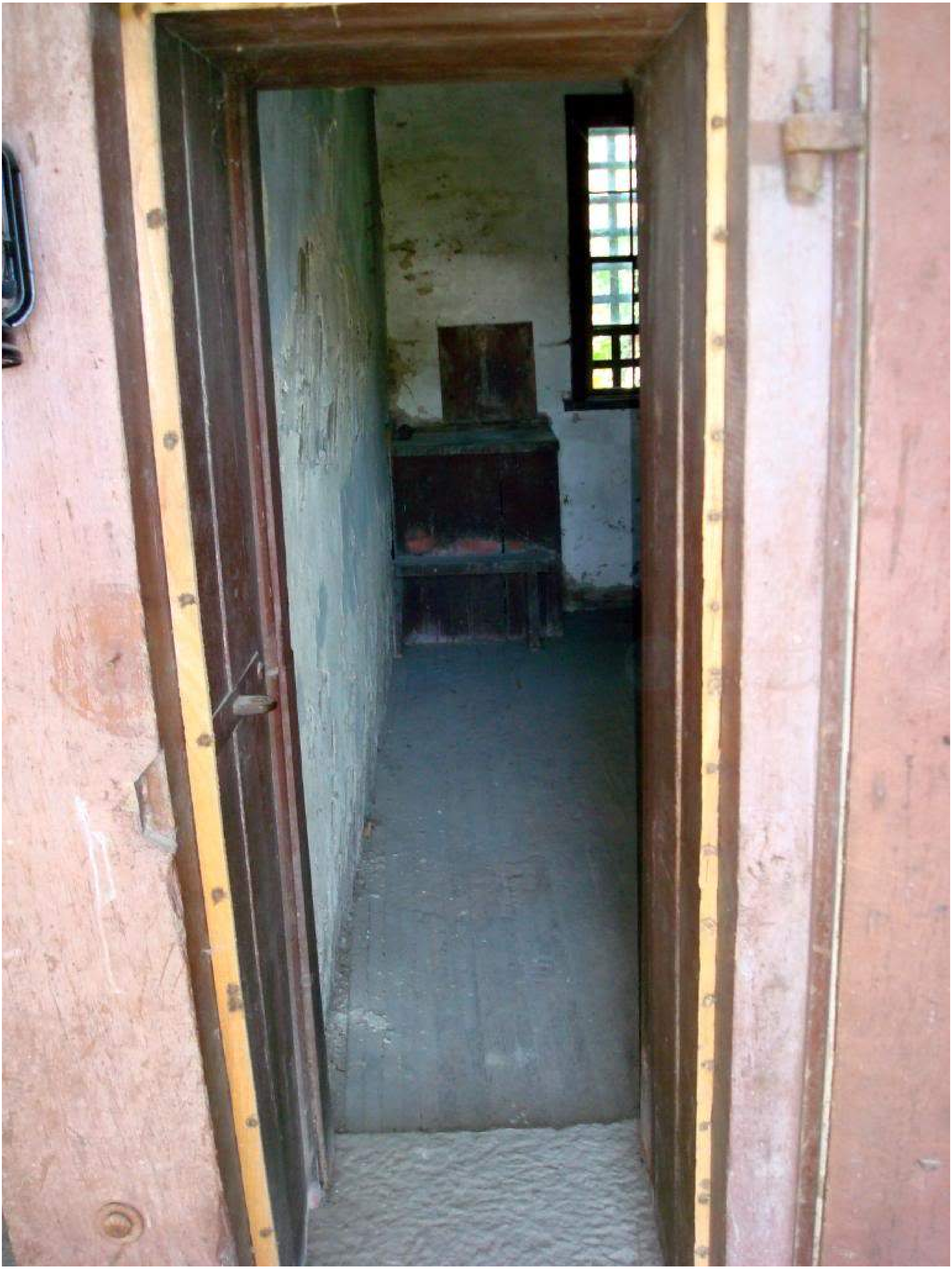
Action ! Action ! should be our rallying motto, and the sentiment of Virginia's inspired Orator, "Give me Liberty or give me Death," animate every loyal son of the Old Dominion! Let us drive back the invading foot of a brutal and desperate foe, or leave a record to posterity that we died bravely defending our homes and firesides-- the honor of our wives and daughters--and the sacred graves of our ancestors!

[Done by Authority.]　　　May 30, 1861.

M. G. HARMAN, Maj. Commd'g
at Staunton.
J. M. HECK, Lt. Col. Va. Vol.
R. E. COWAN, Maj. Va. Vol.

338-DSC04061.jpg

339-DSC04062.jpg



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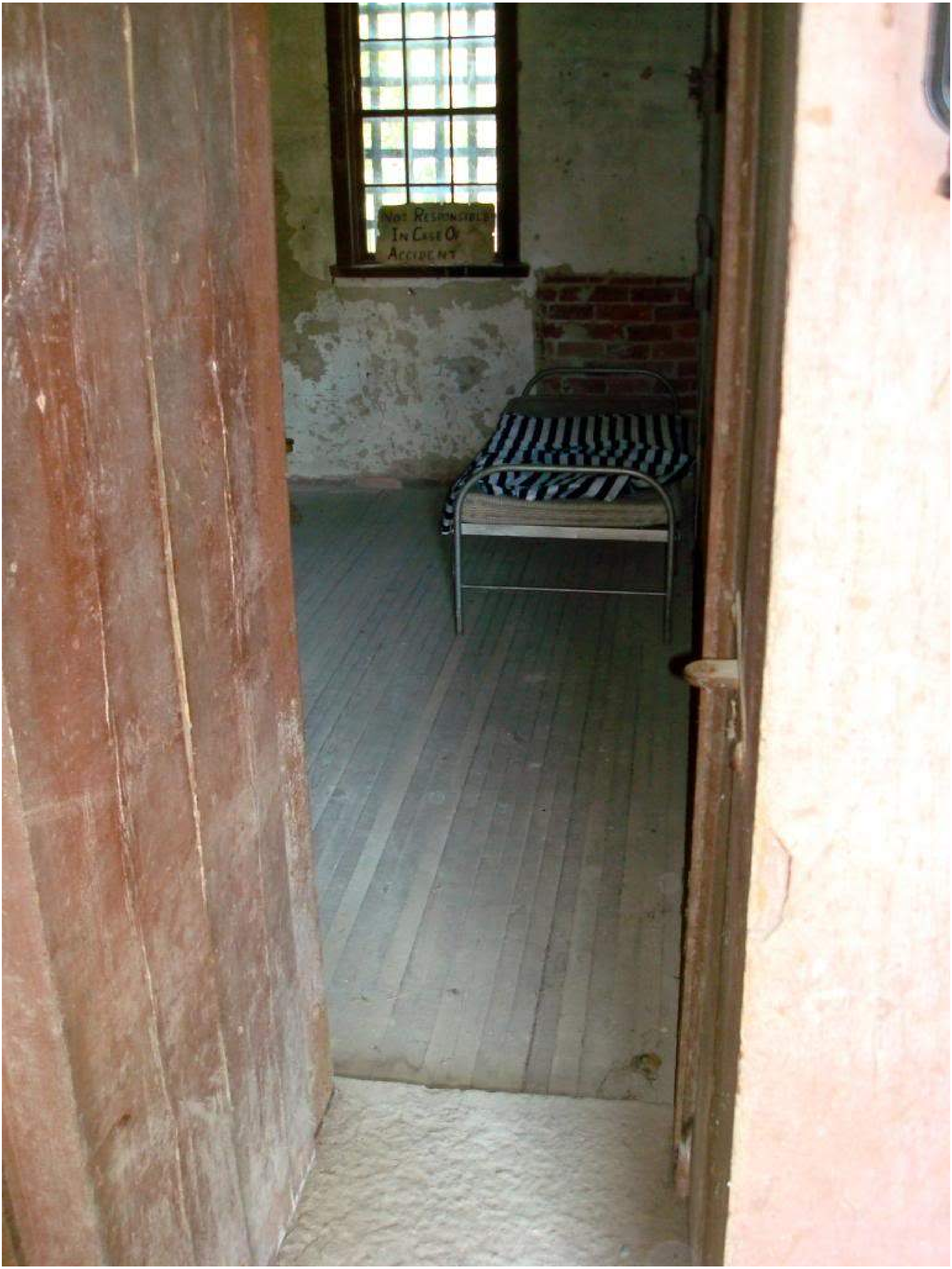

NOT RESPONSIBLE
IN CASE OF
ACCIDENT

341-DSC04064.jpg

STAR
NAPHTHA
WASHING
POWDER

342-DSC04065.jpg

NOT RESPONSIBLE
IN CASE OF
ACCIDENT

343-DSC04066.jpg

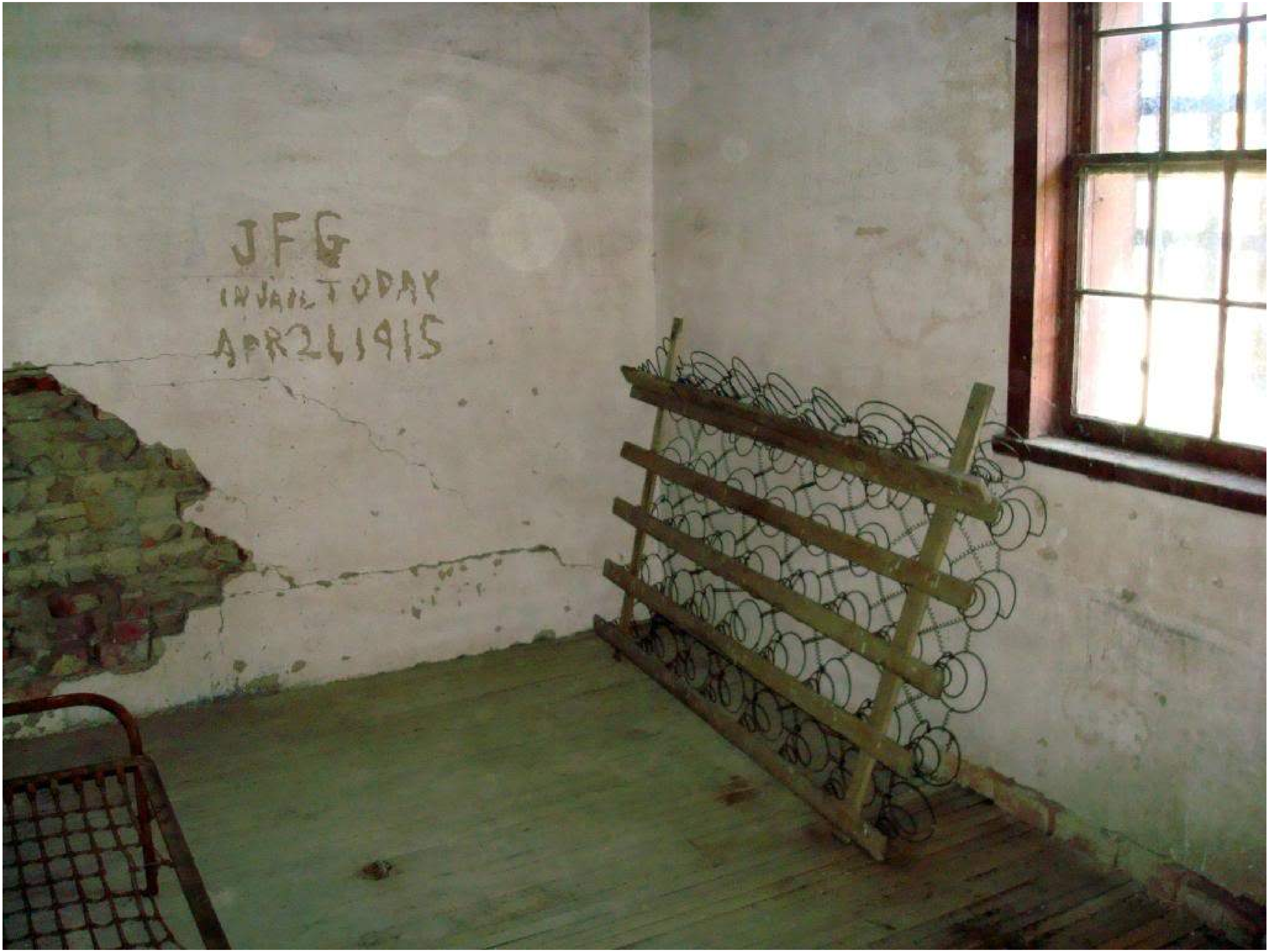
344-DSC04067.jpg

NOT RESPONSIBLE
IN CASE OF
ACCIDENT

345-DSC04068.jpg

JF
IN JAIL
APR2

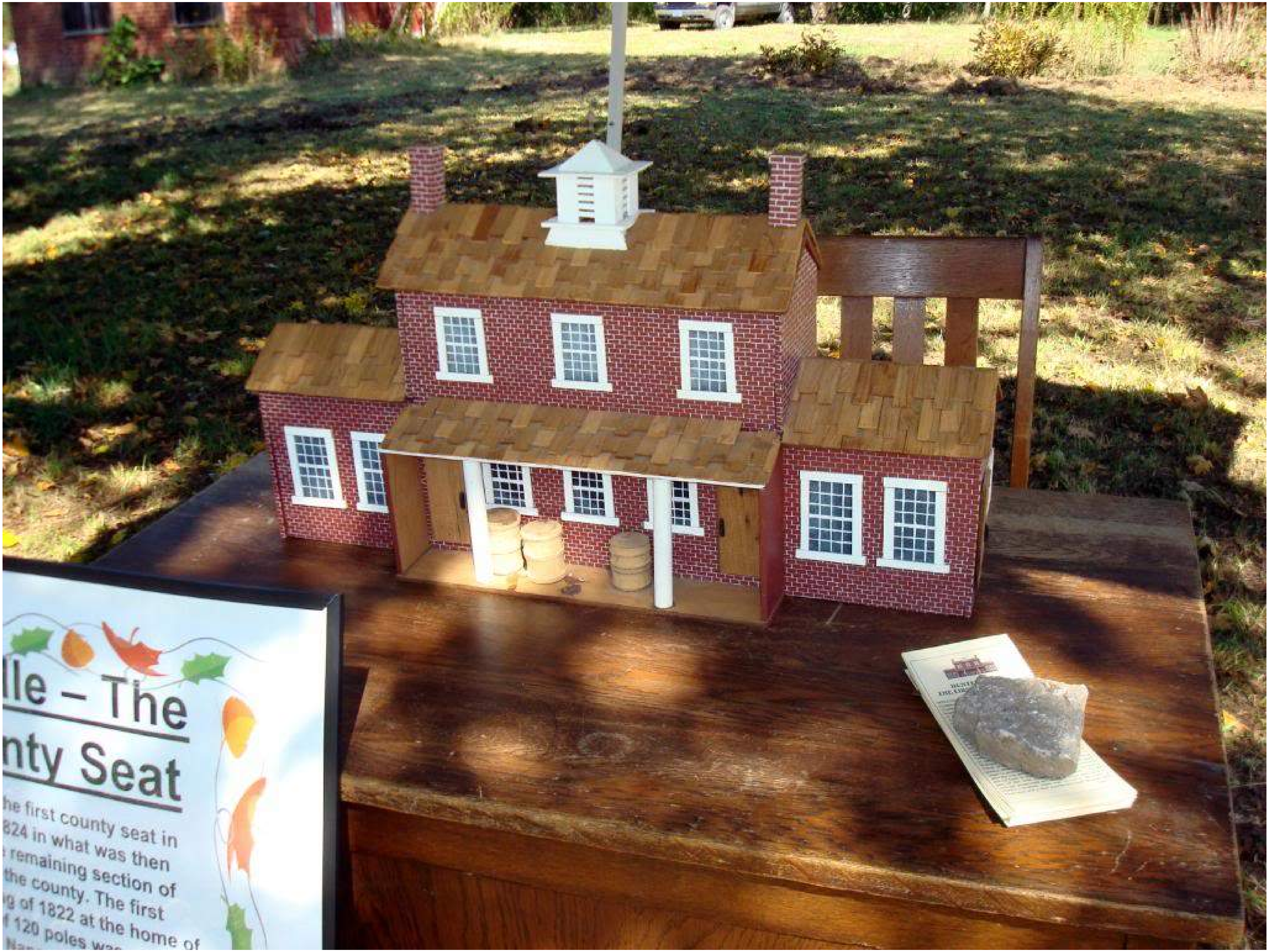
346-DSC04069.jpg


JFG
IN JAIL TODAY
APR 21 1915

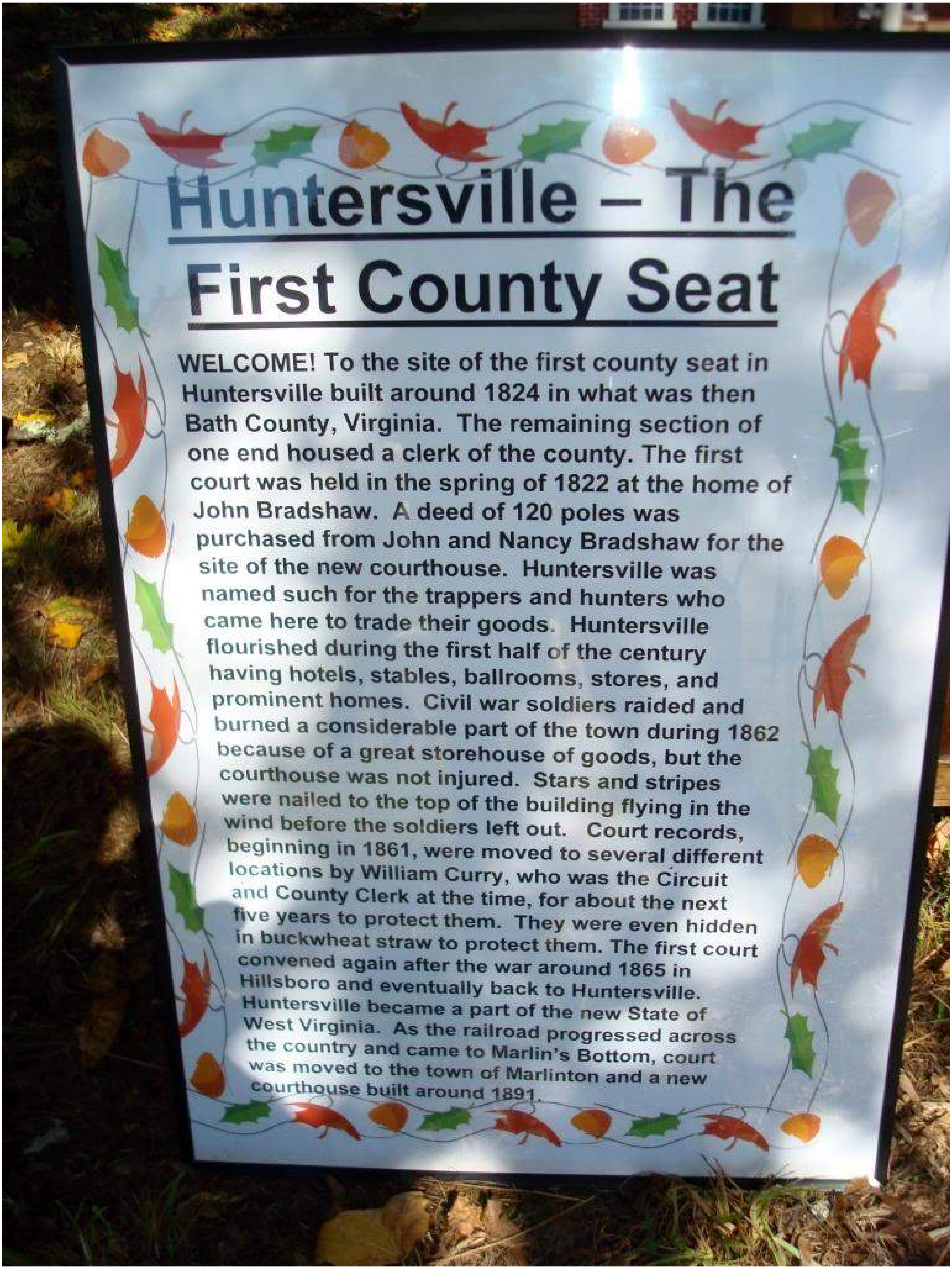
347-DSC04071.jpg

348-DSC04072.jpg

349-DSC04073.jpg


lle – The
nty Seat
he first county seat in
824 in what was then
remaining section of
the county. The first
g of 1822 at the home of
f 120 poles was

350-DSC04075.jpg



Huntersville – The First County Seat

WELCOME! To the site of the first county seat in Huntersville built around 1824 in what was then Bath County, Virginia. The remaining section of one end housed a clerk of the county. The first court was held in the spring of 1822 at the home of John Bradshaw. A deed of 120 poles was purchased from John and Nancy Bradshaw for the site of the new courthouse. Huntersville was named such for the trappers and hunters who came here to trade their goods. Huntersville flourished during the first half of the century having hotels, stables, ballrooms, stores, and prominent homes. Civil war soldiers raided and burned a considerable part of the town during 1862 because of a great storehouse of goods, but the courthouse was not injured. Stars and stripes were nailed to the top of the building flying in the wind before the soldiers left out. Court records, beginning in 1861, were moved to several different locations by William Curry, who was the Circuit and County Clerk at the time, for about the next five years to protect them. They were even hidden in buckwheat straw to protect them. The first court convened again after the war around 1865 in Hillsboro and eventually back to Huntersville. Huntersville became a part of the new State of West Virginia. As the railroad progressed across the country and came to Marlin's Bottom, court was moved to the town of Marlinton and a new courthouse built around 1891.

351-DSC04076.jpg

352-DSC04079.jpg

353-DSC04082.jpg

354-DSC04083.jpg

355-DSC04084.jpg

HOLE CONTROL

356-DSC04085.jpg

357-DSC04091.jpg

CIVIL WAR LIVING HISTORY
OLD SCHOOLHOUSE
APPLEBUTTER MAKIN'
BAKED TATERS
LAURA INGALLS DISPLAY

358-DSC06592.jpg

359-DSC06593.jpg

360-DSC06595.jpg

361-DSC06596.jpg

A C E G I
B D F H
J L N P R
K O
X W Y
S U Z
T V

362-DSC06597.jpg

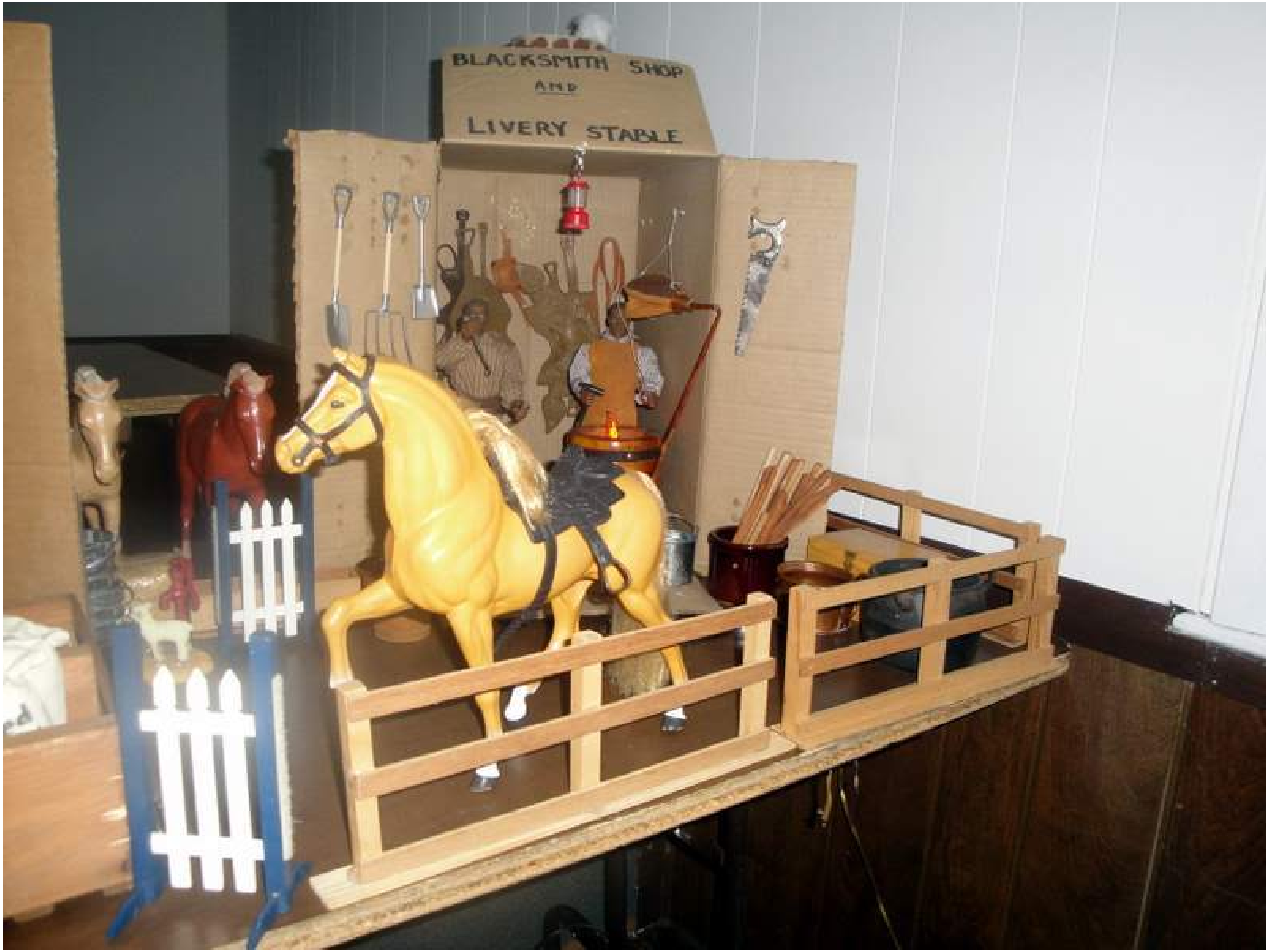
363-DSC06598.jpg

364-DSC06599.jpg

365-DSC06600.jpg

366-DSC06601.jpg

367-DSC06602.jpg


BLACKSMITH SHOP
AND
LIVERY STABLE

368-DSC06603.jpg

WILDERS' FEED STORE
BLACKS
LIVER
Feed

369-DSC06604.jpg

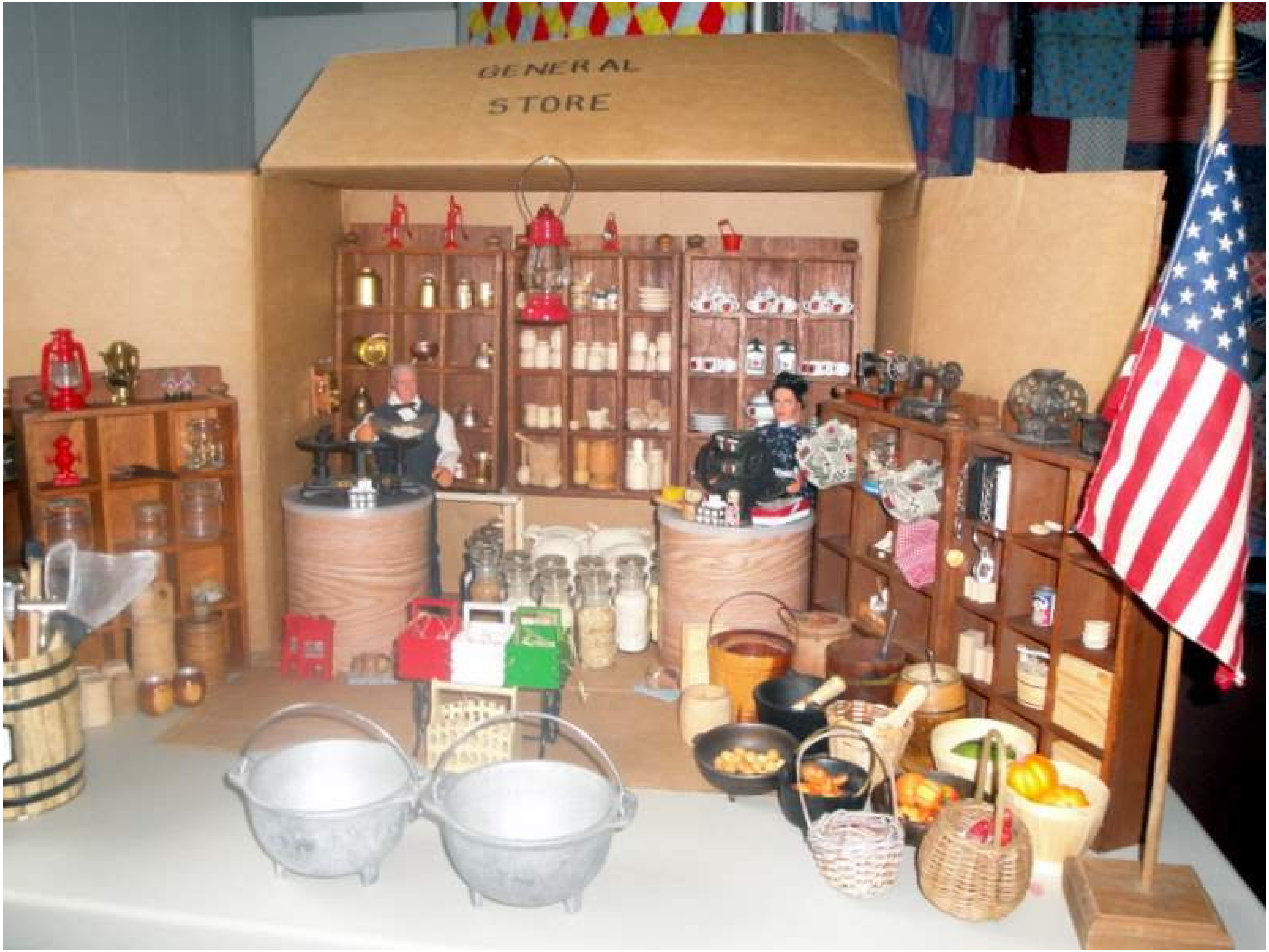
DRESSMAKER
AND
TAILOR SHOP
Laura's first job basting shirts and buttonholes
WILDE
FEED S

370-DSC06605.jpg

371-DSC06606.jpg

BANK OF DE SMET
U.S. POST OFFICE

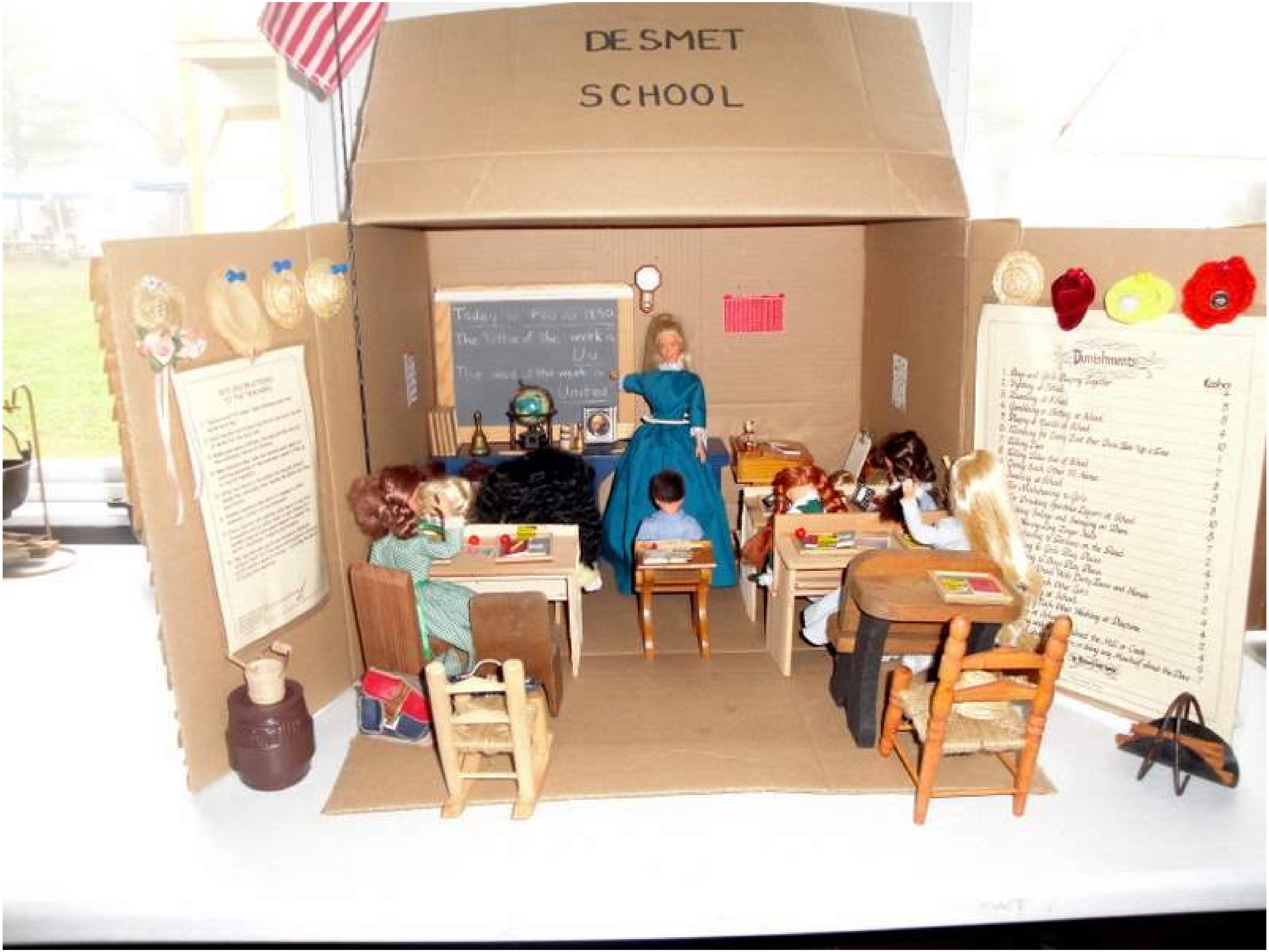
372-DSC06607.jpg


GENERAL
STORE

373-DSC06608.jpg

DOCTORS
OFFICE

374-DSC06609.jpg


DE SMET
SCHOOL
Punishments

375-DSC06610.jpg

376-DSC06611.jpg

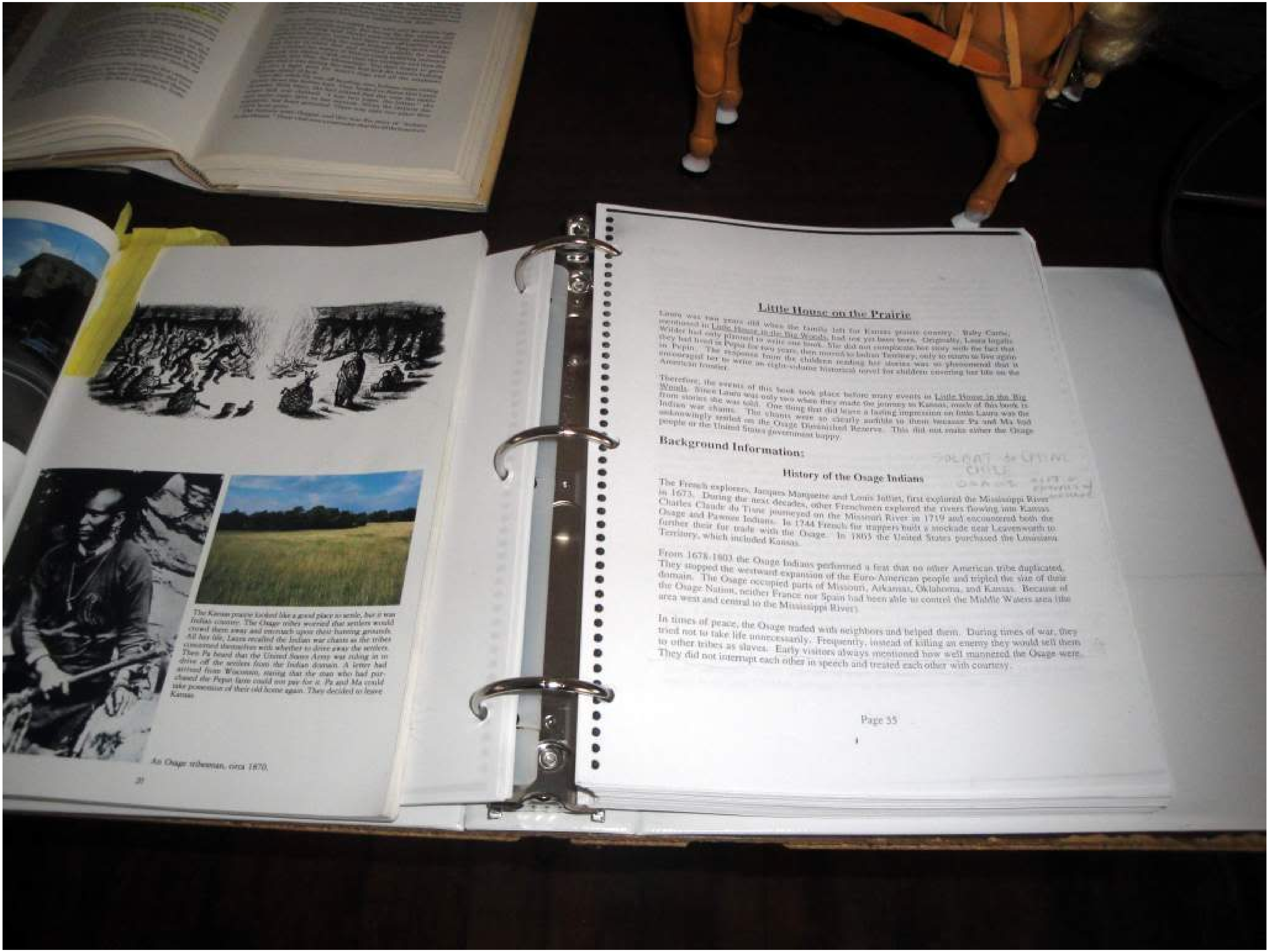
FIRE ON THE HEARTH

377-DSC06612.jpg

378-DSC06613.jpg

379-DSC06614.jpg

380-DSC06615.jpg



The Kansas prairie looked like a good place to settle, but it was Indian country. The Osage tribes worried that settlers would crowd them away and encroach upon their hunting grounds. All her life, Laura recalled the Indian war chants as the tribes concerned themselves with whether to drive away the settlers. Then Pa heard that the United States Army was riding in to drive off the settlers from the Indian domain. A letter had arrived from Wisconsin, stating that the man who had purchased the Pepin farm could not pay for it. Pa and Ma could take possession of their old home again. They decided to leave Kansas.

An Osage tribeswoman, circa 1870.

Little House on the Prairie

Laura was two years old when the family left for Kansas prairie country. Baby Carrie, mentioned in Little House in the Big Woods, had not yet been born. Originally, Laura Ingalls Wilder had only planned to write one book. She did not complicate her story with the fact that they had lived in Pepin for two years, then moved to Indian Territory, only to return to live again in Pepin. The response from the children reading her stories was so phenomenal that it encouraged her to write an eight-volume historical novel for children covering her life on the American frontier.

Therefore, the events of this book took place before many events in Little House in the Big Woods. Since Laura was only two when they made the journey to Kansas, much of this book is from stories she was told. One thing that did leave a lasting impression on little Laura was the Indian war chants. The chants were so clearly audible to them because Pa and Ma had unknowingly settled on the Osage Diminished Reserve. This did not make either the Osage people or the United States government happy.

Background Information:

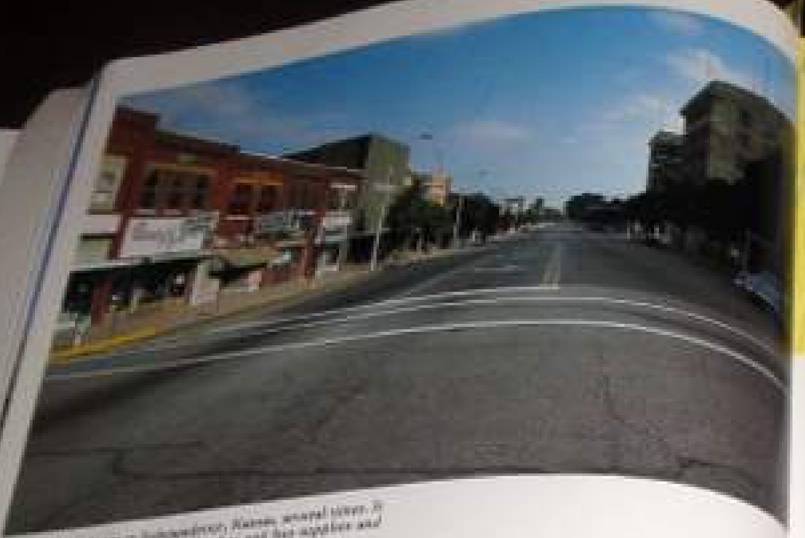
SOLDAT du CHENE
CHIEF
OSAGE

History of the Osage Indians

The French explorers, Jacques Marquette and Louis Jolliet, first explored the Mississippi River in 1673. During the next decades, other Frenchmen explored the rivers flowing into Kansas. Charles Claude du Tisne journeyed on the Missouri River in 1719 and encountered both the Osage and Pawnee Indians. In 1744 French fur trappers built a stockade near Leavenworth to further their fur trade with the Osage. In 1803 the United States purchased the Louisiana Territory, which included Kansas.

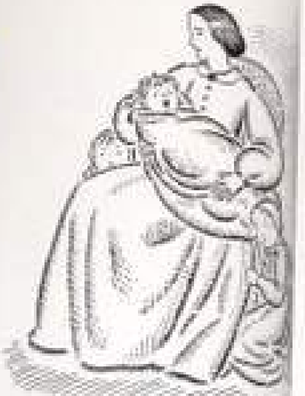
From 1678-1803 the Osage Indians performed a feat that no other American tribe duplicated. They stopped the westward expansion of the Euro-American people and tripled the size of their domain. The Osage occupied parts of Missouri, Arkansas, Oklahoma, and Kansas. Because of the Osage Nation, neither France nor Spain had been able to control the Middle Waters area (the area west and central to the Mississippi River).

In times of peace, the Osage traded with neighbors and helped them. During times of war, they tried not to take life unnecessarily. Frequently, instead of killing an enemy they would sell them to other tribes as slaves. Early visitors always mentioned how well mannered the Osage were. They did not interrupt each other in speech and treated each other with courtesy.

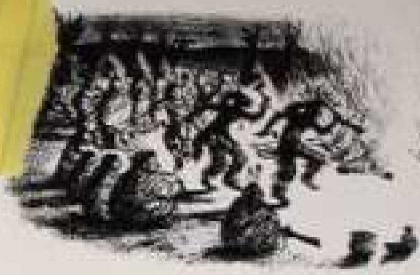


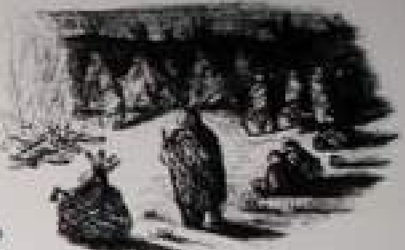
Laura saw Main Street in Independence, Kansas, several times. It was here that Pa traveled to trade his furs and buy supplies and tools while the family lived in the cabin on the prairie.

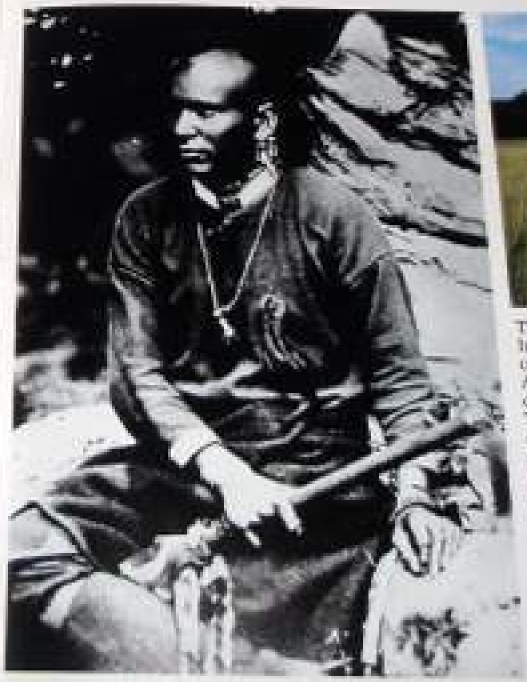
The Ingalls family Bible, now at the Laura Ingalls Wilder Home and Museum in Mansfield, Missouri, recorded the birth of Baby Carrie, on August 3, 1870. When Pa, Mary, and Laura returned from a day exploring an abandoned Indian camp, they discovered a new sister had been born.



Helen Sewell depicted Ma and
in the 1935 edition of *Little Hou*
Prairie.



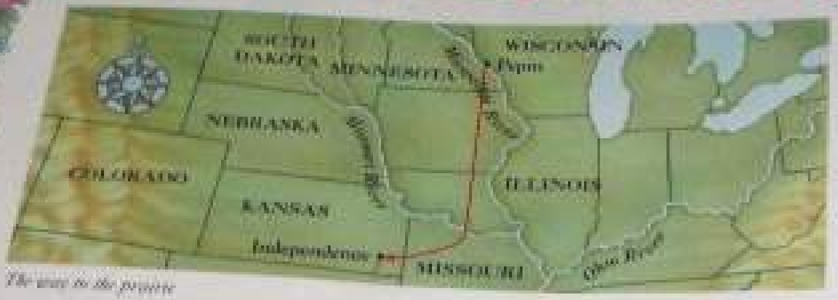




The Kansas prairie looked like a good place to settle, but it was Indian country. The Osage tribes worried that settlers would crowd them away and encroach upon their hunting grounds. All her life, Laura recalled the Indian war chants as the tribes concerned themselves with whether to drive away the settlers. Then Pa heard that the United States Army was riding in to drive off the settlers from the Indian domain. A letter had arrived from Wisconsin, stating that the man who had purchased the Pepin farm could not pay for it. Pa and Ma could take possession of their old home again. They decided to leave Kansas.

An Osage tribesman, circa 1870.

family celebrated
h simple pleasures



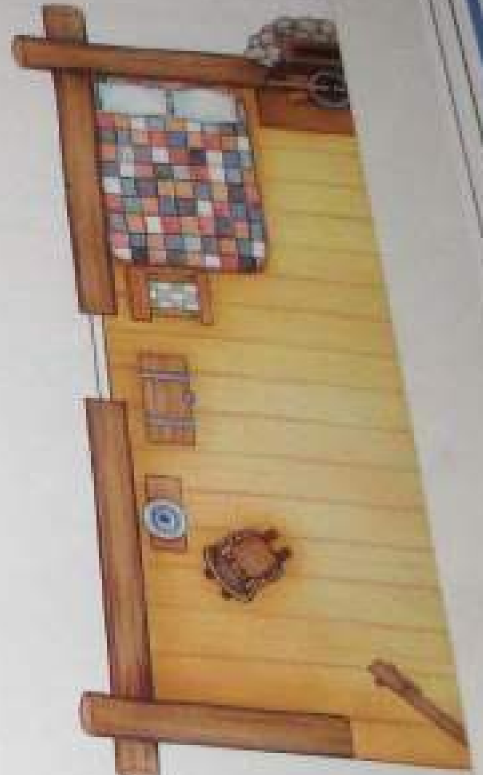
The way to the prairie

to put up some kind of shelter there and claim a parcel of land. Pa drove the wagon past the town and out farther onto the prairie until he found a piece of land that seemed just right. There was a creek flowing through it, and the trees that grew along the creek could provide logs for building and for firewood. More important to Pa, there were wide-open fields of prairie grass with no big trees to cut down or plow around.

Right away, Pa "claimed" the land by building a house on it. There was a lot to do to turn the new land into a home and a farm. With the help of neighbors, Pa first built a small one-room log cabin, and then he built a log barn for the horses. Afterward he dug a deep well near the cabin so the family would have fresh water to drink. Then he plowed through the thick prairie grass to make fields for the spring crops.

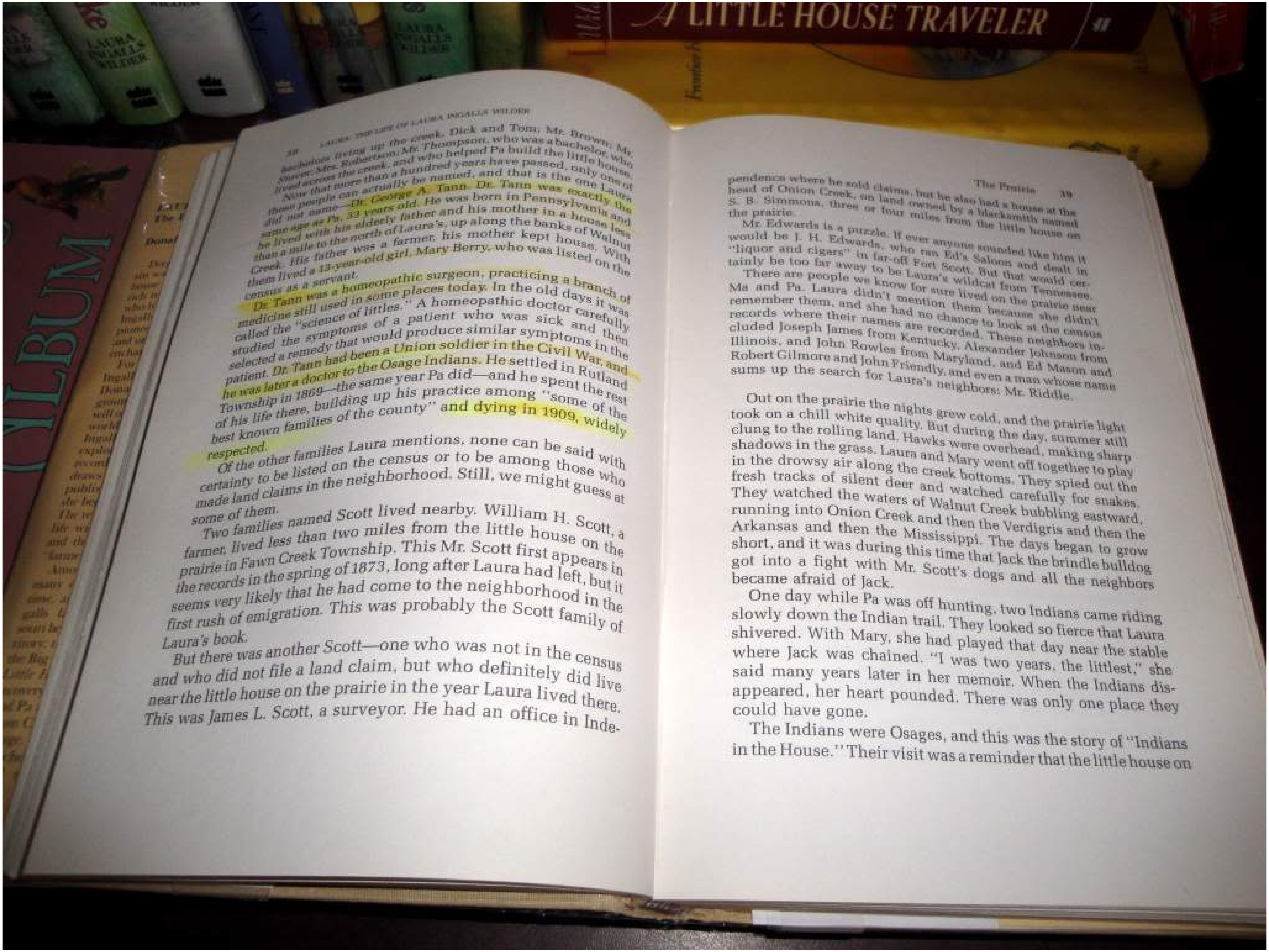
Life was not always easy on the prairie for the Ingallses. They had to fight prairie fires and sickness. The whole family was struck with "fever 'n' ague," which we know today as malaria. The mosquitoes that thrived along the creeks nearby carried the disease. Fortunately, a doctor who lived on the prairie was able to treat them. His name was Dr. George Tann, and he worked among the Osage Indians who lived by the creeks and rivers near the little house, and who owned the land the Ingalls family lived on.

Despite these difficulties, Laura and her family liked living on the prairie.



Inside the little house on the prairie

384-DSC06619.jpg



bachelor living up the creek, Dick and Tom; Mr. Brown; Mr. Stover; Mrs. Robertson; Mr. Thompson, who was a bachelor, who lived across the creek, and who helped Pa build the little house.

Now that more than a hundred years have passed, only one of these people can actually be named, and that is the one Laura did not name—Dr. George A. Tann. Dr. Tann was exactly the same age as Pa, 33 years old. He was born in Pennsylvania and he lived with his elderly father and his mother in a house less than a mile to the north of Laura's, up along the banks of Walnut Creek. His father was a farmer, his mother kept house. With them lived a 13-year-old girl, Mary Berry, who was listed on the census as a servant.

Dr. Tann was a homeopathic surgeon, practicing a branch of medicine still used in some places today. In the old days it was called the "science of littles." A homeopathic doctor carefully studied the symptoms of a patient who was sick and then selected a remedy that would produce similar symptoms in the patient. Dr. Tann had been a Union soldier in the Civil War, and he was later a doctor to the Osage Indians. He settled in Rutland Township in 1869—the same year Pa did—and he spent the rest of his life there, building up his practice among "some of the best known families of the county" and dying in 1909, widely respected.

Of the other families Laura mentions, none can be said with certainty to be listed on the census or to be among those who made land claims in the neighborhood. Still, we might guess at some of them.

Two families named Scott lived nearby. William H. Scott, a farmer, lived less than two miles from the little house on the prairie in Fawn Creek Township. This Mr. Scott first appears in the records in the spring of 1873, long after Laura had left, but it seems very likely that he had come to the neighborhood in the first rush of emigration. This was probably the Scott family of Laura's book.

But there was another Scott—one who was not in the census and who did not file a land claim, but who definitely did live near the little house on the prairie in the year Laura lived there. This was James L. Scott, a surveyor. He had an office in Independence where he sold claims, but he also had a house at the head of Onion Creek, on land owned by a blacksmith named S. B. Simmons, three or four miles from the little house on the prairie.

Mr. Edwards is a puzzle. If ever anyone sounded like him it would be J. H. Edwards, who ran Ed's Saloon and dealt in "liquor and cigars" in far-off Fort Scott. But that would certainly be too far away to be Laura's wildcat from Tennessee.

There are people we know for sure lived on the prairie near Ma and Pa. Laura didn't mention them because she didn't remember them, and she had no chance to look at the census records where their names are recorded. These neighbors included Joseph James from Kentucky, Alexander Johnson from Illinois, and John Rowles from Maryland, and Ed Mason and Robert Gilmore and John Friendly, and even a man whose name sums up the search for Laura's neighbors: Mr. Riddle.

Out on the prairie the nights grew cold, and the prairie light took on a chill white quality. But during the day, summer still clung to the rolling land. Hawks were overhead, making sharp shadows in the grass. Laura and Mary went off together to play in the drowsy air along the creek bottoms. They spied out the fresh tracks of silent deer and watched carefully for snakes. They watched the waters of Walnut Creek bubbling eastward, running into Onion Creek and then the Verdigris and then the Arkansas and then the Mississippi. The days began to grow short, and it was during this time that Jack the brindle bulldog got into a fight with Mr. Scott's dogs and all the neighbors became afraid of Jack.

One day while Pa was off hunting, two Indians came riding slowly down the Indian trail. They looked so fierce that Laura shivered. With Mary, she had played that day near the stable where Jack was chained. "I was two years, the littlest," she said many years later in her memoir. When the Indians disappeared, her heart pounded. There was only one place they could have gone.

The Indians were Osages, and this was the story of "Indians in the House." Their visit was a reminder that the little house on

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MacBride LITTLE HOUSE ON ROCKY RIDGE
MacBride LITTLE FARM IN THE OZARKS
MacBride IN THE LAND OF THE BIG RED APPLE
MacBride ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL
MacBride LITTLE TOWN IN THE OZARKS
MacBride NEW DAWN ON ROCKY RIDGE
MacBride ON THE
Little House on the Prairie

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Visiting t
Laura Ing
AUTOGRAPHED COPY
LAURA INGALLS WILDER: A BIOGRAPHY
Little House in the Big Woods
Little House on the Prairie
Farmer Boy
LAURA INGALLS WILDER
On the Banks of Plum Creek
By the Shores of Silver Lake
The Long Winter
Old Town in the Green Groves
RYLANT
Little Town on the Prairie
These Happy Golden Years
The First Four Years
LAURA INGA
A LITTLE HO
COOKBOOK
Prairie Quilts
Projects for the home
LAURA'S ALBUM

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388-DSC06623.jpg

389-DSC06624.jpg

390-DSC06625.jpg

SCHOOL
DOCTORS OFFICE
GENERAL STORE

391-DSC06626.jpg

ESMET
SCHOOL
DOCTORS
OFFICE
GENERAL
STORE

392-DSC06627.jpg

HUNTERSVILLE

393-DSC06629.jpg

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In his dealing with the road situation in the Huntersville District Hon. B. M. Arbogast, of the County Court, has shown he has the courage of his conviction, the Republican News to the contrary notwithstanding. One good Republican has gone so far as to remark that Mr Arbogast would rather go Democratic than wrong. He might not have as thick a hide as some politicians we could name, but his backbone is a plenty, his eyesight good and from this on he will do his own looking and deciding. We believe he will always be responsive to the will of the people, and not the easy mark some of the self-constituted guardians of the Republican party hoped he would be. The road affairs of Huntersville district had gotten into a rather bad way. The regularly appointed superintendent had neither the time nor the inclination to give the attention the road required. When Mr Arbogast inspected the roads of the district and approached the superintendent he voluntarily offered Mr Arbogast his resignation. In justice to the superintendent it should be said that he at no time sought the position and was loath to accept the office when it was forced upon him. The former superintendent, Hevener Dilley, had been denied reappointment for no reason in the world, just politics. By that we do not mean he was dropped for undue political activity for in no way did he play politics in the discharge of his duties as road superintendent, but filled the position to the best of his fine ability as a road worker and organizer. He was merely the victim of the spoils system. It should be added here that Mr Arbogast had just come upon the court at the time the appointments were made, and that he had no opportunity to know or to judge of the work that had been done in other districts than his own. However when he saw how things were going and how they had been done before, he made honorable amends and offered Hevener Dilley his former position. Mr Dilley accepted the office in the spirit it was tendered, and from now on things will move along smoothly.

As was expected from their dealien return to his own country for his divorce.

The fox hunters association was formed at Charleston the other day. The objects are many, one of them being to obtain legislation for the protection of the red fox and to purchase and breed foxes for hunting. This is flying into the face of the old proverb that foxes thrive best when they are cursed. We are of the opinion that any law protecting the fox will not meet with approval in West Virginia at this time. The fox is a danger to poultry and lambs are not entirely safe from the pesky varment. Let every fox look after his own skin.

These telegrams speak for themselves:

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter

CALVIN W. PRICE, Editor.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1928

The road between Marlinton and Huntersville. This section of the Virginias was first observed by scientific geologists in 1835, nearly a hundred years ago.

The legislature by an act passed March 6, 1835, authorized a geological report of the State of Virginia which was put in charge of Wm. B. Rogers, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Virginia. Professor Rogers evidently spent the summer of 1835 in viewing the country from the Ohio River to the sea. He divided the cross section into five points. The first is the recent formation between the falls of of the big rivers and the ocean. What the first settlers called the heads of the rivers. Those places like Richmond and Petersburg where the rapids block the tides of the ocean. This was called the tertiary marl region.

The second, from that point to the western flank of the Blue Ridge.

Third, the Valley of Virginia.

Fourth, the region between the main Allegheny and the Greenbrier mountains.

Fifth, all the rest of the state to the Ohio river, being the region now known as the Pennsylvanian or carboniferous.

To judge from the profile with the report the survey followed the Midland trail until it reached Allegheny mountain where the road crosses east of White Sulphur Springs. They then offset to the point on the Greenbrier River at Marlinton and made a profile from there to North Mountain at Jennings Gap.

In the region between Marlinton and Warm Springs is shown a constant folding of the mountains with three classes of rock described as slate on top, next limestone, and third sandstone showing a continuous strata of limestone without a break from Marlinton to Little Warm Springs Mountain which my recent prowling around has led me to believe is actually a fact, and is the reason that I have been calling the Huntersville district a great limestone country. The third shown is described as sandstone.

At the Greenbrier River, at North Caldwell, Rogers, calls the limestone organic. I gather that he takes no stock in the European names and he missed a golden opportunity of naming the various stratas with Virginian names, the re-naming that the New York survey was doing at that time, fastening on us a list of New York postoffices to distinguish the rocks from the river to the Rider Gap.

I think that Rogers work would be of signal help in identifying the base of Greenbrier limestone with the limestone of the Shenandoah Valley, and placing them in a much older age than the wrinkles on the face of mother earth such as Allegheny mountain, only skin deep, so to speak.

It appears upon investigation that the flat limestone regions in Pocahontas county widening at Hillsboro are exposed by way of Lewisburg, Union, Sweet Springs, and from there through Allegheny, Rockbridge, and Augusta counties, to the Ordovic section of Rockingham county. To bear this out a certain very rare fern, called the limestone fern (asplenium ruta murari) persists the whole way laid out above, and is a silent but very powerful witness that there is no solution of the continuity of the "organic" limestone.

I was raised in the belief that the big lime of the Greenbrier Valley was continued under the mountains to the Valley of Virginia, and that Browns Mountain limestone was superimposed upon it. Then came the classification by learned men of science, who did not know the passes of the mountains, and said that Browns mountain limestone was the older. They may be right but I am beginning to think it is a part of the fresh water Devonian mud, and that is the reason so much of it is brown.

Wm. B. Rogers must have had quite a trip in 1835 when he came by this place, Marlinton. At that time there were two houses on the bottom within the limits of the town of Marlinton, that of my great grandfather Poage, on Lower Camden avenue, and that of my grandfather Price, at the mouth of Price run, and at the foot of Price Hill.

Wm. B. Rogers was born in Philadelphia in 1804 and died while delivering a commencement address at the Institute of Technology in 1882. His father was a geologist or natural philosopher and was a professor of William and Mary college. The father's name was Patrick Kerr Rogers, a native of the county of Tyrone, Ireland.

Wm. B. Rogers organized a geological survey of Virginia, which was composed of himself as the head and his four brothers. This survey was kept alive until 1842, when the legislature abolished it.

In 1842, he advanced the theory that the mountain chains were produced by movements of the earth crust similar to that of water. This was the wave theory. And it appeals to me very strongly as to the mountains on the Huntersville road, and does not conflict with Dr. White's erosive mountains to the west of us.

He speaks of twelve arches in the two miles along Knapp creek in the gap at the south end of Browns Mountain. Thus early did the grandeur of the Narrows impress the careful observer, much in the same way that Goshen Pass appealed to Professor Maury, whose monument stands in the last named pass.

In the beginning Prof. Rogers' attention was called to the peculiar formation in the Warm Springs valley, where the existence of the great warm springs at the county seat and at the famous Virginia Hot Springs, make the most casual observer take notice. He states that the limestone at the Warm Springs dips in opposite declines beneath the mountains. That the limestone brought into view must have come from nearly 2000 feet below the surface, and that this would account for the thermal springs.

Rogers says that the fossils at Warm Springs show it to be different from the limestone of the mountains on either side. But that it has "a striking analogy to the fossils in limestone existing in the valley of Virginia." He says further:

"Granting the identity of the two, we would thus have the slates and limestone of our valley occupying a position at great depths below the mountains and valleys we have been describing, and only appearing at the surface when some great uplifting force has operated, as in the Sweet Spring valley, tossing away the upper and more recent strata."

Taking the first rule in science to cleave to the "authority which agrees with you, and never cursing the bridge that bears you over, it strengthens our position to assert that the Greenbrier limestone is very ancient and that it extends under the mountains to appear again in the valley of Virginia, with a broken place showing for a short distance at Warm Springs.

And here is where Professor Rogers wave theory for mountains helps us out. The wrinkles on the crust of earth that we call the folded mountains are so small compared to the dimension of the earth that if such irregularities appeared upon the skin of an apple, they could not be detected even by the use of the most powerful microscope.

When they occurred the solid island formation of the Greenbrier Valley was undisturbed. Other portions heaved up and were displaced but the horizontal layers of the Greenbrier have been in place from the first and rest upon the original rock itself. This bears out the theory that it is the oldest and most stable part of the continent, and the only place where the hills did not skip like lambs. The place where the dry land appeared.

The Rogers brothers seem to have been kept employed by the commonwealth for something like seven years and during that time they reported regularly to the legislature about the resources of the state, in the way of coal iron, gold and many other minerals. But an ungrateful assembly gave them the gate, and Virginia knew them no more. Major Jed Hotchkiss, the famous confederate engineer and geologist, of Staunton, a great friend of my father, seems to have thought a great deal of the observations of Wm. B. Rogers.

It is impossible to find out just why the Commonwealth dispensed with the services of the Rogers brothers, but it was perhaps because so much of their work concerns the rich deposits of western Virginia, and so little was found in the way of mineral wealth in the tidewater part of the State, which was all powerful at that time.

Following the firing of the Rogers, the two ends of the Commonwealth fell apart, and the glory of Virginia departed. There never was a better combination than the mineral wealth of West Virginia connecting up with the greatest natural seaport. It was a sad day for us all when the State was severed. Virginia lost her store house of treasure and West Virginia lost her seaport.

The reading of the work of Wm. B. Rogers has the illuminating effect of revealing the source of the theories and wisdom of the mountains that the citizens of this section had fully accepted and passed on to their children. All the things that they told me as I was growing up are to be found in Rogers' reports. I know I have explained to intelligent visitors about the difference between the Big Lime west of Greenbrier River, and that on Browns Mountain. We always explained that it dipped under to reappear in the Valley of Virginia and that the Browns Mountain limestone was a small seam that lay on top of the foundations of the world. It was a rude awakening to be told that the Browns mountain was the older. No wonder we try to get back to the simpler faith of our childhood.

Rogers does not seem to have grasped the idea of a liquid mineral to be known as petroleum, and his wildest dreams did not lead him to the knowledge of the commercial possibilities of a vapor to be known as natural gas, the gaseous product of nature's indigestion.

Another thing. All my life I have called shale slate, and here of late they have called it shale. Rogers speaks of the great coverings of the mountains as slate, and no doubt there is where we got the slate idea. We talked about the slate roads and the slate banks and the like, meaning the many colored shales, of grey, and red, and black. Strictly speaking slate is any hard and substantial kind of rock which has been subjected to sufficient pressure to cause the molecules to flatten so that it will split in broad thin flakes, to make roofing material and blackboards and the like. There are some very fine slate beds on the Huntersville road, but they are not shale beds by a whole lot.

When I started to write about the Huntersville road, I had no idea that it would lead me in such discursive paths. It just goes to show that nothing is easier than writing, and nothing harder than getting it read.

I was talking to an intelligent English woman the other day. She said that on one occasion that she had attended a scientific lecture on the subject of Trilobites in London. Trilobites, as you doubtless remember, are fossils of a marine crawfish that has departed this life. At the same lecture was a man who appeared to give close attention to the speaker. After the lecture was over the lady remarked to this man: "Well, we learned something about the family of trilobites." His reply was: "Did you meet them? What kind of people are they?"

Wm. B. Rogers couched his geological reports in plain english. He used no aggravating obscure words, and so they crucified him by abolishing his office and turning him and his four able brothers away from the public trough, out of which so many plain blunt men feed.

It was this same spirit of Virginia that caused the arrest of my ancestor Rev. Samuel Davies, a Presbyterian minister, for preaching without a license, in Hanover County, treating him like a kind of religious bootlegger in dispensing his views without a license therefor.

Davies argued the case at great length against Peyton Randolph, but the Crown got the decision, and Davies appealed to the King across the water and won on the point that the Act of Toleration applied to Virginia as well as to England. Until then the Virginians went against the dissenters very much as they proceed against the distillers today.

It was intoleration that shows out in the spirit that sent Rogers to the north where they received him gladly, and it was intoleration that caused West Virginia to split off in 1861.

It is a long time ago, but I am sure that the numerous Roger brothers were familiar figures in this part of the country, and that their work lives after them. In the eighties, after Prof. Rogers' death, his reports were published in a book, with many valuable profile maps.

My work on the Huntersville road was interrupted by the Christmas season and the decision for the family to rally around the little grand daughter at Montgomery, Fayette County. That place is in the Kanawha coal measures of the Pennsylvanian system of rock beds.

A hobby, whether it be golf, kodaks, hunting, fishing, poker, botany or girls, can be pursued away from home. This year it is geology with me and the carboniferous is not convenient for the reason that you have to climb to such places as the head of Stamping Creek, the Cranberry glades the head of Williams River, and Cheat Mountain—all too far to work from three o'clock on. So I hoped to get some specimens at Montgomery, a city around which some fifteen thousand people center. The weather was cloudy, sleety and cold. I walked up to an abandoned coal tipple a couple of times, and got nothing but a breath of fresh air. I did not know much about carboniferous fossils. Then one day after four o'clock in the evening we went across the Kanawha River on the bridge, and after a trip of a couple of hundred yards on the Midland Trail, we came to a place where a stream had torn its way through the layers that composed the mountain, and along the road at the mouth of this hollow we found the greatest abundance of the fresh water shapes that are to be found in the coal measures.

The calamus stems (calamites) several inches in diameter were there, and all the various reeds and rushes and leaves that belonged to the age when club moss now two inches high grew as big as hemlock trees. At first we failed to find the ferns, those delicate tracings of so many varieties that are as clear and distinct as a drawing in black ink, and so true to life. We did not know how to look for them. I think the reason they are hard to find is that a little exposure wipes off all the marks of this fragile fossil.

We found a shale piece of rock lying beside the highway. It was gray stone and seemed devoid of any marks denoting ancient life. It was in layers however and when we took a screw driver and opened the layers like opening a book we found ferns in perfect reproduction on the fresh turned page. They were reproduced in perfect order. The plants must have been instantly covered with mud and were perfectly fresh. An hour's exposure would have wilted them. But they had made their mark, leaving stem and leaf and frond as true to life as when the plant nodded in the wind over a million of years ago. Above this layer of ferns had been laid down sediment beds that had built up mountains of stone.

Hanging over our heads was the precipitous side of a mountain with over a thousand feet of solid rock which had accumulated above the delicate fern since it was preserved in its stone bed. We know this because the strata all lie horizontal there and true to its first position, changed only by the natural wear and tear every mountain is subject to.

The stone leaves of this flower album presented a damp, moist appearance, and it seemed little better than clay so far as endurance was concerned and we were pretty sure that the drying out process would cause it to crumble and that we would lose our ferns, and there seemed to be at least a dozen varieties. It was pretty certain that the stone ferns would not stand exposure as there were none in sight on the surface of the rock.

So we got a hack saw and shaped the blocks of stone so as to show the plants, and then gave the specimens a couple of coats of shellac, a quick drying varnish. Our fear was that this would obscure the flowers but much to our surprise and delight the varnish brought out the lines of the plants more and more plainly and the stone dried and hardened beside without injury.

In this way I got about all the carboniferous fossils that I had hoped or expected to get with very little trouble, in the dead of winter, in full sight of one of the big towns of the state. So that introduces you to Fern family, one of the F. F. W. Va.

I am in trouble with my annelids, the scientists being of the opinion that they are zoophytes. No one knows what trouble we see! I may have to hand my annelid cut out.

For Sale

208 acres fine improvement. All live stock, machinery and crops included. For price and terms write T. J. Linton, Burke, Va.

210 acres fine land and fine improvements, fine location. I will sell you this farm for the Federal Land Bank mortgage. Write for price and full particulars. T. J. Linton, Burke, Va.

For Sale.

1 set of French 30 inch burrs, Pride of Richmond, price $60 for quick sale, see them at my place near Huntersville, W. Va.

O. E. Gum

Huntersville, W. Va.

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1928

The Huntersville road. I hope you do not find it wearysome. It is an important thoroughfare. At one time it was the golden gate to the west. It is an older passway than the Potomac gap on the north and the French Broad river on the South. It was the place of the first breach in the Allegheny in the winning of the west. It may have been the pass that the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe found on their wild drunken ride over the mountains. The time that they loaded their pack train with things to eat and drink and rode west over well trodden Indian roads to see what the country looked like in the mountains. Professor W. S. Campbell, of the history department of the University of Oklahoma, says that no white man was ever a pathfinder on this continent. That the roads were ancient when Columbus landed here. It is just the conceit of the European, who imagines that until he sees a place it has not been discovered.

This bears me out in a statement made some time ago that when Captain John Smith landed at Jamestown that he could have saddled a pacing horse and ambled to the mouth Knapps Creek without obstruction over well laid out trails.

It would be out of place to repeat the many great movements of armies and immigrants over the mountain and through the Rider Gap, for I have referred to many such in the course of the more than thirty years I have setting down the things that were told me. At a certain age it becomes natural to repeat the same thing over and over again, much to the pain and annoyance of your best friends and constant companions. I find that I have to watch myself in conversation, and be quick to note the shade that comes over the face of the listener and put on the muffler. And one of the handicaps is that the eyesight begins to fade just at the time a person needs it most.

But there are some military movements over the road that I have not recorded for I knew nothing about them until lately, and I was practically raised on stories of the Civil War. I take it that the rebel soldiers did not talk very much for a while. During the time that their painful experiences were recent they did not care to recall them, and for some years it was uncertain how safe it was to admit having been in battles, for the first impression that came to the confederate soldier was the surrender at Appomattox, after that all who had borne arms against the Union, would be imprisoned for life in a northern prison. So deeply rooted was this apprehension, that the wise men of the north made a special effort to make their noble adversaries feel at ease.

It was all the more important because of a certain cheap style of political oratory in some parts of the north which I can just remember which went by the name of "waving the bloody shirt." It usually came in campaigns because it was the only kind of a speech that a stumper could make and be made the blood of the southerner boil. But after a time the naturally generous nature of the federal soldiers and their families prevailed, and since then they have done much honor to the memory of those who wore the gray. It is safe to assert that there never was a more magnanimous victor than the northern soldier. They have been unstinting their praise of the south. They helped to save the faces of their adversaries and to bolster up their pride. With perfect loyalty to the flag of the country, the sons and daughters of the confederacy have maintained some of the proudest societies ever known, and the reunions of the confederate soldiers have been enjoyed and appreciated by the country as a whole. I think sometimes that so far as pride and place are concerned that the rebel soldiers have had all the best of it. They even responded so well to the splendid spur of poverty, that the rebel soldiers lived to see themselves in control of most of the wealth of the communities in which they lived. Political economists ascribe this largely to the fact that they got no pension money to give them a sense of security against want.

Now that most of our veterans have passed away in honor and renown, this generation ought to acknowledge before men the kindness and consideration of the people of states who never tried to leave the Union.

It is not generally known that a battle was fought on the Huntersville road between the north and south after the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. It was not noised about very much for it was a mistake on both sides. The federal troops were in full charge of the northwestern and western parts of West Virginia when the surrender came, and it was the first concern of both Lincoln and Grant to take advantage of the lull in the firing to bind up the wounds and to welcome the seceding states back in the Union.

It was a period of great tribulation all over the south and the Greenbrier valley was to the rebellion to the full extent. There were thousands of soldiers in the three counties of Pocahontas, Greenbriar and Monroe who had served in the confederate army. It was considered important to get the word well impressed upon the consciousness of the people of that valley that they were welcome home. With this in view, the commanding officer of the Eighth Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, at Philippi, ordered Capt. Joseph Badger to take four companies and make a round through Randolph, Pocahontas, Bath and Highland counties, to protect the citizens and to spread the word as to amnesty and parole of confederate soldiers, and to post notices to that effect. Captain Badger's command started on April 15, 1865, from Philippi. Huntersville was his first objective. Reached Beverly at 1 a. m. April 16. At sundown camped on the Staunton and Parkersburg turnpike east of Huttonsville near the foot of Cheat mountain. Put thirty men on picket. Badger was apprehensive of bushwhackers firing on his command from the mountain sides and so gave out the word that he was marching over Cheat. At 2 a. m. on 17th. he marched across the country coming into the Marlins Bottom and Huttonsville road four miles south of Huttonsville. That night camped at north foot of Elk Mountain eight miles from Marlins Bottom. At this point he heard that Captain Joe Gay had an organization on Stony Creek, and he determined to sweep that section to see if it was true. And at the same time he heard that "Captain McNeill," was at home. He seems to have jumped to the conclusion that it was Captain Jesse McNeill, who was wanted for having recently ridden into Cumberland and captured two generals. This moved Captain Badger so strongly that he dispatched Sergeant Walker and 15 men at 10 p. m., to surround Captain McNeill and take him prisoner and proceed with him to Huntersville there to hold him until the main command came up. Sergeant Walker proceded to the house of Captain McNeill and found that he had left home the day before and could not be found. This can only be accounted for by the fact that two captains of that name famous in the confederate army lived in Pocahontas at the time. Captain Wm L. McNeel of the Levels, and Captain James M. McNeill, of Swago. Captain Jesse McNeill lived in Hardy county more than one hundred miles to the north and I do not know that he was ever in Pocahontas county, even on a visit. So it is a reasonable conjecture that if Badger had got his confederate captain he would have found that it was not the man he was after.

On the 18th, the command marched at 2 a. m. Twenty men scoured Stony Creek but found no trace of Captain Gay's men or any other band of soldiers. Moved on to Huntersville. Put up a notice of terms of peace. People seemed gratified to learn that rebel soldiers could come in and be paroled. After that moved on up Knapps creek to the mouth of Douthards creek. At that point Lieutenant Swain was dispatched up Knapps creek valley to see if there were any armed bands, and the main force moved on a mile to the White place and waited for Swain to rejoin them. At that point Badger heard that 300 hundred of Jackson's men had left Warm Springs that morning and were marching toward him. He was apprehensive of an attack.

Badger had arranged his troops to hold the road. This must have been on the site of the burned Camp Northwest, and close to Brandy Hollow. Suddenly his command was attacked furiously on the front by soldiers coming from Warm Springs, and he replied to their fire and charged forward whereupon the confederates left the road and took up the mountain and through the woods, in many instances abandoning horses. The retreating confederates were followed into the mountain for four miles and dispersed. The timber hiding them. It does not appear that any one was hit by a bullet on either side. One prisoner was captured who said it was a body of confederate soldiers going to their homes under Col. Elihu Hutton, Major French Harding, and Captain J. W. Marshall.

Badger seems to have regarded himself as a missionary preaching the doctrine of common sense and the folly of further resistance. He reported that the people would be only too glad to get back their sons, brothers and husbands from the army and to live in peace. He suggests that the news of amnesty be widely spread, and asked to be sent back over the route again.

After the battle of Brandy Hollow, as we will hereafter call it, in which there was much powder burned and no one hurt, the war came to a conclusion. The first and last battles were fought in the passes of the Allegheny.

Badger camped at Mt Grove on the 18th. On the 19th at Hevener's farm in Crabbottom. On 20th they were bushwhacked from the mountain side at Durbin. Had his command sow 2000 bullets on the mountain and smoked out four or five bushwhackers. Camped at north side of Cheat Mountain. 21st camped at Beverly. Rested 22nd at Beverly. Reached Philippi on 23rd.

Badger guarded against surprise. The first camp 20 men as pickets. Second night 45 men. Third night 50 pickets. Fourth night 50 pickets.

This regiment was under high pressure and the reason was that a few months before it had been surprised and lost many men at Beverly.

That story has to do with the Huntersville road to a certain extent, as it was the way of escape of one of the most daring exploits of the war. For instance during a terrible cold spell on the night of the 12th day of January, 1865, 300 mounted confederate soldiers on lean but efficient horses shepherded 580 federal prisoners on that road. The confederacy was in a desperate plight and doomed to fail, but this was a troop under Gen. Thos L. Rosser which had ridden into the camp at Beverly and had broken up an armed camp, and were making their escape to Staunton.

In January, Gen. Rosser hearing that Beverly had been occupied by two federal regiments, set out by way of Monterey and Cheat mountain to surprise the camp. He had three hundred mounted men. The federals say that they wore federal great coats. Those coats were bright blue and not to be mistaken.

The conditions at Beverly were that good quarters had induced the 34th Ohio and the 8th Ohio, the last of the many pickets, to go into winter quarters at Beverly. That place had been a military post since the early days of the war when the federal army had won the battle of Rich mountain. After the disaster it appeared that no one in particular had ordered the Ohion regiments there.

Beverly is on the Tygart river at the mouth of Flies creek. It is built along the Staunton & Parkersburg turnpike. In 1865 it was of the same importance as Clarksburg and other places in the northwest now cities. The bridge south of the town had been burned. The bridge in the town where the pike crossed out of the town towards Buckhannon was standing. Cheat mountain overlooks Beverly. Between the town and the mountain there were foot hills. Just north of the town in 1865 Dodson run came down to the river. Between the town and Dodson run there were good winter quarters for two regiments. The officers were most of them in the town in houses and hotels. On the night of the 10th of January 1865, the streams were at flood stage and the weather had turned cold. The camp was in command of Col. Robert Youart, of the Eighth Ohio. Second in command Col L Furney, of the Thirty-fourth Ohio. It was so cold and the waters were so high no danger was apprehended. The pickets were called in and a guard left at Flies Creek and another at the Buckhannon bridge. Back of town, about 400 yards from camp, a line of sentinels, comprised of four men, each about 300 yards a part extended from Dodson run south along the hills. There was a dance in Beverly that night and nearly all the officers attended that. About three in the morning the camp being plunged in deep sleep, it was aroused by knocking on the doors of the quarters and by voices telling the troops to arise and be captured. It was a complete surprise and there was no organized resistance. In the confusion six federals were killed and 23 wounded. The officers not being in the quarters most of them escaped capture. The confederates took 580 prisoners. They burned the quarters and the Buckhannon road bridge, and immediately, marched away to the south with the prisoners, 10,000 complete rations, and about six hundred small arms and equipments.

What had happened was that Rosser had come to the foot of Cheat mountain opposite Huttonsville, and there marched along the back road at the foot of Cheat until they came to Chenoweth run and there they swung towards Cheat and went by a road then known as the Daniels road until they had passed Beverly by going through the hills until they reached Dodson run. Here in a place called Devil's Hollow, they dismounted and formed their line of battle and came into the quarters at the place guarded by sentinel no. 3, who was seized and disarmed and kept from making any alarm. To his challenge of who goes there the answer was "Friends" and when he moved toward them he was seized and captured.

Rosser evidently did not think it safe to convey his long line of prisoners over Cheat mountain so he marched south and turned at Marlins Bottom and took them by Warm Springs to Staunton, where they were entrained on January 20th, 1865, to confederate prisons. The march was in the cold of the winter through bleak and inhospitable mountains, and many of the prisoners died during the hurried march of something like 150 miles.

Grant was forcing the issue in Virginia, and everybody in the federal army was on tip-toes, and the "Beverly Disaster," did not set well. An inquiry was ordered and Gen. Crook had it in charge and he was very severe on the colonels. Now I do not censure those colonels. It is true that their army was taken by surprise but it was not the first surprise of the war, and it was not to be the last. I feel sorry for those two colonels, attending a ball in the evening, and next morning plunged into deep despair and disgrace. And here comes Crook, the military genius of his time, investigating, and recommending that the two colonels be dismissed the service for disgraceful neglect of their commands and permitting themselves to be surprised. That was an order dated January 2[illegible], 1865, and signed, George Crook, Major General, Commanding. But it is dollars to doughnuts that if Crook knew what was in store for him, that he would have not used that word surprise.

Three weeks after that, February 21, 1865, he and Gen. Kelley, were sleeping quietly in a hotel in the city of Cumberland in the midst of an armed camp, when Jesse McNeill rode in with twenty seven men and took the two generals and the famous Captain Melvin, of headquarters, and carried them clear to Richmond, reaching Staunton on February 24, making a quick get away through many rugged mountains. I would just like to know what Crook thought of the surprise business as compared to his case and the two Ohio colonels, as he rode knee to knee with the urbane Jesse McNeill, through the snow. If he had been like the famous conscientious umpire he would have ordered himself off of the ground for committing an error. When the news got out about the Scottish chief having lifted a couple of generals from out of the heart of the army all shouted, Rosser, until the word came that it was Jesse McNeill.

T. S. McNeel F. F. McLaughlin

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208 acres fine improvement. All live stock, machinery and crops included. For price and terms write T. J. Linton, Burke, Va.

210 acres fine land and fine improvements, fine location. I will sell you this farm for the Federal Land Bank mortgage. Write for price and full particulars. T. J. Linton, Burke, Va

NOTICE

GREENBRIER, CHEAT & ELK RAILROAD COMPANY hereby gives notice that on the 29th day of December, 1927, it filed with the Interstate Commerce at Washington, D. C., its application for a certificate that the present and future public convenience and necessity permit the abandonment by it of a line of railroad extending from Spruce in a southerly direction to Cass, a distance of approximately 8 miles, all in Pocahontas County, West Virginia.

GREENBRIER, CHEAT & ELK RAILROAD COMPANY

For Sale

1 set of French 20 inch burrs, Pride of Richmond, price $60 for quick sale, see them at my place near Huntersville, W. Va.

O. K. Gum

Huntersville, W. Va.

STRAY DOG—I have an estray hound at my place near Dunmore, W. Va.,—yellow and white spotted, little black behind shoulder on left side. Owner can have dog by proving it and paying cost of keep and advertising. This 29th day of December.

Davis Auldridge,

Adv $1 Dunmore, W. Va.

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S. J. REXRODE

Marlinton, W. Va.

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter

CALVIN W. PRICE, Editor.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1928

Huntersville road. In the course of these articles I had occasion to mention the fiery duelists of Virginia following the Civil war, and the time Bierne came to West Virginia and drove about in a carriage with a colored driver, while Elam started out from Richmond in his two horse rockaway with another colored driver and drove about the country east of the Blue Ridge, each thirsting for the other's blood. The seconds were arranging a meeting, while the whole Republican-Readjuster party, in power in Virginia, were moving heaven and earth to prevent the meeting on account of the jeopardy in which it put Col. Elam, their great writer and editor.

Every sheriff, constable, and police officer in Virginia was charged to prevent the the duel, but that did not bother them very much. Here is how it was mapped out. Bierne had all of West Virginia to manoeuvre in, and Elam had all of the Piedmont and Tidewater sections. Between the two stamping grounds was the broad Valley of Virginia, ready to furnish a meeting place.

The telegraphs were uncertain and the mail service slow and the combatants moved from place to place without cooling off. I am reminded now that the duel in which Elam was wounded actually took place at New Hope in Augusta county, near the Rockingham line. At the time I lived within about twenty miles of the place but we never could get much of an account of the affair.

As I read about it now it was a magnificent affair, and it took all the territory of the two states to bring about the meeting.

After the war, when the confederacy was drinking the bitter dregs of defeat, it was not hard to stir up a battle. It was a period of hard whiskey drinking and the soldiers were brave. They clung to their ideals and their honor.

It was in the seventies, when my parents took us children and went to visit my maternal grandfather near Richmond. I was about two and a half years old, but I have some recollections of the event. My grandfather after working for most of his life in Brooklyn where he had some sort of a job with the Worthington pump works, got the land hunger, and bought a little farm with an old gray farm house near Richmond. Here he raised vegetables for the city market and had a hard time to make a living for his family, but hard times were fashionable at that period. Shortly before we came to his house, two young soldiers came up from the city before dawn with their seconds and their surgeons and fought a duel just at the break of day within a few yards of my grandfather's house. When we got there we were shown the place where McCarty killed Poindexter, and in the fight McCarty was badly wounded. That was dreadful ground to us. Both were confederate soldiers. They fell out over a young lady. Page McCarty was a sort of a hero in Richmond for some years. He was wounded and contracted consumption, and he became a sort of a menace to all the ruffling young blades who were seeking a fight. It seemed that while the others were seeking a fight Page McCarty was seeking death and was willing to discourage duelling as a retribution, by making that sport too dangerous to be indulged in. When a great politician was black balled in a certain club in Richmond, he was angered and declared that he would challenge the man who black balled him if he could find out who it was. "Tell him," said Page McCarty, "That I voted against him." It is said that this had the effect of putting a quietus on the affair at once. McCarty at that time was a physical wreck but a man of courage and one who was willing to bear the burden meant for another.

I think I could find the place of the McCarty Poindexter duel today if I took time, though I understand that it is now in the city limits.

It was the next year, I think, when my father brought the family to Marlins Bottom to visit his parents who were both sinking fast from bodily ailments. We had a visit here during the harvest season and after some weeks we started home. It was a hundred mile drive and it took five days. As we neared the top of the mountain beyond Huntersville, we met a party of men from Richmond, who had come to the mountains to hunt and fish. They knew my mother and they brought her the news that her father had died the week before which was the first intimation that she had had that he was even sick. It was a very sad time.

A little later, some years, the land owners of the county became excited over the effort that was being made to recover certain large tracts of land which had been sold for taxes, or which had become forfeited. They did not understand that the new state of West Virginia in a remarkable constitution adopted in 1872, had protected the diligent holder from those who would breathe the breath of life in titles as dead as Caesar. In fact highly intelligent lawyers from other states cannot seem to comprehend yet that a tax payer can laugh at the pretensions of those who have not paid taxes on what looks like a good title. One of my boyhood secrets was the knowledge of a corner tree on the Huntersville road which was a standing corner to the Wilson 44,000 acres. It was pointed out to me with the distinct understanding that under no circumstances was I to divulge the location of this corner. If I did it might happen that surveyors would come in. And foreigners would take away people's homes and their lands. This 44,000 acres lay between Marlinton and Dunmore reaching the whole distance. In after life I was to have much to do with the Wilson survey and title, and I have never had any trouble with it though I have worked it over to nearly all its acres. I know now that there never were any secrets about it, as the lines were freely called for in deeds, and that the titles were based on it. It was sold for taxes by the Marshal of the State of Virginia, at the time that Congress exercised its plain power of laying direct taxes on land. And the title passed away from the Wilson people whoever they were, because they did not think enough of their land to pay the few dollars assessed against it. The Seneca Forest, the State park, is largely on it. But we had gone through a war in which we considered that we had the Lord and the law with us, and had lost unaccountably and perhaps we were a little shaken in our confidence in the law and in Providence.

There was one hot fighter from the north, who was particularly obnoxious to the southrons, and that was the famous General Benjamin F. Butler. Claverhouse in Scotland was no more hated by the Covenanters than Butler by all the gentry of the fair Southland. And then the word came that Gen. Butler had acquired the Wilson title, and that our cake was dough.

Word came that a surveying party was about to arrive and it was true. I never could tell why they wanted to survey it, but probably they were pulling the good general's leg, and were anxious to make out some sort of an expense bill to show their activity.

The calls are public records and a school boy could draw a map of the land in an hour or two. They must have figured out that if they ran a line around it that they could convince a prospective buyer by giving him a description of the mountains and streams and the character of the soil. But one fine day they came. A lawyer or two, and a surveyor, and some chain carriers, and a flag man, and they went up the Browns creek road and came to the ford at Thorny Creek. At this place a beautiful stream comes down meandering through the meadows and flows across the road, at a place where there is a patch of green sod. It was a lovely day. The sun shone bright. The birds sang. The fish played in the water. Beautiful weather and a beautiful place.

The surveyor called a halt. He set his compass by the running brook. He sighted through the slot. And then hell broke loose. From a near by mountain side a volley was fired from rifles. The first shots splashed water over the surveying party. Then bullets clipped splinters from the rail fence. And presently a bullet landed smack on top of the compass, breaking it to bits. Then the surveying party fled and they have never been back since. That occurred something like fifty years ago. There never was any suit about the land, and no effort was made to indict the riflemen. If my memory serves me right, Count Stofer, the prosecuting attorney of the county, was a member of the surveying party.

Whoever it was that attempted to survey the old title was not very well advised. How in the Sam Hill could a suit be maintained when the claimant had not paid taxes for seventy or eighty years? There are a few words that are like what the darkey complained of: "You says words, but they don't mean nothing to me." So when we tell the visiting counsellor that in West Virginia the forfeiture for the failure to pay taxes inures to the benefit of the diligent tax payer, he does not get it. Inures to the benefit. That is the hard part of the doctrine. Those are the words and the bright idea of the founders that brought peace and prosperity to West Virginia.

In 1822, the first county court provided for the upkeep of a section of road leading from the east bank of Greenbrier river, at the ford at the mouth of Price run, to where the road forked in Huntersville, one branch going on to Warm Springs and the other to Dunmore and points beyond towards the Upper Tract. Robert Moore was appointed surveyor to use the tithables who had been under the supervision of William Poage, Jr., and also to work the hands that had been working under Samuel Gay and the road was to be kept in repair as it had been up to that time.

That first year there were 427 tithables in the new county of Pocahontas, that is men who were liable to a head tax. They were to pay $2.17 1-2 each, an enormous tax for the county was facing the expense of building a new court house and jail. So they levied to raise $950.47.

The budget was made up as follows:

For county salaries	129 92
For 18 wolf scalps at $4 each	72 00
For roads	5 50
For supplies for county clerk's office including a deed book	20 00
For removing and rebuilding the temporary court house	30 00
For new public buildings	655 00
And for a deposit to meet unexpected demands and to take care of the delinquent list	37 55
	950 47

Those were the days of small beginnings. There was not much margin between wealth and poverty. It is agreed that there were giants in those days and that they laid the foundation for the greatness of America. Now we have reached the point where much money is given the toller for the purpose of taking it away from him. The rich people and the political economist found that the laboring man could be trusted to spend it all.

A little later in the world's history there were covered bridges on this road. Virginia went wild on building good roads. A part of the swag resulted in a great covered bridge across the Greenbrier River at Marlins Bottom. It was a Chenoweth bridge. Chenoweth was from Randolph county. He figured out a bridge that could be built from hewn timbers. He had no engineering department and he did not find it easy to get a contract from the state road commission. He constructed a model and carried it to Richmond with him and there he went before the commission. He placed his model on two chairs and stood on it. After that he got numerous contracts.

There was another covered bridge earlier than this one at the Curry arch above Huntersville. That bridge went out in a big flood. On the night of the flood two young men were going home from a festive night at the county seat, and when they came near the bridge one bantered the other for a foot race. They ran through the bridge and some of the planks were gone from the big flood in the creek. One of the men plunged into the water and was drowned and the other stopped in time. Then the question arose: Did the survivor know that the planks were gone? It is a censorious and a suspicious world.

There was another covered bridge built on the Dunmore road that crossed the creek opposite the old jail and went through the farm now owned by George Ginger. It was a great enterprise. The whole county was interested. A road in the shape of a rainbow was built around the mountain from the Buzzard farm to the Ginger farm. One side, a cliff was used as an abutment. The other was masonry with an approach. It was nearing completion in May, 1889, when the Johnstown flood came and destroyed the man made abutment, and the bridge was left balancing on one corner of the stone work. Then they moved it up to where an open bridge is now.

I was bothered a good deal a year ago by an esthetic up north who was writing a book on covered bridges. The subject did not appeal to me, for in the old days of the horse, a covered bridge was about the most unsavory place that could be devised and when I think of the covered bridge it is with loathing. It would not be so bad now with the automobile, but in those days a covered bridge was no sweet scented flower bed. We got so tired of the one at Marlinton, that we hailed the day with delight when it was declared to be unsafe and the county court hewed it down, before the engineer could change his mind. Then he got the concrete bridge, just before the war, and a mighty good bridge it is, only we are still using the narrow approaches that went with the old bridge. It is like a man who had had the enterprise to buy himself a pair of shoes but cannot manage to get a pair of shoe strings to use with them. These approaches do not have to be torn down. They need widening four feet and that on the down stream side, so it would be a matter of slight expense to put the bridge in good order for the heavy traffic that uses it.

In the old days, when the world and I were young, the cows used to sleep in old bridge at times. At one harvest time there was a vain young man who was a great athlete. One night he and some other boys came to the bridge. One of them knew that a cow lay on the foot path on the upper side of the bridge. A foot race was arranged and the great racer was given the cow side. It was just a hundred yards through the tunnel, and dark as the inside of Jonah's whale. The race started. The old cow woke up, and started to rise. The young fellow ran right on her head and had the breath knocked out of him and he was a long time coming back to life. And the cow was a muley. Muley cows in that day and time were as scarce as hen's teeth. If it had been a horned animal, the consequences would have been very serious.

The river bridge used to have toll on it. It was a subject of much dispute. A rich farmer was agrieved He was called upon to pay toll one day and insisted on paying ten cents with a twenty dollar bill, but when the toll gate keeper proceeded to give him his change mostly in pennies, the tax payer weakened and produced the right amount. When they took the toll off there was much rejoicing in the new town.

As the feller said: I pity the man who considers the way from Dan to Beersheba barren.

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360 acres of fine clay land 100 acres farming land, 100 in pasture, 160 in good timber, fair frame house, good barn. This is an excellent stock and dairy proposition. This is a fine grain and grass farm. Price, and terms are most easy, this farm belongs to the Federal Land Bank and can be bought for the mortgage. Write for terms and price.

243 acres located in a fine section of Loudun county, Va., this farm is very productive, has fine improvement. One can make 10 per cent interest net at the price that will be made. The terms will be easy as the Federal Land Bank will carry you the most of it. Prices and terms will be given to any home seekers.

T. J. Linton

Burke, Va.

For Sale

1 good range stove, 1 dining table, 6 dining chairs, 1 fine dresser, 1 lot cooking utensils, 1 lot canned fruit and vegetables, many other things that go with keeping house. Will sell on time for note with approved security and sell cheap. Apply to L. L. Kisner or Glen Varner, Nottingham, W. Va.

Auction Sale

I will offer for sale at public auction, at my place on Beaver Creek, on Saturday, January 28, 1928, the following household and kitchen furniture:—1 cook stove, 1 bedstead and bedding, 1 sewing machine, 1 lot canned fruit, 1 lot crockery, chairs, tables, etc.

Terms: All sums under $10 cash; over that amount four months time, purchaser giving note with interest and security.

J. D. SYMS.

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From stock tested free from White Diarrhea by State Department of Agriculture. Parks bred to lay Barred Rocks, Tancreds S C White Leghorns, and S C R I. Reds.

All males pedigreed. Order now and be sure of chicks on date wanted 100 per cent live delivery by prepaid parcel post. Write, phone or call at farm. Circulars and price list free.

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Mill Point, W. Va.

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A medium sized hound dog has been missing two weeks. White with brown spots; has a white ear. Answer to name of "White Ear". Please notify E. M. Smith, Edray, W. Va.

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S. J. REXRODE

Marlinton, W. Va.

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter

CALVIN W. PRICE, Editor.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1928

The Huntersville Road. A book is a literary composition of some length. So unbeknowned to us all this series of articles on the Huntersville road has attained the uncertain dimensions of a book and the end is not yet.

I am not even through with the jolly old geology. There are three eons represented in six miles. The Silurian, the Devonian, and the Mississippian, or in the order of the first clearings: The Bradshaw, the McLaughlin and the Fooge. The hunter and the trapper delight in reading signs in the woods and they become very expert in noting the track of the bird and the animal, and that is current geology. But it is equally as fascinating to the curious to note the sign in the rock of animals and plants that lived ages ago. Besides you can bring the track and the moulds and the casts home with you and study them by your own fireside.

Rodney Bussard told me the other day that he had taken some of fossils of the Huntersville district and put them in a great log heap that he was burning that they came out of the fire as good white lime. But there is another experiment that I think would be better than that, and it would be to take some of that brown shale rock and put it in a rock crusher and pulverize it and try it on crops. Maybe it would result in a fertilizer mine, and while they were doing it, a similar experiment should be made with chert for it is undoubtedly rich in fertilizing qualities.

I am getting more and more out with Charles Darwin, the man that proved to be such a stumbling block head to so many of the devout. He snatched at a rumor and grasped at a breath and gave birth to a word which was evolution, just as another gent in our own time who was also noted for his lack of humor, sprung the word relativity. They had this in common that both were unimportant even if true. And there is absolutely nothing in either one of them to write home about. Neither one will ever feed the hungry, clothe the naked, warm the house, carry a message, or entertain the public. Darwin's theory that we spring from the protozoan, is like the man who claims Adam for his ancestor—he cannot give the generations between. And besides there is still the protozoan unchanged. If the first families of Virginia can trace their ancestry back to a Lynnhaven oyster, how does it come that there are still primeval Lynnhaven oysters in their original form?

Darwin has done a great deal of harm in that he set the scientific world to arguing from a false premise. And when a scientist spends his life in building on that sort of shifting sand, he is in a pitiful condition. So I reject Darwin and his weak little whimpering profundity. I do not propose to spend the next fifty years reading a sign under him for by that time all the world will know that faithful old Darwin was barking up the wrong tree.

Now if Darwin had been a geologist like Moses who knew how and when to strike the rock so that water came forth and saved the lives of the caravan, that would have been the right combination of faith and works. Or had he been like Dr. I. C. White who knew where to strike other kinds of rock and oil gushed forth. That would have been of some real benefit to mankind.

It is a matter of some comfort to remember that Dr. I. C. White visited this region last summer, which was to be the last summer of his life. He was seventy-nine years old but he was physically strong and mentally alert. I climbed a mountain with him and he did it as easily as any member of the party. And he could see and read the signs of creation as well as ever.

A week before he entered the hospital where he expired, he and some members of his family went one day to an aviation field near Morgantown. There the airman was taking persons up for a consideration and was giving them rides in the air. Dr. White went up on one of the trips very much to the objection of all the rest of his friends and his relations. When asked why he did it he said that all his life he had done what he could to encourage progress, and that he considered the airship a great invention and that was why he contributed the passage money. When he got into it, it went to the height of several thousands feet and then sailed out of sight into the clouds and after a time he returned to the hill from which he had taken off.

Dr. White was one man whose fame extended throughout the world as a geologist and during the whole period of his career he never went back on West Virginia. He was a native of the state and a part and parcel of it.

The first of his ancestors to come to Monongalia county was Grafton White, a native of Wales. He had a son named William White. And his son Michael White was the father of Israel C. White. Dr. White was the fifth son in point of age in the family. He was the fourth generation on the soil of the boundaries of Monongalia county. It may be that the mountains were so much a part of his blood that he could not have left them if he had wanted to. He was raised on a farm and from his earliest years helped with the farm work.

When he was a little boy five or six years old he was given the job of dropping corn one spring. His work was to put the seed corn in the row as fast as his father and an older brother could cover it with hoes. The instructions were to drop three grains of corn every time he raised his right foot. After a time it was seen that his corn dropping was not regular. So his father tied a red string to the little boy's big toe, and after that it was dropped right. Every time he raised his decorated toe he dropped a hill of corn.

The first school he attended was taught by one of his older brothers, the distinguished Senator H. S. White, now of Mingo county, who was eight years older than the boy Israel. It was a subscription school where the farmers furnished the scholars at so much per head. They walked four miles to school. It was a school in which the students conned their lessons vocally and created a constant hum of industry. A child then gave evidence of his diligence.

As a small boy Israel gave evidence of his calling. He was a geologist from the beginning. As a child he commenced to collect specimens of the fossils abounding on the horizon where he was born. He would search the hills and the beds of the streams and bring in the marked pieces of rock containing the replicas of ancient plants and animals. In this he had one relative with the understanding heart, and that was his father, who encouraged him in his studies in natural philosophy. The rest of the large family could not see any sense in such collections.

Israel, the little boy, kept his treasures in a big basket on the back porch. One day in the spring the chickens made a raid on the garden, and it was necessary for the older boys to drive them out. Casting about for something to throw at the chickens, they saw Israel's specimens and they threw them all at the chickens. When the little boy came and found his specimens gone he was greatly distressed, and complained to his father, and the father made the other boys hunt long and hard until they got most of them back into the basket. I think that is a gem of a story about the childhood of the world's greatest geologist.

When the Civil War broke out, two of the sons, William and Solomon, older brothers of Israel, enlisted and served through the war. By that time it was apparent to the family that Israel was bright. The soldiers told their father that they would send their army pay home, and that they wanted it used for the education of Israel. That was carried out as planned, and that is the way that the late Dr. I. C. White came to enter the school at Morgantown, the school that has developed into the University.

At that time it was an agricultural school and a good part of the time of the students was devoted to actual labor on the farm. Israel enlisted the sympathy and influence of the late Judge Marshall Hagans, and represented to him that he had been raised to hard work on the farm, and Judge Hagans used his influence and got his young friend exempted from this sort of work.

It was during this time that Philander Knox was a student at the college. He was one of the most eminent men ever fired by a principal of a school. It was a question of whether it was wrong to go to a theater. Knox went and was suspended. Just as the University of Virginia has its Edgar Allan Poe so we have our Philander Knox. A friendship sprang up between Knox and White. When White was looking for work in his chosen profession of geology, Knox was able to get him a place with the Pennsylvania geological survey. For near sixty years, Dr. White was engaged in geological work.

I want to call the attention of the boys of today to the story of Dr. White, especially those boys like Dr. White who had the splendid spur of poverty to urge him on. There never was a boy who was fond of collecting those things that made him think and inquire, but who afterwards became a leader among men. Think it over.

When Dr. White was here last summer reading the rocks as others read open books, he said to find some fossils in the Medina sandstone, intimating that this was a worth while quest. I believe, that I have found some specimens of rhynchotreta plainly marked and very numerous in a chunk of old medina, but the great West Virginia arbiter is gone. So I have put it away in a safe place. It either is or is not. I belong to the school that believes that you cannot produce new spots on cards by sitting and looking at them. On with the game.

Dr. White was a great West Virginian. He was a mountain man. A wide man. A celebrity.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding: for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is everyone that retaineth her.

"And they whom truth and wisdom lead
Can gather honey from a weed."

Receipt is acknowledge of the article in the American Journal of Science, January, 1928, concerning the Devonian Trees of West Virginia, by David B. Reger, the West Virginia geologist. These were identified in Randolph county but the same trees have also been exposed as stated in the article in Pocahontas county. These have been exposed by the road excavation on the Huntersville road on both sides of the town of Huntersville.

I have just returned from the annual meeting of the West Virginia Historical Society at Charleston where I was with some sure enough historians as well as with the history maker, Governor Gore. This society bears a charmed life in that it is made a body politic and goes on forever whether it has live members or not. It is to be in perpetuity unless the legislature that made it dissolves it.

I find that there is some disposition to value the spoken word as against the written word. In my opinion the spoken word has nothing to do with history. It is without form and void. If there is any fact to be preserved get it printed and it will never die. It has been a matter of regret to me that we cannot agree about these values. Every now and then I get a call to go to some distant county and talk to a crowd, in a blaze of pragmatic invention. I do not want to wrestle with fate in that way.

Whenever I think about preserving history by making speeches, I remember the custom of an old friend of mine, a man familiar with the classics, and a great genius. He read and understood and remembered. He had a peculiar custom. He lived at Huntersville the thriving county seat. In the court house was a town pump with a platform around it. This learned friend of mine had a way of getting a jug of whiskey and taking his position on that town pump platform where he would have a chaser handy for his whiskey he would spout poetry and philosophy all through the stilly night. It was said to be a great treat to hear him tell the naked stars the grief of man.

Some of the close by neighbors did not appreciate him and some did, but not one word of all that was blazoned forth from that town pump has lived to enliven and edify mankind.

At the recent meeting in making the point that is supposed to be advanced once a year, I took historical geology, a subject that I had found on the Huntersville road. A historian ought to have one idea a year at the least. Last year I mentioned history which to me is the unspeakable offense. No matter what a man has accomplished or what he has done, if his memory depends upon the man who sells history, his record is writ in water. It is a kind of a prostitution of a great art and science that I cannot get over.

History as we know it consists of annals, dealing with the doings of our own race, and archeology, the record left by preceding races by stone implements and tools and inscriptions, and historical geology, called paleontology, by which we try to read the condition of ancient life in geological ages by existing fossils. The country in which we live is especially rich in the third branch. Probably there is no place on the face of the earth as prolific in fossils as West Virginia.

A great deal of attention has been paid to archeology in the way of collecting what we call Indian relics. I have a sort of a trained eye for these things myself. But now that I am beginning to be able to see fossils I do not find the arrow heads and the like.

What we want in this county are boys of inquiring dispositions who will bring in the fossils for their older brothers to throw at the chickens.

Just as little geology as possible will be put into these sections. I seem to have received some sort of inspiration from the lonely hours that I have put in along the Huntersville road and the school children attending the schools at Marlinton whirl by in their fast flying fords every day. I wonder who among that crowd will be chiefs in the land thirty years from now. The Sharp twins got part of their quality along this road. They carried the mail on a red mule, taking days turn about, one day at school, one day on a mule, and today one of them a judge and the other a secretary of state.

Is it too much hope, that some of the boys of West Virginia will take an interest in the treasures in the hills? The more I look into geology the more I am convinced that the true reading of the stratas has not yet begun. The all important science is in its infancy. Perhaps the secret of the germ of life will be discovered by a geologist. Certainly geologists have not progressed farther than the ability to wrangle and dispute. The late Dr Stuart Weller, professor of geology at the University of Chicago said: "Our descendants will look back upon us in much the same manner as we now look back upon the men of the Old Stone Age."

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THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, Editor.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1928

The Huntersville Road and the Seneca Trail join at Marlinton and form a T square. The weary wayworn tourist working his painful way north, when he comes to the bridge at Marlinton has the choice of two routes as far as Huttonsville, in Randolph county, forty six miles by the Seneca Trail and somewhat longer by the Huntersville road. By the Huntersville road you travel by the bow, and by the Seneca Trail by the string of the bow. Both routes are first class highways by the new road plans of West Virginia. Pocahontas was the most favored of all the fifty five counties by this road law. This was largely due to the fact that Pocahontas county has a longer part of the state line than any other county. About seventy-five miles of the dividing line between West Virginia and Virginia. Pocahontas seals the border.

This arrangement of roads prevailed during the Civil war and it played a great part in the movement of troops and the battles. Our busy years were 1861 when the confederates won on points, and in 1863 when the federals won with a knock out on Droop Mountain.

The intervening year was one of great peril and privation in Pocahontas county but the battles were not important enough to get much notice from historians owing to the great activities in other fields.

But it seems about as good a place as any to drag that campaign in here and set it up among the annals of the war centering around Huntersville, the county seat of Pocahontas county.

The year 1862 drew towards frost time with the federals in command of Randolph county with armies at Huttonsville and at Beverly and from there to the North Pole. The confederates went into winter quarters in control of Pocahontas county, with most of the Green Bank company of the 31st Virginia, in the upper end of the county, and with Captain W. L. McNeel's company, of the 19th Cavalry with headquarters at Mill Point. This company was largely recruited from the Levels and Edray districts, and they were at home for the winter. They subsisted largely by reason of being at home, but they kept military rules all through the winter.

The union troops in Randolph lived luxuriously with the best of food, horses, clothes and equipment. They were veteran soldiers. They knew about camp life and the battlefield. It was the last great war of the horses. "If you want to have a good time, jine the cavalry," was a favorite war song. The soldiers made much of their horses. That winter their fine mounts were trained to jump fences and timber and make long galloping races. There was not much to do except keep an eye on the two roads into Pocahontas county, and once in a while a regiment would be sent on a circuit around by Huntersville to put the fear of God in the hearts of the confederates.

That was the year that every southern man in the county kept watch on the roads that led to Huttonsville, and whenever by day or night the head of a blue column came in sight it was up to him to mount and ride like a Paul Revere ahead of the invading army spreading the news that the Yankees were coming. Then there was a hurrying to and fro. The men would drive the cattle and other live stock to hiding places in the woods and absent themselves from their families, sleeping in the forests.

The winter campaign lasted from November to April and it was an unusually hard winter. It was the winter of the big snow until that record was beaten in the winter of 1880-1. The last of April, 1863, still saw twenty inches of snow lying on Cheat Mountain.

The local warfare of that winter consisted in reprisal affairs starting from the expedition led by Gen. R. H. Milroy in November, 1862, to the expedition of Gen. J. D. Imboden in April which drove the federal armies out of Huttonsville and Beverly and caused them to fall back to Philippi and Buckhannon.

Milroy reported from Huttonsville under date of November 14, 1862, that he had just returned from a round in which he had swept around by Huntersville, Mountain Grove, Monterey, McDowell and Franklin and had captured 45 prisoners, including three captains and one lieutenant together with 25 horses, and 75 cattle. He reported that everything between Huttonsville and the Shenandoah clear of rebels and guerillas, and he suggests that such being the case that he can spare nine regiments and two batteries to Cumberland. And at the same time in November, Imboden of the confederate army had marched west in the mountains and captured the town of St George in Tucker county, and received the surrender of Captain Hall's company of the Sixth West Virginia regiment. Imboden reports a heavy snow fall at the mouth of Seneca on the 7th day of November, which caused much distress among his troops.

During the winter there were skirmishes and raids into the South Branch Valley with the union winter camp at Keyser and the confederates at New Market. The contacts were at Petersburg and Moorefield.

On the 29th day of January, 1863, Major Henry C. Flesher was given an opportunity to command and lead his second West Virginia Mounted Infantry over the Seneca Trail to break up the Confederate camp at Mill Point. He left Beverly on the morning of the 29th of January at 7 a. m. He reached the Hevener place at Mingo during the day where he stopped for one hour to feed the horses and men. He pushed on and reached Marlinton at three o'clock the next morning. This was the night of the big snow. Flesher had marched his regiment 47 miles through a great snow storm in twenty hours. He waited at the bridge at Marlinton until after daylight. He measured the snow and found it to be thirty inches deep. In his march he had been joined by Captain I. W. Allen's State Troops.

He left Marlinton at day break after a council of war and rode on to Mill Point or as it was then called Cackleytown. When he got to the top of the Price Hill, a mile on his way, he ordered a charge. Captain Allen rode up from the rear of the column to find out what was the matter, and the Major told him the lane was the Levels. He was deceived by the Kee flats. He still had seven miles to go. They marched on and soon after saw a man galloping on the road ahead of them. This was Wm. H. McClintic, a confederate soldier, riding to warn the Levels.

They reached Millpoint at eleven in the morning. Found the rebel company of cavalry absent. They took four prisoners and eight horses, and owing to the snow and the bitter cold weather, the Major ordered an immediate return and they marched back twenty-one miles to Gibson's on Elk. This was David Gibson II, whose house stood somewhere near where Mary's Chapel is located. William Gibson, his son, lived at the place where the house known recently as Gibson's is still standing. They arrived there about seven in the evening on the coldest night of all time. This made a march of 87 miles in thirty-six hours through one of the greatest snow storms ever known in these mountains.

One can imagine the condition of the men and the horses. It was an experience that was enough to kill all but the most hardy. The horses had cast nearly all their shoes and the men were dropping with weariness. It would have been death to the men to have made them sleep in the snow, and there were a number of houses convenient. A settlement in a rich valley. Lieutenant Rowand was placed in charge of 30 men who acted as a rear guard. The Major left them up the Elk valley a mile or so, at eight o'clock in the evening and rode on to his headquarters at William Gibson's.

It is apparent that the Major had marched his horses and men off their feet and that his rear guard as well as all the others fell on sleep. For thirty-six hours riding or wading the snow, with four hours rest in the covered bridge at Marlins Bottom had brought them to the limit of endurance.

They had no sooner left Mill Point than the cavalry company under Captain Wm. L. McNeel made ready to pursue them. One of the prisoners was Lieutenant George S. McNeel. Captain McNeel called on all able bodied men to go with him and he mustered about seventy men in all and they followed on the well beaten track on the Seneca Trail. It has been noised around that there were some elderly men in that rescuing party who passed for loyal union men.

When they came up to the rear guard they found that they had scattered for shelter in the homes of those who lived in the coves entering on the valley of the Old Field Fork of Elk. J. C. Price was in command of one squad that went to one of these homes. He called on the soldiers within to come out and surrender, but a soldier replied that it was too cold out there. Whereupon the sergeant argued with them that it was not any colder for the one side than it was for the other and took them prisoners.

The confederates went from place to place in a silent way until they came to David Gibson's house. In an upstairs room were sleeping Captain Walt Allen and George McKeever of the State troops. They awoke and looked out. Around the front door and in the yard were soldiers in gray. They dressed and Allen threw up the window and fired into the crowd. The soldiers immediately opened up a lane, in getting out of range of the window, and Allen jumped for it and ran between the lines. When he got to the fence he went over it and firing began. This firing resulted in the killing of two federal soldiers and in the killing of Henry Sharp, a confederate soldier by some of his comrades. Allen fell beyond the fence but lay for some minutes as though he had been killed. The imprint of his spurs were seen on the snow the next morning. After lying there awhile he got up and went away, going down to the river and falling in a deep hole and having his clothes freeze on him. He made a circuit and got to William Gibson's where the Major was. The effect of Allen's firing and the return fire was that the federal troops were ready to defend themselves, and the confederates knowing that the surprise was over, retreated to Marlinton, with Lieutenant Rowand and 14 other prisoners.

Allen's shot had scorched a confederate across the rump.

When the house of David Gibson was surprised and the firing begun, a daughter of the house, Mary Gibson, afterwards Mrs. Rankin Poage, took two small children, and crept under a bed in the front room, and stayed there a good part of the night. While there the men who had been shot were brought into that room and the blood soaked the carpet under the bed.

It is said that the two union soldiers killed were brothers, and that another brother survived them. That when he came to headquarters and saw their Lieut. Geo. S. McNeel, that he snapped his army pistol twice at the prisoner's head before he could be seized and disarmed.

When McNeel's company got back as far as Marlin's Bottom bridge, Captain McNeel spoke to Lieut. Rowand and said to him, "I am going to exchange you on honor. You take that horse and ride to your command and when you get there send George McNeel back here in exchange for yourself." The officer gladly consented. Almost at the same minute, Major Flesher was saying to George McNeel: "Ride home and exchange yourself for Rowand."

These soldiers met on Elk mountain in the night time and stopped and talked over the state of the war and traded horses and went on their way. Gen. M. J. McNeel is the only survivor, I know of, at this time.

When Captain Walt Allen leaped out of the upstairs window into the snow, his room mate George McKeever remained in the room. The confederates believing that all the soldiers in the house had made a break for liberty, did not search the house, but prepared to retreat, and an order was given to fall in. McKeever hearing it came down the stairs and went out in the darkness among them, and fell in line as if he belonged to the troop. He was the last to go through the gate out to the pike. Just then he heard some one say: "Is that you George?" And while he was making up his mind what to say, one George Hill answered for him. The soldiers marched back towards their horses and McKeever got to the rear of the column and went over a convenient bank and made good his escape.

The occurrence was one of great moment to the people of this county shut in by the snow and the winter from the more active fields of war. The report that Major Flesher made was not well received at all. He was severely criticised for allowing himself to be surprised and cut up in the way that he was. More than all they considered the effect it would have on the confederate morale for instead of putting the fear of the Lord into their hearts, the expedition came off second best. The fourteen prisoners were allowed to return to their commands.

The report was made to Gen. A. Moor, commanding the Northern Brigade at Buckhannon. His report is short and incoherent. His closing words are: "Considering the unfavorable state of the weather, the march and exposure have been unprecedented during the war." What it looks like he started to say was that considering the state of the weather, he did doggoned well to get back with any survivors at all. And that is what we say.

It was just another case of travelling in the mountains in the winter. When that thirty inch snow fell it was more than mortal men could compete with and travel all the time Captain I. W. Allen seems to have been the hero of the affair.

Mary Gibson was loyal to the union. About this time she and another girl dressed up in blue uniforms and went to the house of a prominent confederate and captured him and made him take the oath of allegiance to the United States. He found out soon afterwards and was inclined to raise the devil about it.

As a reprisal for the treatment they had received, the headquarters at Buckhannon, formed an expedition and put it in charge of Captain Chatham T. Ewing. It consisted of 60 cavalry and 75 infantry, and its instructions were to go to Pocahontas county and capture rebel recruiting parties, and stores. The army marched out of Beverly on February 10, 1863. They took a different plan from the unfortunate Major Flesher, of the big snow. The horsemen camped the first night on Cheat summit. The infantry at Huttonsville. The cavalry the next night at Greenbank, and the infantry at Bartow. The next night they got back on the Randolph side of the mountain with 13 prisoners from the 31st and 3rd Virginia regiments, 152 head of cattle, and 12 horses and mules. He destroyed a large amount of arms which he was unable to carry away. The General praises Ewing for obeying instructions and his success and gives it as his opinion that this would put a damper on the rebel rejoicing over the defeat on Elk River of Major Flesher's command.

But the days were lengthening and spring was on its way. Imboden took an army of several thousands and made a circuit in West Virginia, in April, 1863, in mud up to the hubs of his wagons. He marched from McDowell by way of Durbin, Beverly, Buckhannon, Weston, Sutton, Summersville, Cold Knob and Frankfort, and suffered much inconvenience but worried the federals not a little, fighting a good many battles and performing many notable things the telling of which would make this chapter too long. He destroyed a great deal of property. One item that he was able to secure at a fair price in confederate money 3100 head of cattle needed for the confederate army. The expedition failed in this that the Northwest was found to be gone and few recruits were secured. For the first time the commander seemed to realize that West Virginia would not support the confederacy or rally to its banners.

But as a part of the work Imboden and his co-commander W. L. Jackson swept the federal armies out of the Tygart Valley. On the 24th, they passed Huttonsville and when they got within five miles of Beverly a man was seen to ride towards them and then turn and go back. He would not halt and he was fired upon and received a bullet through his lungs. This afterwards was found to be Sheriff J. F. Phares, sheriff under the Pierpoint government. Wounded as desperately as he was he was able to gallop to Beverly and warn the Second and Eighth West Virginia Infantry and a three hour fight was had on the heights in the rear of Beverly, resulting in a retreat on the part of the federals from Beverly.

And this are some of the high spots in the winter of the big snow in Pocahontas and Randolph counties.

MORTGAGE LIFTERS

Any farmer and his wife who are face to face with a farm mortgage know that if they are going to pay off that mortgage they can't have a bill at every grocery store in town.

Right here is where the farm wife comes in to do her share. She can have smoked meats and canned meats and a cellar stored with garden-grown fruits and vegetables. Then what groceries are needed can be paid for by the egg and cream money and there may be some of this left for buying clothes or taking a little slice off the mortgage.

The counties where the banks are daily cashing a great many egg and cream checks are usually prosperous counties.

If the hens are to be real mortgage lifters, they must be properly cared for, rightly housed, culled, correctly fed, and the eggs properly handled for market.

One farm flock we once visited numbered 140, but 61 of the 140 were roosters. Not much mortgage lifting there.

Another flock of a hundred hens was producing no eggs the last of January. Not much mortgage lifting there.

Another woman had invested considerable money in purebred poultry but she was feeding nothing but wheat and water. Result—few eggs. Not much mortgage lifting there.

One woman reported the loss of thirty hens in one month from tuberculosis. Thirty hens—thirty dollars. Not much mortgage lifting there.

These experiences are given just to show that the farm womans productive work not only calls for work but also calls for the best of brains, wits and skill.

Any farm woman who successfully solves the problems connected with providing a home grown living for the family and in addition does her share to help make the egg and cream money worth while, is worthy of admission to membership to the best Business Womans' Club in the country.— Zella Wigent.

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Hillsboro, West Virginia

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter

CALVIN W. PRICE, Editor.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16 1928

The Huntersville road. Last week the story did not have much to do with the Huntersville road further than a regiment of federal soldiers huddled together in the covered bridge across Greenbrier river on the night of the big snow in 1863, the time the Second West Virginia raided Pocahontas county and struck a thirty inch snow.

This week we will consider weaving, sheep, deer, and agricultural fairs, among other things, and assign them to the Huntersville road because it was on that road that Mary Vance Poage wove the web that won the wealth.

This was in the year 1828. At that time there was but one plantation on the river bottom lands on which the city of Marlinton is now built. It was the farm of Major William Poage the first sheriff of Pocahontas county. The county at that time was four years old. The mansion house stood on the east bank of the river nearly opposite the mouth of Price run where the ford of Greenbrier river was located. The ford was marked by the riding rock, a big boulder about four feet in every dimension. When that boulder could be seen the river could be forded by a man on horseback. If it was hid it would not be attempted by the ordinary rider. There was a shallower ford at the island, called Marlins ford, and sometimes the horsemen rode around by that ford when the water was too high at the regular place. In the record flood of 1877, that riding rock was shoved down the river without turning over for a hundred yards and it came to rest again in the same way that it had served at the ford. Its slightly rounded top was right side up, and it was no longer needed as a riding rock, but when the rafting business sprang up and became so important on the Greenbrier river with trained pilots and crews, it served to mark a tide in the river sufficient to carry a full sized raft to the railway depot at Ronceverte, a raft of a hundred thousand feet of lumber. When that rock was hid, the raft was gotten under way.

I cannot remember seeing the plantation buildings of the Poage homestead except the main hall after it was deserted and used as a barn to store hay in. It was a huge two story log house with a hall through it and big rooms on each side and must have been an impressive pioneer house. It has been pulled down about fifty years, and its place is marked by some signs of an apple orchard at that place.

Poage married the Widow Gatewood, a brilliant woman, a daughter of Jacob Warwick. Her first husband was William Gatewood, of the Mountain Grove plantation. He was a widower and she was left a young widow with one child, Andrew Gatewood. He died young. He was a classmate of William C. Preston, the famous South Carolina senator and judge, and the two were the bright particular stars of their class at Washington College. Preston's grandmother was a sister of Patrick Henry. Gatewood was his rival in oratory. Much was expected of him when his career was terminated in his youth by death. There have been a lot of Andrew Gatewood's namesakes in the mountains. I am one of them myself. The children by her second marriage included the four beautiful daughters, Rachel Beard, Mary Vance Moffett, Sally McChesney, and Margaret Davies Price, from whom a large number of persons trace their descent.

The second daughter was Mary Vance Poage. She was a great beauty and noted for her accomplishments. One of them was the ability to weave. That was a part of the education required of young ladies in the pioneer days. Weaving was more than a trade or a household duty. It was the symbol of the independence of the colonies from the control of England. When the parliament had Benjamin Franklin to make a trip to England and questioned him in executive session as to whether there was any danger of the American colonies engaging in a revolt against England, he told them that there was just such danger. They argued that this could not come about for the reason that in revolt against England, that the colonists could not procure cloth to clothe themselves. Franklin told them that the people of the new world had already provided for this by putting a bar to the killing of sheep and by putting looms in the houses of the people. The House of Commons refused to believe Franklin but it turned out just as he said it would.

In the year 1828, Mary Vance Poage, seventeen years old, wove a piece of all wool carpet one yard broad and twenty yards long for which she received the first prize at the Albermarle Agricultural Society. I think that all of our clan ought to be prouder of that than almost anything else that has happened in our annals.

In 1817, thirty men met in Charlottesville to form a farmers association for the promotion of agriculture. Five counties were represented, Albemarle, Nelson, Fluvanna, Orange and Louisa. Among the thirty were two presidents of the United States, two governors of Virginia, a United States Senator Ambassador to England, a member of the Supreme Court of the United States, a general of the United States army, a Secretary of War, and other distinguished farmers. Then as now to be a farmer is greater than to be a king.

Thomas Jefferson was seventy-four years old and while active in the meeting he was not chosen president of the society, that honor falling to another ex-president, James Madison of Orange county.

Among those present were Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Barbour, Thomas M. Randolph, John [illegible], Wilson J. Cary, Miles Cary, William Bolling, Thomas B. Harrison, William Harrison, Dr. Mann Page, William Merriwether, George Gilmer, Philip P. Barbour, Robert Rives, Thomas J. Randolph, and Gen John H Cocke. It was a very respectable gathering.

The aristocracy of Virginia had the admirable trait of making the ownership of land and husbandry respectable. The noble could not work in another man's land or in another man's factory, but he could work on his own land and not lose caste. To milk your own cow was to comply with the code of honor. To milk another man's cow for hire was degradation. A good deal of that spirit is needed in the mountains of West Virginia today. If it was carried out it would mean that the rich mountain land would be readied up and the wilderness would bloom like a rose.

The Albermarle society is one of the oldest farmer's organizations in America. It is probably Jefferson's idea. Husbandry and the arts connected with it were the objects. For instance a prize was offered for an improved grain cradle for the wheat harvest.

And another department took into consideration the importance of weaving, for as they remarked in the resolution that if Congress kept on with the tariff on cloth that it would mean that we would have to make our own.

It is hard to say what a young woman of Marlinton would think today, if it was suggested to her that in her leisure moments, to keep time from hanging heavy on her hands, that she weave twenty yards of cloth. The weavers have left us. I do not know of anyone who weaves cloth. Possibly we could get a rag carpet woven on some of the looms of the county, but the practise of making homespun for clothes has entirely played out so far as I know. And it seems but the other day when home made jeans was common for clothes and urine was used in the dye operations.

Weaving was a great solace to the lonely lives of the frontier women. It was soothing to the nerves and made the women healthy and hearty. The only part of the art that has come down to me is the ability to tie a weaver's knot, that knot that will never slip, and in which the ends of the string lie true with the direction of the string, so that it may be woven in without leaving a mark.

In the case of the prize carpet, Mary Vance Poage had an aunt living on a plantation near Charlottesville. It was Aunt Elizabeth Warwick Woods, the wife of Col. William Woods, of Albemarle. There were no children in their family and Mary Vance Poage was about as near kin as was known in that home noted for its hospitality. Then you have the picture of the seventeen year old girl on the bank of the Greenbrier river, weaving the twenty yards of pure wool carpet during the long winter evenings, the wrapping up the fabric and the long horseback ride up the Huntersville road and over the mountains, one hundred and twenty miles to Charlottesville, and the exhibiting of the carpet. It was such a perfect bit of work that Mary Poage of Pocahontas county was awarded the first prize of ten dollars, and all was just about right. Then came the controversy. Some bush lawyer sprung the high point that the carpet came from Pocahontas county and that the society had no member in Pocahontas county, and that the exhibits were limited to those counties included by membership in the society. These valley counties were all right but from the other side of the big divide no. Nothing from the western waters could compete.

Then the committee showed a good deal of horse sense. The kind that was always needed to keep the eastern and western portions of the commonwealth of Virginia from fighting. It admitted that the rule was stated by the contender, but it said that as the young lady did not known of the rule, and that as the fabric was the best shown, they would let the prize stand as a discretionary prize, and that they would award the same amount as a second prize to a Mrs Meriwether, who had also exhibited in this class.

So that was one way out of the difficulty. That Mary Vance Poage married Robert Beale, who died leaving his wife and a daughter. Mary Vance Beale married the second time Henry M. Moffett, clerk of the courts. Her daughter Margaret Beale married Dr. Geo. B. Moffett. Their son was James A. Moffett. Mary's daughter Evalina married Col. Wm. P. Thompson, and all together she might be termed a grandmother and a mother in-law of the Standard Oil Company, ante dating the Rockefeller domination, and working along with it.

It would be a good thing if the loom as a part of the equipment of the farm was restored.

It is not so important however from a commercial standpoint as it is for the restoration of the steady habits of the pioneers.

A question has been raised by the figures as to the kill of deer in the open season of 1927. Considerably more than half of those killed in West Virginia were killed in Pocahontas county. The reason is the rich range that is to be found in these mountains, and what is good for deer is good for sheep. If we had ten times as many sheep in Pocahontas county as we have now, it would make the people of the county rich.

A bushel of corn and a little hay or fodder will winter a sheep and in the summer they need nothing but the range of the chestnut woods. The [illegible] and the industry may be thrown back on the rugged lands of the Appalachian mountains.

When the English government questioned Franklin about the possibility of a revolution, they asked him if he did not think that the colonies were wholly dependent upon England for cloth. How could they possibly find wool enough in North America.

Franklin replied that they had taken steps to increase the wool. They entered into general combinations to eat no more lamb, and very few lambs were killed last year. This course persisted in will soon make a prodigious difference in the quantity of wool. And the establishment of great manufactories, like those in the clothing towns of England is not necessary as it is where the business is to be carried on for the purpose of trade. The people will spin and work for themselves in their own houses.

Sheep had a hard time to get a start in the colonies. The first sheep to come to Virginia were imported in 1609, but forty years after that there were but three thousand sheep in the colony. They were subject to raids by wolves and by Indians and they were kept for the most part on islands in the sea. Massachusetts got its first sheep in 1624, and twenty years after that had but one thousand in the colony.

In the New England states the farmers hired a community shepherd who handled the flocks in the summer at so much per head penning them every night.

It was not until the Revolution that the sheep industry got under good headway. The year 1774 there were about twenty thousand lambs butchered for the Philadelphia market, and in 1775, hardly any. The people began to weave on their own looms, wool for warm clothes, and flax for linens. And still there was a great suffering during the Revolution for cloth, and a great trade grew up in smuggled woolens that were bought in England, sent to France, and from there brought to the American colonies.

After the war was over the sheep industry continued to prosper. The most successful sheep raiser was George Washington. He bred his flock up to 800 and the average weight of the fleece was five and a half pounds, just about double the average fleece. But after he had served eight years as president in New York and Philadelphia, this flock dwindled to 200 with an average clip of two and a half pounds.

In 1791, on the farm of Seth Wright, near Boston, was dropped a lamb that created a new breed of sheep in America. It was called the Otter sheep or Ancon. This ram has a long body and short legs. It could not jump a fence or go faster than a walk. While it was a sport, the descendants bred true to type, and it was fairly plentiful at one time. I do not know whether any of these sheep are in existence or not.

The Albemarle society could not get up much enthusiasm for sheep. One year there were not exhibits enough to take all the prizes. They made a special report reminding the people that the federal government were bearing down hard on southern industry and that the country was being run for the benefit of the hotbed favorites, the manufacturing establishments of the east and west, and that all of us folks had better get ready to make our own cloth. They go on to say Great Britian could have hardly accomplished in fifty years as much oppression has had been heaped upon us in a few years by the unjust and partial policy of a government of our own institution.

Aunt Elizabeth Woods, in addition to prize won by her niece Mary, seems to have been a great weaver. She gets first prize for best piece of linen cloth 20 yards long and 1 yard wide; first for the best piece of table linen 20 yards long and 1 yard wide; first for the best piece of negro's outside winter clothing, three fourths of a yard wide, and 20 yards long made entirely of wool; first for the best piece of white flannel; first for the best piece of linen shirting; and first for most complete suit of clothes of domestic manufacture, this being Col. William Woods' suit, which beat Mr. James Duke by a small fraction.

Stephen McCormick invented a new plough called the McCormick plough and this got first prize. Also an Angular Ballance to test ploughs which was bought by the society. This is where the McCormick broke into the farm implement business.

Mary Vance Poage's carpet was woven at Marlinton, for the condition was that it should be woven at the house of the exhibitor.

I would like to know what has become of that piece of carpet. The lady departed this life in the Levels. Her last home on earth was the brick house now owned by George P. Edgar. A great many pieces of elaborate weaves are treasured by the descendants of Mary Vance Warwick, who was the noted housewife of colonial days in Pocahontas county. For at least three generations of her descendants prided themselves on their ability to sew a fine seam, and spin, and weave. But it is a lost art now. The present generation would not weave. They are afraid to. They might set the works on fire with a cigarette.

T. S. McNeel F. F. McLaughlin

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Order of Publication

State of West Virginia

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, on Monday, the 6th day of February, 1928.

T. S. McNeel, as administrator of the estate of Madison Wilson, deceased
Plaintiff

vs

James Wilson, Gene Wilson, Anna Belle Wilson, F. P. McLaughlin, Marlinton Electric Company, a corporation, T. D. Moore, J. A. McLaughlin, T. J. Mason, H. G. Thomas, Montgomery Ward and Company, a corporation, Pocahontas Memorial Hospital, D. W. Williams, Elihu Robinson, Farmers and Merchants Bank, a corporation, T. H. Hiner, Williams & Pifer Lumber Company, a corporation, C. J. Richardson, L. M. McClintic, L. M. McClintic, Trustee, George W. McClintic, D. C. Adkison, A. G. Killingsworth, J. E. Buckley, Trustee, and all other creditors of the estate of Madison Wilson, deceased,
Defendants.

The object of the above entitled suit is to settle the accounts of the said Administrator and subject the real estate of which the said Madison Wilson died seized to the payment of his debts and [illegible] relief. This day came the [illegible] his attorney and [illegible] it appearing by affidavit filed in this cause that Anna Belle Wilson and Montgomery Ward and Company, a corporation, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia; it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication hereof and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

A copy, teste:
D. C. ADKISON, Clerk.

A. P. Edgar, Counsel.

Notice

I have for sale 50 acres of land more or less, with good frame house of six rooms, small orchard, some grape vines, good garden, house close to county road, three quarters of a mile to class A road. One mile to postoffice, school, church and store. Land is well watered by creek and springs. Some outbuildings. Land is about half under cultivation, will sell at a bargain to quick buyer. For further information call or see Mrs. Alice Carpenter, Dunmore, W. Va.

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THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter

CALVIN W. PRICE, Editor

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1928

The Huntersville road. Our folks have spent a good deal of time at the western terminus of that road, about one hundred and seventy three years to be conservative. Personally I believe that Jacob Warwick was born here in 1742, but after a good deal of research, I concluded that it would be better to take the later date of 1755, as being more conservative, and that being the year of the Indian raid something like a month after the battle of Braddock's Defeat, when twelve persons were killed here and eight carried into captivity. Since that time a good deal of water has run under the bridge.

It has been an open winter and it has been a pleasure to loiter along the banks and braes of the Huntersville district. Most of this town is in Edray district, but it has grown until a lot of the neighbors live in Huntersville district. It is a reminder that mountain streams do not make good municipal boundaries when such streams cut the settlements in two. Formerly the district of Huntersville came to the river a mile below the mouth of Knapps creek and ran with the river to the point above town. The present district corner is at the railway coal tipple. In the eighties the public school system of the new state of West Virginia had advanced to a point that a school was needed at Marlins Bottom and the river divided the community so that part of the children of school age lived in one district and part in another. Edray was willing to build the school house and as a concession Huntersville ceded three farms to Edray district, and it was on their residents lands that the court house and the city were afterwards built. So they ever think about it at all in Huntersville district, they can remember that Marlinton is Huntersville Irredenta, or Huntersville unredeemed. It is hard to think of the citizens of Marlinton as the unredeemed.

Here is a peculiar coincidence about that line up Greenbrier river. It was the line of the lost colony of Westsylvania, that claimed to be the fourteenth colony of the Revolution. On July 4, 1776, the other thirteen colonies signed the Declaration of Independence and Westsylvania claimed the right to come in as the fourteenth member of the confederation, to include the western part of Pennsylvania, all of West Virginia on the western waters, and the eastern part of Kentucky. That line ran from the point where the junction of the New River and Greenbrier River formed the Great Kanawha River, up Greenbrier River to the head of the northeastern fork, and from there to the top of the Allegheny mountain and with that mountain north. So every one who crosses Greenbrier river crosses the old line of Westsylvania. Virginia killed the Westsylvania movement by forming the district of West Augusta and establishing the three counties of Monongalia, Ohio, and Yohogania. But Augusta county was allowed to keep the upper part of the Greenbrier Valley, including the town of Marlinton.

I did not know last fall that I was going to write a book about this road and it would have never occurred to me that it was a prolific subject at that time. But one thing leads to to another and while our feet are clay yet the imagination knows no bounds and it can branch out from a lonely mountain road to take in many subjects, for when a man stands on the road between here and Huntersville, he is in the exact center of the world.

About the only thing absolutely new to me was the discovery that there are countless millions not to say billions of fossils in the Devonian exposure of that horizon, and it is to be hoped that the curious and cultured from every land under the sun will in time come here to see these wonderful traces of prehistoric life. They speak apout them being three hundred million years old. I think that must be a typographical error. They must mean three hundred million old things. I have progressed far enough in my studies and experiments to be able to produce a pretty fair fossil in ninety days, with chemicals, and I see no reason why it should take ages to grow them. And as to the layers of stone or stratas showing breaks, I think that is a debatable question of whether such stratas were laid down one each in an age, or one each in a flood. In the latter case several stratas might be laid down in a year, especially in the days where the world was warm and moist and floods were floods, and a river might have a vertical rise of hundreds of feet in a few hours.

All my life I have been tolerant of one Darwin, an obsolete scientist, and I always imagined that if ever I had an opportunity to study his writings that I would be impressed with his logic. It has proved just the reverse and I am astonished that he has been able to convince scholars. I think he was the prince of yellow journalists and that he walked in darkness. I write this with hesitation for I fear that it will cause some mental anguish on the part of some the brightest and best men I have ever known, and it will give them a pain in the PHD, but I cannot help that, for that same Darwin placed himself in that class of geologists that entitled him to wear the mill stone around his neck and join his colleague McGinty at the bottom of the sea. Professor Whoso offended the humble.

Some years ago a man by the name of Coue discovered the benefits of daily prayer and thought it was original with him. He had been out of touch with the teachings of the Christian religion. We called his attention to the fact that great numbers of persons believed in daily prayer and had practised it for centuries. After that was published in this newspaper, the world continued to engage in hard praying, but it did not pay any particular attention to the learned doctor. He never would have got it across in the first place if reporters ever went to church.

Mark my words, Darwinism and witchcraft will be linked together before many generations come and go.

But I do not want to get too much about the living rock in this chapter. It would make it too heavy. I got inspiration up the creek. And those who see an aged man turning over stones on the Huntersville road may note with faint interest that they have see an old trilobite hunting for a trilobite.

This road runs between Marlin mountain on one side and Buckley mountain on the other. Knapps creek which used to have a drainage much greater than the James river, was cut off by a recent disturbance at the top of the Allegheny. Marlin mountain is surrounded by farms, but Buckley mountain was the edge of the boundless forest that stretched southeast for fifty miles. It was a tangled system of hills and coves and valleys in which a hunter could easily get lost. In the old days we would load the old mountain rifle for bear and go for a long walk in these woods. In those days of the muzzle loader the hunter would increase the charge of powder according to what kind of game he expected to encounter.

This stretch of country has been pretty well timbered off in the last few years but it is about ready to be given back to the wilderness and it is already well stocked with game. In the dreadful ten days of 1927, when the hunters went into the woods after buck deer and saw does and fawns and suffered as much agony as the temptation of St. Anthony, a herd of eleven deer came out of Buckley mountain and took refuge within the corporation limits of Marlinton, and went back to Buckley mountain on the eleventh day.

In my young days, a monster deer, as big as an elk roamed those woods under the name of Old Sam, and it was the ambition of every boy in the neighborhood to kill that deer. One day when I was setting type the word came that they were running this big deer through town, and I laid down the unfinished sentence and took a shot at Old Sam as he climbed Bucks mountain on the west side of the river with a .32 Winchester which was nothing more than a salute, for I was down at the run and he was just topping the ridge and showed against the light of the setting sun. That was the day that he ran the gauntlet for about a mile through the town and never got a scratch so far as anyone could verify. He all but ran over Tommy Ricketts, the Englishman, who fired wildly and at large. I am still insisting on my alibi, you will observe. The deer was out of range. The gun was insufficient. The sun was in my eyes.

In those days, there was an interesting tradition that somewhere in the Buckley mountains there was a patch of sang that would make a man rich and well to do. The story ran that in the ancient days a hunter I do not recall his name, found this hollow in which there were growing tons and tons of ginseng, and that this hunter loaded himself up with it and came in to spend the night and could never afterwards find the place. It was an old story when I was young and the thought of it was ever present with all the boys who roamed through the forest on that side of the river. It was never found. If found it was never mentioned.

It would have been a live question if a fortune in sang had been found there whether it belonged to the land owner or the finder.

In 1872, West Virginia had two legislatures. One met January 16th and adjourned February 29th. The other met November 19th, 1872, and adjourned April 7, 1873, John M. Lightner, a lawyer of Huntersville, was the local representative of the first, and William J. Wooddell, of Green Bank, of the second.

William J. Wooddell introduced the bill that passed and became a law that is still in the code making it unlawful to dig ginseng or other medical roots on the lands of another without the consent of the owner or owners first had and obtained. Said law to apply to the counties of Pocahontas, Greenbrier, and Webster, and any other county which would adopt the law by a vote of the people. A hundred citizens can petition the county court to submit it to the vote of the county. The penalty is a fine of fifty dollars and two months imprisonment at the discretion of the court. It has been more honored in its breach than in its observance. It was the forerunner by fifty years of the present law forbidding the hunting of game on the lands of another without written permission, which is more or less of a dead letter, but establishes a right in land that is very precious to the land owner, in that it keeps the hunter polite to the toiling farmer.

Billy J. Wooddell was the popular idol of this county. Like some of the present day citizens, he could not be beaten. Late in life he moved to Webster county, and his children have played important parts in West Virginia. His grandson, B. W. Craddock, was here the other day showing all the signs of being willing to go to the senate from the 10th Legion. He looks more like a Wooddell than some of the local members of the clan. When ever I come across some of these absent members, I always commit the solecism of pronouncing the name Woodle. It seems to me that I cannot keep my wits about me long enough to say it as it ought to be said: Wood Dell. That is the way it is spelt and that is what it means. A wooded valley.

It would be hard to say how many thousands of dollars of sang has been shipped from Pocahontas county. It has amounted to hundreds of thousands of dollars worth. And it is safe to say that little or none of it was dug wild by the owners. Speaking from a landowner's standpoint, I am of the opinion that it is worth it to find it. I never dug a pound of it in my life. It is one branch of woods lore that I am wholly unacquainted with. I have tried to find it and I have seen it growing. I own some land that is good sang land, but with all my hunting and fishing and botanizing and clearing land and geologizing and scrouging around, I have never been able to identify sang. But if I am spared I may come to it yet. There may be time for this. Last fall some of the younger men quit work and went in for ginseng and made big money at it. That is more than wages. In the old days, the greatest objection to sangers came at a time when a number of woods people were disturbed by a feud in another part of the State and came here and spent whole summers in these mountains without having any abiding place. The stockmen were afraid that they might in cases of emergency take a steer or sheep for food. But the real sangers were those who could afford an outing for pleasure and for profit. And above all the right to hunt sang was reserved for the boy, the hope of the land. Where his city cousin was learning business by selling papers on the streets, the little mountain boy was learning to be a financier by digging a ginseng on the days that he could be spared from the crops. I maybe a sanger yet. I am not stupid enough to be a great man.

But this narrowing circle of individual rights. Some years ago the Supreme Court intimated that the property right of the bee tree of the woods was with the owner of the land and not with the bee hunter who cut his initial on the bark of the tree. And there was another common law right gone. There was a practical application of this right between man and man here a couple of years ago. A man found a bee tree on my land right on the county road about a mile from town. It was a big oak tree overhanging the roadway and by which a couple of sets of telephone wires ran on the down hill side. I did not know about it until a finder came and told me about it, but I wanted it not to cut, but to preserve as a curiosity of life in the woods. The bees went in through four holes in a square in plain sight of the road. So I took a middle course. I gave the gentleman who found the tree five dollars for I felt sure that would buy more sweetening than is found in an average bee tree, and that satisfied him. These bees came through the winter of 1926-27 very well, though they did not go to work until so late in the season that I was sure they had perished. I do not know how they are getting along this winter but I hope for the best. But for two summers I have been able to show my visitors a bee tree with the initial and all on it, with the bees humming and circling around. But I could not see that any of them were very wild about it. When I went to see my friend, J. D. Kerr, the veteran, in the Green Bank district, he showed me where he had cut a bee tree and had carried home the segment containing the bees and honey and set it up as a bee hive in his yard, where the colony had lived a contented life for years.

Thirty years ago last fall the road to Huntersville climbed the hill by the cemetery at Marlinton and descended along the side of the mountain to the big eddy above the Leyden bottom. That left that hillside in woods clear down to some narrow strips of cleared land on the bank of the creek. The Buckley mountain woods came down to the waters edge. I remember that date for that was the beginning of the thirty years war. The year I went to housekeeping. It was a convention then that a young fellow getting married and setting up family life, should be able to supply some game and game fish for the table, and I was able to live up to that rule. It is the most important secret of mountain life to be able to take what the gods provide in the way of the pleasures of out door life such as hunting and fishing and trapping and the like.

There at the bend of the creek was one of my own particular game preserves, and I have taken a lot of fish there too. But I will never forget the year 1897. It seems that year that all of the mast in the woods failed and the game was all driven to the farms by hunger. Local men had no idea that there was as much game in the woods as they saw in the clearings that year. And by the same token, there must have been a wholesale destruction of game that fall and winter from the various causes, such as left the land scare of game for years.

That was the year that about a hundred turkeys came in from Buckley mountain to the fields in Leyden Bottom and they were pretty well hunted and my particular patch was common property. These turkeys would feed clear across the bottom with the exception of the biggest gobbler that ever was seen in these or any other woods. He would hang on the flank and never be far from the woods, but he would cross the creek and come into full view. I saw him a number of times and many other hunters saw him. We agreed that he must weigh upwards of a hundred pounds. He was too big for a turkey and that is about the only way to describe him.

That was a great place for pheasants or grouse as the grousers say. I got five one day with a rifle. They were the laurel grouse. The grouse without a gall, raised in laurel woods, which does not poison them. Limestone grouse have galls like domestic fowls. Tell the ornithologist.

Order of Publication

State of West Virginia

At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, on Monday, the 6th day of February, 1928.

T. S. McNeel, as administrator of the estate of Madison Wilson, deceased, Plaintiff

vs

James Wilson, Gene Wilson, Anna Belle Wilson, F. P. McLaughlin, Marlinton Electric Company, a corporation, T. D. Moore, J. A. McLaughlin, T. J. Mason, H. G. Thomas, Montgomery Ward and Company, a corporation, Pocahontas Memorial Hospital, D. W. Williams, Elihu Robinson, Farmers and Merchants Bank, a corporation, T. H. Hiner, Williams & Pifer Lumber Company, a corporation, C. J. Richardson, L. M. McClintic, L. M. McClintic, Trustee, George W. McClintic, D. C. Adkison, A. G. Killingsworth, J. R. Buckley, Trustee, and all other creditors of the estate of Madison Wilson, deceased, Defendants.

The object of the above entitled suit is to settle the accounts of the said Administrator and subject the real estate of which the said Madison Wilson died seized to the payment of his debts, and for general relief. This day came the plaintiff by his attorney and upon his motion and it appearing by affidavit filed in this cause that Anna Belle Wilson and Montgomery Ward and Company, a corporation, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia; it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the date of the first publication hereof and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

A copy, teste:

D. C. ADKISON, Clerk.

A. P. Edgar, Counsel.

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T. S. McNeel F. F. McLaughlin

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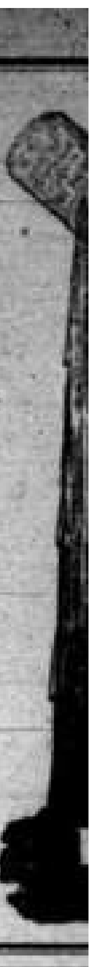
H. W. Harper, Manager
Hillsboro, West Virginia



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THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR.

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1928

The Huntersville road. I found some good examples of ripple marks turned into hard red stone on the road side. The slabs of rock would do well enough for a wash board. The theory is that the sand was smooth along the beach and that in a sheltered cove the sand or mudflat was swept by wavelets so that the mud assumed the shape of the waves. Then the water rose and covered the mud and the mud had hardened into stone, the undulations were preserved with a break between so that when the stone was broken up, the layers separated and showed the ripple marks, and a gentleman came along and picked it up before exposure to the weather had time to destroy the markings.

Foot prints of animals are preserved in the same way and as time has a tendency to create a cold trail, these foot prints laid down many years ago, are considered great finds by geologists, but there is a tendency not to accept anything anyone else finds. The principle is the same as when the old dog Towser walks across a bit of new cement walk and gets scolded by the workmen. There are several places in Pocahontas county that may be foot prints but they have not been accepted by the scholars of this natural science who for some unaccountable reason have grabbed seats of authority. They probably owe their eminence to their blameless lives in which they have never taken a chance, and been content to take the work as finished. They are trying to grind with the water that has passed.

The other day Mr. H. H. Jones, superintendent of free schools, of Doddridge county, West Virginia, sent me a striking photograph of prints on a sandstone in his part of the country. It looked like a giant hand of man. It was found in a coal country and in the Pottsville series, the same series that is found in this county in the Cheat River section. I sent the photograph to the geology department of Princeton University, which is beginning to show interest in this county, and have not heard from them. But in looking through some reference books here I find that what Mr. Jones has discovered is an exact replica of a certain set of famous foot prints found many years ago in Pennsylvania which have the record of being the oldest record of land vertebrates in the world. A four footed crawling animal with fleshy feet. It is of vast importance in checking up the Pennsylvania tracks. The name is sauropus primoevus. Le Conte, the great geologist of the University of California has a picture of the Pennsylvania tracks in his monumental work entitled the Elements of Geology. I think that Le Conte comes nearer interpreting the kind of marks that I have seen than any authority I have yet consulted in the books. He has given me back my simple faith in my annelids. I felt that I could not be mistaken in my corrugatus but one authority said that they were crinids or lily stems. Another said that they were tentaculites or roots of a parasite that attached themselves to shell fish. But Le Conte says they are worm tubes. He has a pleasing style of expression that is very comforting to one who likes to follow the thoughts of another.

Another thing that I like Le Conte for is his help in regard to another matter. All through the winter I kept finding in that no man's land between the Devonian and the Silurian in which twilight zone the town of Huntersville is located, a very beautiful, flower like fossil clearly impressed upon the hardest kind of stone. It did not answer to the specifications of a sea shell very well for the reason that the radiating lines were not uniform, some being straight and others in curves. The number of petals varied very much in numbers. This is common in flowers as any botanist will admit. The youngster who takes a ox eye daisy and pulls out the petals to tell his fortune reciting the ritual: Rich man, poor man, beggar, thief, to see on which one of the names the last petal falls, is familiar with the fact that the number of petals varies in flowers of the same name and identity.

This fossil showed the flowers in groups such as would be common to those growing in clusters, like the white clover for instance, and the general aspect was such that I took to calling it Huntersville clover. I could not account for the fact that some of the petals or fronds were curved and some straight. Le Conte had found it and illustrated to the life, and had called it: "Oldhamia antiqua, probably a plant." Oldham is a town about as far east of the Black Mine and Bent Mine coals in England, near Manchester, and in about the same relative position that Huntersville occupies to the soft coal in West Virginia. It is a cotton town, the rule in England being to establish the factories on the edge of the coal fields. In America they prefer to haul the coal many hundreds of miles, so adverse are they to use the coal where it was deposited by nature. This policy is good for the railroads but hard on the coal fields and the factories.

Most of the geology belongs to the period referred to generally as B. C. At that time there was no one living here that we can definitely determine. So to bring the conversation down to the times known as A. D., I want to make some mention of a citizen who so far as I can figure out has the right to be known as the father and founder of Huntersville, and that is John Bradshaw.

The name of Bradshaw has faded out of Pocahontas county, but a large number of citizens of the name of McLaughlin, Carkley, Gwin, Hogsett and Tallman are direct descendants of the old pioneer. It is safe to say that enough descendants of this Soldier of the Revolution could be named who would far outnumber the members of the societies known as the Sons of the Revolution and the Daughters of the American Revolution in West Virginia, as large and prosperous as those societies have become. John Bradshaw had four sons who removed to foreign countries, two to Missouri, one to Virginia, and one to Lewis county. He had four daughters who married here and left a host of descendants. At the time that the Revolution broke out John Bradshaw was eighteen years old. At that time he was scouting around on the western waters somewhere about Wolf Creek in Monroe county.

Early in that war the Indian armies appeared on our western frontier, and the backwoodsmen were organized into a branch of colonial service known as rangers, but officially designated as Indian spies. It was their duty to watch the country along the Seneca trail from Monroe county to Preston county. Along this line a large number of stockade forts were built in the bloody seventies. The best men were detailed for this service. They took the usual oath of the soldier and in addition to that oath they swore not to build a fire at night no matter how cold or rainy it might be. Bradshaw said that he usually made a three or four days tour in the country lying between New River and Big and Little Stoney creeks, Indian Draft and Wolf Creek. That the spies traveled two in a company, and that it was his custom to scout through the woods and meet a similar detail from Burnside Fork. Bradshaw traveled out of Cook fort. The eastern border was watched in this way between the line of forts extending from the Tennessee country to northern Pennsylvania. Bradshaw went in company with James Ellis at times and on other occasions his partner was Col. Samuel Estell, of Kentucky. Each tour of duty made a circle of about thirty miles. His service was for six months each in the summers of 1776, 1777, 1778, and in 1779. In these months he engaged in no civil pursuit. The service lasted until November of each year, when it was considered that the country was safe from Indian raids on account of cold weather. If the weather stayed warm, or a warm spell occurred in the winter, the thoughts of the pioneers would turn to the danger of an Indian raid and they would call it Indian summer.

At the end of 1779, Bradshaw went to the east side of the Alleghenies and married Nancy McKamie, and settled on the Bull Pasture river about ten miles below McDowell in the part of the country covered by Fort George, one of the forts of the line of forts built by Dinwiddie in the French and Indian war. Bradshaw seems to have had about a year at home. From November 1, 1779, to January 1, 1781. That was about the time that Col. Tarleton, and his dragoons, chased the Virginia assembly into the mountains until the statesmen met in Staunton, and an alarm in the night, caused the legislature to scatter in great haste at that place.

Bradshaw joined the company of Captain Thomas Hicklin, in Col. Sampson Mathews regiment, and served an enlistment of three months from the highlands to the sea. He was in a battle at Portsmouth, with John Slaven, and a lot of other mountain men, and being discharged he came home for the summer. But along in August he was called to the colors again and again marched down from the mountains to the sea, and by the time that he got to Yorktown the colonial troops had penned up Lord Cornwallis and a big British army on a narrow penninsular, and there is where John Bradshaw waded in human blood shoe mouth deep. Cornwallis surrended to the American army there, and John Bradshaw stood in line with the other ragged colonial soldiers one morning in October. The Americans formed a double line and the Cornwallis army marched out of Yorktown between the lines and reached a place where they were required to lay down their arms. Some of the British soldiers threw their muskets down with force enough to injure the gun. Then the British marched back between the lines into Yorktown.

The next day the British prisoners were marched off to Winchester under guard and Bradshaw was one of the guards, and when these prisoners were duly delivered at Winchester in the Valley, Bradshaw was discharged and came back to his home.

Soon after the Revolution, John Bradshaw moved west of the Allegheny and founded Huntersville. He got for his mountain home the plantations now owned by Sherman P. Curry, the Amos Barlow heirs, and J. H. Buzzard, several square miles of territory, and this included all of the site of the town of Huntersville. The Bradshaw home was placed on a bluff looking down on the beautiful waters of Knapps creek, at or near the place where Isaac Barlow lives. Bradshaw was monarch of all he surveyed.

About this time, John Bradshaw had a stroke of luck which made him one of the richest men of the mountains. A ticket that he held in a State lottery drew him a prize of ten thousand dollars and that was an immense fortune in those days.

He was a prominent figure in Bath county and in this county after its formation. My father remembers seeing him. My father was seven years old when John Bradshaw died seventy-nine years old. In his old age, he was a large portly man, with elegant manners, and fine dress, and walked with a crutch richly inlaid with silver.

When Pocahontas county was organized in the spring of 1822, the commissioners met at John Bradshaw's house, and they took from him a deed for about an acre of ground on the bluff across the lane from his house, for the county buildings. This site was accepted and a brick courthouse built on it that lasted until the county seat was moved six miles west on the Huntersville road to the new city of Marlinton.

John Bradshaw had another immense tract of land in the Dilley's Mill community.

One of the first orders of the new county court was to grant license to keep a house of private entertainment at his residence for the year ending in May, 1823. For this he paid a license of $4.50. But the next year he was licensed to keep an ordinary at the same place for a license fee of $18.00. In the meantime, Bradshaw sat as one of the county court, being a justice of the county. The main difference between a house of entertainment and an ordinary was that that the ordinary could sell spirits and wine by the small measure. The court fixed the tariff. For a half pint of whiskey the charge was 12 1 2 cents or one bit. There were plenty of half cent pieces in those days. Meals were 25 cents and lodging 12 cents. A gallon of grain was 12 1 2 cents, and hay for twenty four hours for one horse was 12 1 2 cents. What price soda water?

John Bradshaw sleeps in the old Huntersville cemetery. His grave is not marked by a lettered monument but it can be located and it should receive one of the monuments provided for by Congress for Revolutionary soldiers. My father says that his grave is marked by a wild cherry tree growing directly over his last resting place.

The old cemetery is on the brow of the bluff just west of the state highway where it climbs the elevation to turn around the postoffice going east. John Bradshaw departed this life January 8, 1837. A tall unlettered native slab of rock is at the head of the grave, and a smaller one at the foot, both standing. Between the two stones, exactly over the center of the grave there is a large wild cherry tree, perhaps thirty inches in diameter. This tree is showing signs of great age, and is ready to fall. There is some talk of cutting it down on account of its condition.

You know there is a great deal of talk about the extreme age of forest trees that is mostly all guesswork. Here is a tree that we know to be less than a hundred years old that shows signs of old age and which has reached its full size.

Practically all of the land about Huntersville is Bradshaw land and the old veteran is there in the center of it in possession.

Close by him is the tomb of George E. Craig, a prominent citizen of this county, was born in 1801 and died in 1846. He was a merchant at the county seat. He was an elder in the Presbyterian church. One of his sons was the Rev. Dr. J. N. Craig, prominent in the Southern Presbyterian church. He was about my father's age and as boys they left the same day in company to enter Washington College at Lexington, Virginia. In the year 1850 where both graduated. So far as I know these were the first college graduates from Pocahontas county, and both became Presbyterian ministers.

A great many persons trace their line to John Bradshaw through the marriage of six of his granddaughters children of William Bradshaw Nancy married Isaac Hartman of Green Bank, Mary Jane married Alexander Moore, of Stony Creek, Senitda married Washington Nottingham, of Glade Hill, Huldah, married John A. McLaughlin, of Huntersville, Martha married Beverly Waugh, of the Little Levels, and Matilda married Nicholas Linger of Lewis county.

There would be no trouble to form a very numerous society of the descendants of this Revolutionary soldier. And a reunion of his descendants on some summer day at the noted Curry arch just above and in sight of his grave would be notable gathering. It would make a grand monument for a tablet to be placed on this great arch with the name of John Bradshaw and the dates of his service in the war for Independence.

The traveller on the Huntersville road can locate the tomb of John Bradshaw from the road as he crosses the bridge leading into Huntersville at George Ginger's residence. It is a large wild cherry tree on the brow of the terrace back of A. B. McComb's store. I went there the other day with James A. Reed and as he looked around at the beautiful valley surrounded by the numerous mountains, he said: "All Bradshaw land!"

I then came on my way home and stopped at the mouth of the nameless little run on J. H. Buzzard's place where there are millions of small stones, the talus washed down from the hills above, and I stopped to take my daily breath of fresh air, and keep on with my continuing hunt for a perfect trilobite, which will probably be the millioneth stone I turn over.

As I scanned the gravel strewn stream beds, a young fellow came walking the road, and I hailed him and told him that I would be driving into town in a few minutes and he came and looked for specimens. He showed so much interest and intelligence in the work, that I asked him if he had had any experience in the business. He said he had worked on an expedition from the University of Chicago, in South America, for years, making collections of natural history objects. And in addition to that he had enlisted and served in the Argonne in the world war. He was a collector himself, his attention being given to numismatics, stamps, and World War relics. He was unmarried. He was looking for a position on a farm. He was farm raised. The gentleman of three continents left me to make application for a job as a farm hand.

Order of Publication

State of West Virginia

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Hillsboro, West Virginia

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

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CALVIN W. PRICE, Editor.

THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1928

The Huntersville Road. I have decided to ear mark this section so that it will fall into its proper place if I ever have a literary executioner. I was not on the lonely stretches of the road last week except on the last day of the week. Some days ago I got a relayed message over the long distance telephone inviting me to come to Charleston and speak at some sort of a revolution. It referred to the State meeting of the Sons of the Revolution to be held in that city on Washington's birthday, the national holiday. It is a far cry from the Huntersville road to the capital city and instead of getting inspiration from the wilderness, I had to depend upon the babel of the city. It was too great an honor to be refused and so I decided to make the attempt, though I have come to the conclusion that after dinner speaking is one of the cruel and unusual punishments that is denounced by the constitution. Post prandial they called it on the programme. I had been up against these assemblies before and I prepared two speeches. One a learned historical sermon on the colony of Westsylvania which afterwards came into the Union as West Virginia, and the other composed of sound wormy chestnuts. The historical treatise went by the board, but they eat up the chestnuts. The history piece will be printed and I am confirmed in my previous opinion that the less wind jamming that is done the better. As the visitor said to the babboon at the zoo: "Begorra, brother, ye have got sense enough to kape your mouth shut!"

There is the spirit of independance that is found in the hills and hollows, and there is the spirit of independence that is glorified by proud societies in the market places.

"Thy spirit of independence let me share,
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storms that howl across the sky."

The Sons of the Revolution is a society organized by states the qualification being that the member must be a lineal descendant of a soldier of the Revolutionary War, or one who has in some way been liable to a charge of treason against the British government of Revolution times. That word treason does not sound apt and proper to me. "Treason never prospers, what's the reason? Why, if it prosper, tis not treason." So it does not qualify under that head.

The number of troops in the Revolution is not very well settled. The highest number claimed is 395,858, of which 231,462 served under the title of Continental troops. The greatest strength of the continental army was in 1778, when it totaled about 35,000 men. But every county was organized for effective resistence and every man was more or less a defender of his home and country.

As I pointed out last week, the lineal descendants of a soldier like John Bradshaw, whose body is under a large wild cherry tree, out number the enrollment of the three societies in West Virginia based on descent from soldiers of the Revolution.

It is not logical that a few of the descendants should be exalted by appearing on the rolls of these societies when the workers of the world do not have their names there. I do not know any remedy for it, for the fees and dues asked are nominal. I pay three dollars a year for the privilege of having my name on the list of the descendants of backwoodsmen who wore the wammus. I am very glad of the chance. As for the others who belong to the big survey, all that we can do is to write some history that will identify them in case they or their children should ever want to join up. I have known many a man who was interested in the pedigree of fine stock, that does not care for his own pedigree.

It is a rather difficult task to construct a family tree, and many men intend to look up their line of descent who put it off until it is too late. I have filled up a good many. It is something like that long questionaire that we used to fill up for the soldier of the World War. My record in completing that searching and difficult inquiry was nine minutes, and that after much practice and much experience.

I was looking up a fighting Irish ancestor for a prominent man in Charleston the other day to qualify him for the Sons of the Revolution. We found a very good record but some things he had not known before. It seems that George Rogers Clarke marched his Virginians out across the flooded plains to take Gen. Hamilton at Vincennes, that this ancestor on the 24th day of February, 1779, surrendered as a soldier under Hamilton, and that he enlisted under George Rodgers Clarke and served continually for three long years as a soldier of the Revolution, and secured a land grant, and settled down and founded a family in America.

It is a queer state of affairs. It took much time to mellow the animosities of the Revolution. Washington, whose name we revere, died without knowing that he was to become universally beloved and respected. The same thing happened to Lincoln at a later date. George Rodgers Clarke the hero of the west was despised and rejected after the war. There is a reason for this for no man foresaw the effect of American liberty and independence. It enlightened the world and it brought about the amalgamation of the people of the world to form a nation inconceivably great and fine.

Now I am not concerned so much about sons and daughters of the Revolution who have their pedigrees established in the records of the societies, but I am concerned for that infinitely greater number who are not linked up with the lists when they have a right to be. It is the province of history to preserve these facts for the unresponding multitude, and in West Virginia some good work has been done along this line. But it has not been greatly fostered and encouraged.

Dr. Roy B. Cook, of Charleston, the historian, author of a number of books, is the authority on Washington and Stonewall Jackson. He specializes on these two notable men, but he has a grasp on all Virginian history. He sort of winces at the doctor to his name, thinking that he might be accused of claiming it through his scholarly attainments. He is like Keats, a druggist, pharmacist, apothecary, or chemist, and I do not know any class of persons who have a better right to be called doctor than those who compound the ingredients to relieve those who are suffering. These wee, little whimpering professors who have been diligently memorizing text books are not as noble in the sight of dying humanity as the man who alleviates and restores. It was Washington's birthday that the meeting was held and Dr. Cook was able to prescribe for and drench the holiday crowd with some cold facts about Washington.

Washington had much to do with West Virginia. Probably more than any other man at the critical time in the history of Virginia, when it was uncertain whether the Virginians would ever cross the mountains, Washington was able by his standing, his knowledge of the country, and his business ability to get a foot hold on the Western Waters.

It is uncertain how much if any of his time Washington spent on the Huntersville road. It is established that he came to Warm Springs after he was famous and partook of the waters along with hundreds of other summer boarders.

So many claimed a share in Washington, and there are so many rooms and beds in which he slept, that historians are becoming tired of having pistols placed at their heads and being required to endorse all these things. So they are inclined to fall back on Washington's diary and written documents for facts. Thus there has been doubt cast on the tradition that Washington cut down a cherry tree and owned up to it, when caught in the act. It is not in any known diary kept by Washington, and therefore it is to be received with caution. But Washington being human, the court will take judicial notice and knowledge of the fact that men leave out of diaries more than they put into them.

But the diary brings Washington to the Warm Springs and Huntersville turnpike, within 24 miles of Huntersville, and it is close enough for all practical purposes. But Washington was the boy from east Virginia who was fond of going to the mountains and visiting the Lewis family. The surveying that he did was under Thomas Lewis, and Andrew Lewis, the Revolutionary general, was Washington's guide, counselor and friend. Andrew Lewis was the surveyor who was laying plans for lands on the Western Waters. It is all but certain that Washington as a boy got his hunger for this forbidden land from Andrew Lewis. That the place where this Moses looked upon the land of Canaan was no other than the heights around the Narrows on the Huntersville road. It was this introduction to these mountains and the work that Washington did as a boy in land surveying for Fairfax, that caused him to be chosen by Dinwiddie to make a trip through the woods with Gist, to find out what the French were up to on the headwaters of the Ohio.

Washington had little schooling. He left school at the age of fifteen years. When he was sixteen years old he commenced to survey for Fairfax on lands drained by the Potomac river and spent three years in this work. Thomas Lewis was the regular Fairfax surveyor. It was these three years that Washington spent in the mountains that he had his headquarters at the Lewis homes near Staunton, and what the Lewis's knew about the land on the western waters Washington must have known. The very year that Washington quit the profession of a surveyor, 1751, when he was nineteen years old, the Lewis's made their survey on Greenbrier river, so while it is not contended that Washington was present at that survey, it is apparent that it was made by his associates.

Washington was an early bloomer. At nineteen years of age in the year 1751, he was appointed adjutant general of the Virginia troops with the rank of major.

When Washington commenced his surveying for hire he was sixteen and then he began to keep that famous journal of his daily experience which he kept through all the rest of his life, and which has proved such a stumbling block to historians. As we said before a wise man does not set down in writing everything that happens to him, and Washington was certainly a wise man.

It was owing to his woods experience that he was sent to the Ohio, river, and later to the Ohio on three campaigns against the French at Pittsburgh.

His desire for lands on the west side of the Alleghany caused him to take a great interest in the opening up of the settlements. He was most active in these western lands before the Revolution. In 1773, he advertised in a Baltimore paper that he owned twenty thousand acres on the Ohio and the Kanawha which he would lease rent free for a number of years if the tenant would in two years clear three acres out of every fifty, and by the end of the free rent, have five acres in every hundred in grass or meadow, with at least fifty fruit trees on every farm. This proposition did not meet with any success. No one took a leasehold. The reason was that the settlers were coming in by the thousand and each man picking out a home and taking possession of it. This landward movement brought on the Dunmore war with the Indians, which ripened into the war for independence.

There is little doubt that the land hunger of the Virginians had far more to do with the noble discontent that secured the independence than the tea tax or the stamp tax, that is so painfully explained by the New England historian.

In all Washington secured about thirty thousand acres in West Virginia. In 1773, he had a plan to import and settle Irish Catholics on the Kanawha lands, but the war breaking out prevented this.

It has always been a tradition in this part of the country that Washington spent his boyhood largely in the mountains of this part of the Virginias that he was well known wherever the Lewis lands extended, and that was from the Greenbrier valley to Staunton.

It was in 1770 that Washington made the trip down the Ohio river and marked some trees to show the land proposed to be taken. This was after he had secured the ruling granting Indian fighters rights to land for military services.

Warm Springs is the closest that I can get Dr. Cook to admit that Washington was on our Huntersville road, but that is just over the hill. While I honestly believe that the Washington boy often passed through the Narrows with Gen. Andrew Lewis, I am not in a position to prove it. Some time I will search the record.

I have been trying to get a portion of Washington's activities for the Greenbrier valley but Dr Cook is the man to be reckoned with when it comes to George Washington of West Virginia.

But watch me edge him four miles nearer to Huntersville, to wit, as far as Jackson River. Washington was a great fort builder. When the Indians got so dangerous after Braddock's defeat in 1755, Washington showed Dinwiddie, governor, that the way to cope with the red terror was to build a line of forts on the frontier. The long parallel mountains ran North 39 degrees east and this movement as to forts resulted in a line of eighty-one forts on the west side of the settlements.

In the Revolution this plan was adopted by establishing a like line of forts on the west side of the Alleghenies. One of the most important forts was Fort Dinwiddie on Jackson river about a mile above the bridge at Fassifern. This has been called by at least four names, Dinwiddie, Warwick's fort, Hog's fort, and Byrd's Fort, but it is best known as Fort Dinwiddie. Traces of a tunnel to the river can be seen yet, I am told. I have often looked down at the site of the fort from the cleared place on the east side of Back Creek mountain but I have not gone to the place in the great bottom where it was built. This fort during the French and Indian war was the nearest refuge for the settlers on Knapps Creek and Greenbrier River, and it was therefore the fort that covered this community. It maintained from 1754 to 1789, a garrison that ran from sixty to one hundred men.

A line of forts in this part of the country are as follows: Trout Rock fort, four miles south of Franklin on South Branch. Fort Upper Tract, west of South Branch, at Upper Tract, Pendleton county. Fort Dinwiddie on Jackson River turnpike. Brackenridge Fort, fourteen miles above Fort Dinwiddie on Jackson River. When Stephen Sewell was killed by the Indians near Mill Point, it was placed in the bounds of Fort Dinwiddie.

It should be noted that while Fort Dinwiddie was one of the chain of forts of the French and Indian war that it was established before that time and it was used as a starting point for the building of the new forts both north and south. And it should be further noticed that there is documentary evidence that Gen. Andrew Lewis, in 1755, had 150 men in stockades at Marlin's Bottom and Mill Point for the summer.

George Washington visited and inspected Fort Dinwiddie on September 24, 1755. This was a little over two months after the battle of Braddock's Defeat. He found Captain Peter Hog in charge, and Major Andrew Lewis not there, indicating that the main command was still at Greenbrier River. Captain Peter Hog wrote a letter to Washington dated September 23, 1755, saying that the fort was not provided with provisions and that they could not kill their meat for winter on account of no salt having been received from Fredericksburg.

In the fall of 1756, Washington, Colonel Buchannon, and a party of soldiers again visited Fort Dinwiddie on an inspecting tour.

The nervous and irritable Dinwiddie was raising Ned about the mountain people allowing themselves to be killed by the Indians. Dinwiddie's banditti. He writes to the Augusta troops to get some good dogs and tree them so that the rangers could come up with them and shoot them.

This is as far as I can get Washington on the Huntersville road now but I think I can get him closer by the time Dr. Cook can come up and make a survey of the region.

Fort Gay, W. Va.,
Feb. 2, 1928.

Mr. Andrew Price,
State Historian
Marlinton, W. Va.

Dear Sir: Please inform me of this question, if so it would be very much appreciated.

Which river did Geo. Washington throw a stone across, the Potomac or the Rappahanock?

Very respectfully yours,
Clyde Arthrup

Dear Clyde:—

In answer to your letter about George Washington throwing a stone across a river and whether it was the Potomac or the Rappahanock, I will say that it was the Potomac. When he was a boy he lived in Westmoreland county which is bordered on one side by the Rappahannock river and on the other by the Potomac, but the Potomac is about ten miles broad at that place so it was not possible to throw a stone across the river there. But when Washington was sixteen years old he was surveying land on the upper waters of the Potomac and it is probably there that he made some wonderful throw that caused it to be remembered. Washington excelled in all out door sports.

The cherry tree no doubt stood on the Rappahanock River or near it and it is possible that Washington might have thrown stones across the Rappahanock but hardly at that place.

Some people do not believe the story that Washington threw the stone or cut down the cherry tree but such persons do not believe in Santa Claus. I see no reason why they should not be true.

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H. W. Harper, Manager
Hillsboro, West Virginia

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter

CALVIN W. PRICE, Editor.

THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1928

On the Huntersville road as you approach Marlinton, the boundary of town is crossed just round the sharp turn of the hill, and before there is any intimation that a town is any where near. The next turn shows a large, twenty acre, unfenced clearing on the prehistoric river terrace, some thing like a hundred feet above the level of Knapps creek. This is called the Hamilton field, and at the time the town was projected was a part of the A. M. McLaughlin farm The field comes down close to the court house being bounded on that side by a beautiful natural grassy bank. This twenty acres will form the next important annex to the town. It is already encircled on half its boundary by a hard surfaced state highway, in other words, the Huntersville road.

It is in turn bounded by a higher terrace or flat of several hundred acres all of which is in the city limits and it would seem that it was the natural place for the center of the town, but the fact that the railroad follows the river left it to one side of the court house while the building was done on the other or railroad side. There is another reason too why it was not built upon. It was reserved for the millionaire's row, and in those days when hopes ran high, it was considered to be but a matter of time when there would be a millionaire set in town and so we determined to park them on the beautiful heights on the eastern border of the town. But the millionaire did not materialize. The time came when the heighth of the average man's ambition was to have a car and a gallon of gasoline and the world was his'n. So it looks now as if the natural growth of the town would reach out and take in the Hamilton field and that it would be occupied by the workers of the world, instead of the workers of their fellow men.

On the terrace next above the Hamilton field is the site of the farm once called the Powell place, now generally referred to as Cemetery Hill. It was the part of the plantation on which my father was born, and he rests within a few steps of his birth place.

The names of these fields are from the men who cleared them. I do not know who Powell was but the Hamilton field was named for William Hamilton who married into the community.

In 1855, while Sam Houston was still the dictator of Texas he moved to central Texas and was sheriff of Blanco county during its most terrible days, when the Comanche Indians went on the war path and carried death and destruction all through that part of Texas.

Sam Houston was born in 1793 in Rockbridge county. Hamilton was born in 1811 and died in Blanco county, Texas, in 1894. Houston died in 1862. But Austin, the capital city, is next to Blanco county and Houston was governor of the state of Texas in 1859, and up to his death, and they must have been together a great deal. Houston was governor when the state seceded and he refused to sign the order, and the secession of the state broke him so that he died. Houston had worked for many years to bring Texas into the Union and he could not survive the action taken to secede.

When the first company was formed for the confederacy at Huntsville, the home of Sam Houston, he was asked to review the troops. This he consented to do. He put on his big blue army uniform. He called an imaginary roll of all those politicians of the vicinity who had favored secession. None answered. Then he called the names of the sons of these men and none answered. Then he called the name of his son Sam Houston, Jr., who had enlisted as a southern soldier with his father's consent. Young Houston answered present. The old war horse said in the most impressive way:

"A striking thing it is that those who are most invincible in time of peace are most invisible in war.

The significance of this utterance lies in the fact that the seceders did not anticipate that they were bringing on a war. They were relying on their construction of a point of law.

When they put one of th national conventions in Texas this year and Clem Shaver went down there to plow the first furrow and break the ground for the great building that is being constucted there in which the throng is to yip and yelp its tedious way through a kind of a war dance, the minds of the old-timers went back to other days when the saying was that nobody went to Texas except for a cause, and they told a tale of the experience meeting in a tavern where the crowd agreed to confess what each had gone to Texas for. One said one thing and one said another and all had sufficient cause to move, until the last man said that the reason he had come was because he had refused to build a church. This caused questions to be asked, and it appeared that in some eastern community they has raised a fund to build a church and had made the immigrant the treasurer.

But that is all a figment. A lot of our people with the restless foot went there. My grandfather on my mother's side went there with my grandmother, my mother a baby in the arms, and a negro man. They stayed about a year, and the colored man died. My grandfather sat by his grave all night and the next day started back home. My stepgrandmother married as a widow Big Foot Wallace and he was a great hero. Once when captured by the Mexicans the order was death to one half of the prisoners and liberty to the other half to spread the news of the penalty. It was to be determined by drawing beans from a bag, a black bean, death, white bean, liberty. Big Foot Wallace drew a white bean. One of his comrades who was in a sweat of apprehension begged for it. Wallace drew another white bean. In after years he said that he had noticed the difference in the shape of the beans.

William Hamilton was certainly a good citizen and a worthy man. He married Medora Sabina Price, May 14, 1834, on the edge of his clearing, she being my great aunt. They lived in Bath county for a number of years and had seven daughters and three sons. Mrs. Hamilton died in Blanco county in 1882. I am trying to find out about this family. With those ten children there must be a wonderful lot of Texans that date back to the sheriff of Blanco.

It was on Powell Hill that my great grandmother, Margaret Beard Price, lived. I am part Beard for there is where I get my disposition. She was the widow of Thomas Price, who died in 1823, aged about eighty years. Margaret Beard was from Renicks Valley. She was much younger than her husband, who had raised a large family by his first wife, Elizabeth Taylor. At the time of the death of Thomas Price, they lived in Botetourt county.

Thomas Price was one of the five Thomas Prices who fought in the Revolution. He was known as the Thomas Price of Botetourt county. This late marriage with Margaret Beard puts me one generation closer to the Revolution than most men of my age, and gives me a great grand father as a soldier in that war.

The record for the nearest to the Revolution is held by Judge Lively, of the Supreme court. His grand father was a soldier of the Revolution. His ancestor was Godrill Lively who was born in 1762. He entered the army from Albermarle county in 1780, and served three campaigns, the last of which was for twenty two months. He was married in 1791, and Judge Lively's father was born in 1815, and Judge Lively was born in 1864. The Judge's father fell dead of heart disease while reading the dispatch that announced the surrender of Lee at Appomattox.

Margaret Beard Price was left with four children, the oldest being my grandfather James A. Price. He married on the Marlins Bottom plantation and brought his mother and two full sisters to live here. A younger brother, Thompson Price died in Botetourt county.

In 1838, Margaret Beard Price decided to settle in the Levels. Her daughter Medora had married William Hamilton and was living at Mountain Grove. Her other daughter Virginia Agnes had married Nathaniel Kelley of Monroe county. There was four children and Nathaniel Kelley died a young man and his widow with the four children came to Pocahontas to live with her mother. Abraham Seebert owned a couple of hundred acres of land just east of Hillsboro and this he agreed to sell for eight hundred dollars, with the stipulation that he would accept nothing but hard cash for it. So they sent to Lewisburg and got eight hundred silver dollars and it made a package of about fifty pounds in weight. This was carried on horse back to the seller and the deal closed.

Margaret lived at that place seven years and the four Kelley children got the advantage of a splendid school at Hillsboro under the instruction of a Mr. Brown and later Rev. M. D. Dunlap, both noted teachers. My father also attended school at the same time from his grandmother's house. Mrs Kelley only lived a year at the Levels and the four children were thrown on Margaret's hands, and the rest of her life seems to have been spent caring for them. She sold the farm in the Levels in 1845 to James Lewis for eight hundred dollars and moved back to the house on Powell Hill, where she departed this life in the spring of 1848, aged about sixty years.

She made a will that was witnessed by her brother Josiah Beard and by Woods Poage. She was concerned about the schooling of the Kelley children and mentioned the matter in the will.

Like the Hamiltons, the Kelleys scattered out in the wide world. William Scott Kelley was the oldest. He was born in 1827, and was eighteen years old when Margaret died. He got the gold fever and made it to California where he stayed a few years. He was next heard of as one of the famous sporting fraternity on the steam boat lines between Cincinnati and New Orleans. But he seemed from the first to have charged himself with the support and schooling of his two young sisters. He gave them both a most complete education. Catherine was a graduate of Miss Maria Richard's school at the Warm Springs and she married Dr. W. N. Snodgrass and settled in Missouri. And the other sister went to the school taught by the Misses Dangerfield at Hot Springs, Virginia, and married Dr. Charles T. Hart and lived in New York City.

William Scott Kelley turned over a new leaf in the fifties, and graduated in medicine in Cincinnati in 1858, and located in Buchannon county, Missouri. He was a friend of Gen. Sterling Price, and was appointed surgeon general of Price's army and died during the war. Dr. Kelley stood high in the estimation of the people at the date of his death. He left one child a daughter who married Geo. L. Rector of Arkansas and who was the mother of seven children so Dr. Kelley has many descendants in that state.

Margaret was concerned about Samuel Henry Kelley and provided for his schooling. But in 1848, he too got the gold fever and left for California, and after a considerable period he settled at Los Angeles and was keeping a store there in the year 1861. One night in the year 1861, a band of Mexican bandits attacked the store and the place was defended by the owner, but the store was broken into, Kelley was killed, and the store robbed, and the building burned. We do not know whether he left any descendants or not. But that fight was the forerunner of Hollywood and the western fight pictures.

We hear that Margaret was not popular and that she had a temper and that she could not live with people. But a study of her life leads me to a different conclusion. I think that she was a noble woman. She was married as a girl of about twenty years to a man over sixty years of age, and a man who had had a wonderful war record as an Indian fighter and soldier. He seems to have been constantly on the fighting border for something like thirty years, and you can trace him through the Indian days of the sixties, and at Point Pleasant, in the Virginia militia, and in the Continental army, and at Kings Mountain. He had raised one large family and had a son who was in the 1812 war.

After a few years of life married to a man old enough to be her grand father she was left with four small children and no means to speak of. There did seem to be some slaves who were kind and loyal and helpful to her. Her oldest son having married into a land rich family here at Marlinton gave her an opportunity to escape from Botetourt county back to the valley in which she was born, and here she saw her daughters happily married. But soon Virginia came home a poor widow with four small children and from that time on Margaret lived for her grandchildren. There were ten of the Hamilton grandchildren, but they were no burden to her, for William Hamilton, the land clearer, was able to look after them. The Kelley children were smart and so she moved to the best school in the valley, the school that Greenbrier county patronized so well. Then in a year after that time, Virginia Kelley overworked herself at the washtub one day, took brain fever and died, leaving Margaret with her bright grand children.

Seven years seems to have been the period that Margaret lived in the Levels. Then she came back and lived three years more on Powell Hill, on the Huntersville road. But in that time she had her plantation in order. She had a black man by the name of Jerry. William Scott Kelley pulled out for the setting sun about the time she moved back. He was undoubtedly gone for she wills him the money she had loaned him, but does not provide him with a feather bed, underbed, and bed clothing and bed linen. It is apparent that he had lit out for a place where there were no feather beds needed or desired. He was one of the Argonauts for the golden fleece.

She was careful to provide for each one of her descendants and her will shows that she was mindful of each and every one of them. She remembers them all and goes into detail about her estate. She is careful to require schooling, and in a few years the wild brother in the west is sending back great scads of money and the two girls were being schooled at the best of schools. Medora Kelley graduated at Hollins Institute in 1858, and was probably the first woman college graduate of Pocahontas county.

In the will is set forth almost in full, Catherine's name, where she is described as Margaret Catherine Mary Ann M. Kelley.

At the time of her death, Margaret had horses, cattle, money, and a best saddle, and another saddle and a clock.

The most illuminating article in the loom. The clock, and the loom and all its equipment is left to her daughter Mrs. Hamilton, as well as a feather bed.

Margaret lived twenty five years a widow and death and trials and tribulations were her portion. But she had a loom, and according to the way it is referred to in the will, it was in running order at the time of her departure. It was in the loom that women of that day and time wove and fastened securely all their troubles and worries. Here is what Senor Ovid had to say about weaving:

The place prepare
And order every slender thread with care;
The web enwraps the beam, the reed divides,
While through the widening space the shuttle glides,
Which their swift hands receive, then poised with lead
The swinging weight strikes close the inserted thread.

Ovid wrote that before the birth of Christ, but he describes the loom that our mothers used a few short years ago. But Margaret also belonged to the day when they spun the wool and flax into the yarn that was used for the loom.

Three yards of fine woolen or linen cloth was considered a fair days work for woman, or ten yards of carpet. For three yards of fine cloth the shuttle was thrown three thousand times, the treadle pressed three thousand times, the batten swung three thousand times.

It was very soothing to the nerves and the magnificent women of America are the fruit of the loom. They come from ancestry to whom weaving was as soothing to the nerves as honey to the bee. We may have to get back to some good healthful recreation like that.

This is a section devoted to the memory of a good woman who had very little fun but who carried on to the end.

Notice of Sale of School Property

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Education of Edray District, Pocahontas county, West Virginia, pursuant to an order made and entered on the 20th day of January, 1928 declaring the Beaver Dam school discontinued, obsolete and of no further value to the Board for school purposes, will on Saturday, March 17, 1928, at one o'clock p. m. of that day, at the front door of the Court House of Pocahontas county, sell at public auction to the highest bidder the said Beaver Dam school house, reserving any furniture or equipment stored therein, also 3-4 acres of land on which said building stands, the title of which is in the Board of Education of said district.

Terms of Sale: Cash.

Board of Education of Edray District
By D. C. Adkison, Secretary

Lost

A pocketbook in Marlinton on last Thursday between the McLaughlin Meat Market and my home. Silver book with $5 75 in it. Please return to Mrs. Lena Colson, Marlinton, W. Va.

WANTED—Lady or Gentleman to solicit memberships for automobile club, in Pocahontas county. Opportunity for a hustler to make $50 per week and expenses. References required. Address W. B. Blankenship, Secretary, Greenbrier Valley Auto Club, Lewisburg, W. Va.

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H. W. Harper, Manager
Hillsboro, West Virginia

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter

CALVIN W. PRICE, Editor.

THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1928

The Huntersville road. This is a long lane that keeps on turning. Before taking up a number of items of unfinished business, I want to refer to an item of finished business, and that is the life and times of the trilobite, together with comments on his rise, decline, and fall as the ruler of the world.

It has been the height of my ambition to find the unfindable, the perfect trilobite, and I have searched for him in the Silurian, the Devonian the Mississppian, the Pennsylvanian, and on Droop Mountain. I believe I have found him, on the Huntersville road, in a patch of ground not longer not bigger than a man's front yard, and when I found one I found several. Drowsing over the contradictory conclusions reaced by eminent geologists, that Brotherhood of Uncertain Guess I came upon a statement that the trilobite was apt to be preserved in shale, and with that as a starter I went up to our pile of Devonian drift wood on the J. H. Buzzard plantation, and leaving the hard rock I went to a place of the shale. There was a chunk of dark shale, which is a soft kind of a rock, or a hard bit of earth according to the way you regard it. I hit it with my little hammer and it crumbled like a huge clod and out of the chunk I took twelve trilobites, many of them covered with white shell or lime or chitin, the horny integument of the trilobite. Afterwards I found a large number of others. Some weathered out on the ground like a nut out of a shell, and others buried in the sarcophagus but showing one side.

So I am bound to tell you about it. My observation is that as men get old that they grow garrulous (wordy) or they become embittered. The parting of the ways in life comes to most men in the fifties. Those who carry on are the talkative kind. Those who give up are silent, downcast, and unresponsive. The Ancient Mariner had the choice. He could have grouched his way through life and gone down unwept, unhonored, and unsung. On the other hand he decided to keep in touch with his fellow men, and he told his interminable tales, and the historian records that they could not refrain from hearing. He not only had shot the albatross, but he was the experienced drawer of the long bow. He foretold prohibition when there would be plenty of water but not a drop to drink. There is however a middle ground between the grim silence of the gritting teeth, and talking your friends to exasperation, and that is to write it down and have it printed. The spirit of 1776 was to write long letters to friends with a quill pen, and this has brought forth many a book.

I look for the next gale that blows from the north to bring the word that these are not trilobites, but I know better and I can prove it to you. The best I could hope for would be that they are a new kind for then I would have found something new, and when a geologist finds something new he puts on airs like he had made the blamed thing instead of stumbling on it like a blind pig on an acorn under a tree.

Here is the romance about the trilobite. In all recorded history, comprising five hundred million of years according to some super scientists who are not careful of what they say, there are three divisions of peculiar interest to the historian: The period when the rulers of the world were the trilobites or crustaceans; the period when the rulers were the big lizards or dinosaurs; and the period which is now passing when the rulers are men.

The trilobite owed his dominion over the creatures to the fact that he was the only animal that had eyes, teeth, and the power of moving quickly from place to place or speed as we say. Today he would be nothing wonderful and we would use him for fish bait.

The dinosaur owned his domination to size and ferocity. An animal a hundred and twenty feet long and weighing upwards of a hundred tons ruled by the law of the heavy weight.

Then man comparatively feeble and frail ruled by the powers of the mind, tempered by the justice and sense of right due to his God given soul.

It is universally admitted that the vital spark of science is imagination. The great truth comes like a flash though the slaves of the lamp spend ages delving into infinite detail.

So we are allowed to figure out the condition of the world as to animal life in the trilobite time. In the first place there was no life either vegetable or animal except in the waters. It is recorded in Genesis that God first created moving things that had life in the waters. Next the fowls of air. Third the land animals including the creeping things. And geologists read the sign in just this way. At first the most of the animals stayed put at the place they were dropped like the oyster and other shell fish, having little or no power of moving. They had no eyes. No weapons of offense. Often no sex. Grew by budding. Some had shells which afforded protection. Then came the trilobite. Over two thousand kinds have been collected from the imprints known as fossils. And the trilobite had eyes to see, a beak to rend, and swift motions. To all intents and purposes the trilobite was like the crawfish. The same feather-paddles and powerful tail that enables it to back water so fast. The broad beamed tail in the craw fish is thrown violently down and forward and it travels backward with incredible speed as all of us bass fishermen who have hunted bait know full well.

In size the trilobite varied from half an inch to twenty-seven inches in length. The only preying animal, the rest of creation were as helpless before it as a ripe strawberry in its bed from the darting

Some fed on other fish, some fed on vegetation, and others were pure mud eaters. No accounting for tastes in the ruling classes.

The most perfect specimen I found showed head, eyes, mouth, thorax, and crawfish like tail, covered with a shell. Its feathered edges that acted as fins were not preserved but its head spines together with its thoracic limbs had given it the true shield like shape. And it had innumerable tubercles on it, and of the hundred or more drawings I consulted it most nearly resembles the asaphicus tuberculatus. Anyway I was glad to find the little cuss hiding away under the corner of a big boulder. It is one and a half inches broad, and one half an inch thick, shield shaped, and just the right size for a watch charm to be worn across the broad front of Mr. Babbitt. It is a true knight from its broad carapace to its cunning pygidium, and it belonged to the lords of creation in its day and time. But it is a beast that perished. It stood still. Presently progressive forms of life appeared. Great fish that had heads like stone crushers that would sidle up to a bed of shell fish like a tractor and scoop up shells like a steam shovel and grind them up and eat them. The silly trilobites living lives of ease went down before these republicans. The trilobite retreated to the shallow bays and finally had to give up the ghost. The trace is all that is left.

Some time ago I sent out fifty four boxes of these Huntersville fossils, one to each county, to the member of the state historical society for that county, as historical geology is bound up in history and part and parcel of it. One of the letters I got back was from a geologist who had identified one of the shapes as a trilobite, and that had given me a inkling that the trilobite might be found. Another specimen I had found in the big lime that was identified last summer by Dr. I. C. White as a trilobite, but it is is wholly different from the ones that I got from that mysterious zone between the Old Red Sandstone and points beyond. So I inadvertently sent the gentleman a trilobite before I was well stocked up with them at home.

It is hard sometimes to realize that where we now sit surrounded by all that embellishes civilized life, on top of the mountains, ringed by the azure world, that at one time it was below the thunders of the upper deep far, far beneath in the abysmal sea.

And it is a wonderful thing that so many signs of sea life have endured to this time to be exposed by excavation of the great highways.

And the time will come when the education of the geologist will not be considered complete until he has made a tour of this the highest horizon o' the Appalachian mountains.

I have another theory to advance and that is that the trilobite is not entirely extinct and that the crawfish and the lobster are the survivors of the ancient caste. It is said that the lobster is threatened with extinction by the choralis puella, or actress, which feeds upon it, but the crawdads are safe enough until they become more popular than they are now as a diet.

It was a long time before I found out what was the matter with the crawfish as an article for human food. Most people use that dish just once in camp. The reason is that they do not remove the entrails and coprolites. In other words they fail to gut the fish before cooking them. They do not suspect that the crawfish has digest organs in the tail. If the crawfish is properly clean it is not so bad if you are very hungry and have nothing else to eat.

The one thing, that both the trilobite and the crawfish had the digestive tract enclosed in the pygidium which was also used as a propeller, is sufficient to class them as belonging to one and the same family, for the reason that this is a peculiarity and common only to them. Other fishes with tails hung perpendicular dart forward by powerful strokes of the tail from side to side, but the trilobites have horizontal tails which cause them to go into reverse gear and travel backwards.

Therefore it is apparent that when I picked up the stone trilobites I could have reached the creek in a few steps and there secured the surviving trilobite in the form of a crawfish. I am going to take that up with the Academy of Science, for I have got license to think since I was accepted by that body as a member. I would like it understood that I do not belong to the premeditationist school of thought, whose members ponder on what they will say about a scientific discovery for forty years or such a matter and then decide not to say it. I belong to another school entirely. The school that is about three jumps ahead of the typesetters who want what they want when they want it.

There is one thing certain, either the trilobite was equipped with self starters like the crawfish, or else some needy paleontologist got hold of a crawfish and stole his thunder, when he restored the trilobite.

If you happen to be in New York sometime on the street called Crooked, and you get full and crave lobster or have a companion who sits on a cushion and is accustomed to lobster you might order a trilobite and see what happens. The chances are that you will be taken for a spotter and told that it is against the law. And your sole reply shall be that you thought you had left the law at home.

Another thing that the books agree upon is that the trilobite sheds its armor periodically and grows a new one increasing in size by this process. That is what the crawfish does as any riverside naturalist can tell you. This produces the famous soft craw so irresistible as bait for black bass. The worst about the soft craw for bass is that it is so pulpy that the bass will extract it from the hook without getting caught. So step by step we reason it out like the old lady eating in a strange place a kind of food. She said: It looks like bologny, it smells like bologny, it tastes like bologny, and by gum, it is bologny."

The crawfish to his cool retreat,
Upon the river bed,
Rested his frame upon his feet,
And sorrowfully said:
Crawfish is a vulgar name,
They rob me of a right,
The world may laugh, but all the same,
I am a Trilobite

Darwin intimates that man may be descended from trichlias. You know my opinion about Darwin. I think he is an overrated liar. I suppose that in his day and time there were Curlylocks and that Curlylocks then as now was fond of lobster and went with papa to taverns and eat lobsters in public places, tearing them limb from limb, and consuming bones and beak. And Darwin may have been attracted by the noise attending the destruction and observed her, and got his great theory that as superior animals were evolved that they ate up their ancestors. This being put into many pages of prose, many were deceived thereby. And it still causes a great many suffering men who have shaken hands with Old Man Trouble to stand on their hind legs and howl at the hope killer.

Stop as the telegram said. I had no intention of devoting more than ten lines or so to a scientific subject when I sit down, for I have to step high and softly on scientific subjects since I came to the conclusion that I was not too old to learn, and that if I was inclined that way it was just as well to hunt fossils in the boundless woods or upon the lonely stream, as it was to pitch horse shoes, for instance, or seek some other diversion.

But one thing led to another until I do not have room today to develop a number of things that have been projected by whatever unseen forces control thoughts.

And as I once picked up on top of Swago mountain some thousands of feet above any stream, a sky blue crawfish or trilobite, that was full of life and vigor, and which had just emerged from a hole that he had drilled through from the water level, I have wondered just how old that crawfish was. It had evidently been a long time coming and the way geologists throw years around it may have been a million years on its way.

Just so the papers were full of a subject as to how long a toad or frog could live encased in stone. A horn toad which is a kind of a lizard was put in corner stone of a court house thirty-one years ago and was alive but not lively when it was taken out. A long discussion followed as to whether the thing was possible. Whether it was an undetected incident such as constantly arises to confute science. I believe it is still unsettled whether there was or was not some duperkery practiced about it. But what I arose to observe was that thirty-one years in a cornerstone was as nothing compared to some of the stories as to frogs living in rock that arise from time to time. As it happens there are two instances in West Virginia that are well remembered and which are referred to by local persons and which have had a scientific hearing.

In Greenbrier county there is a place on the C & O. Railway known as Frog tunnel. I have never stopped there. I do not know whether that is the official name of the tunnel or not. But the tradition is that it got its name when it was excavated fifty odd years ago by the finding of a live frog which was blasted out of the rock. The frog was alive and doing well but what has become of it in the last fifty years, I was not able to learn. But according to the best authority the rock that it was encased in must have been laid down several hundred millions of years ago and the frog sealed in it. The wise crackers are inclined to hint—that in cases of this kind that there have been some hidden passages through the rock and that the frog crept in there a day or two before. It is one of those things that are dismissed with incredulous smiles, the wave of the hand, and air of superiority. The kick is in the tail.

The other incident happened in the vicinity of Philippi and I had it from the man who found it and he is a truthful man. And in that case I do not have an opinion to give you, for I certainly have lived in the woods long enough not to reject anything however mysterious. In this case he was working a force of men on an excavation job in the coal regions, some one hundred million years old. One blast of the explosive left a wall of rock exposed some forty feet below the surface. In it was seen a tiny hole that caused the workmen and the boss to investigate and they saw that it led into a small cavity. In it was something alive and the hole was enlarged and they took out a living toad. The place was a little larger than the toad and seemed to be lined with smooth hard rock. The toad showed signs of life and lived for some minutes. It did not seem to be affected as long as it was kept in the shade, but the boss decided to take it to town at once. It was a day of hot sunshine. The moment the rays of the sun struck it, the toad died, and in a few minutes it had shrunk to almost nothing. All that was left of it was a scrap of something that looked like a single thickness of tissue paper. The cavity was examined and to all appearance it was as old as the rock itself. It may be that the truth lies midway. The rock may not be as old as it is cracked up to be.

Latest quotation: I am just in receipt of a letter from Mr. Paul H. Price, the geologist, in which he pronounces the little stranger to be an atrypa and not a trilobite. According to conservative geologists, if any such ever gained more than reflected fame, the trilobite and the atrypa are both extinct. As it is the object of the foregoing treatise to advance the thought that the crawfish is a true trilobite, I have decided to let it stand. Stet as the saying is. If Oom Paul would but admit that it is one of the Arthropoda instead of classifying it as one of the Arthropomata? You see what I mean? Having discovered that the trilobite still lives, the question of whether the stone I found was a brachiopod or a crustacean, is a subordinate question. I found many of the atrypa cheek by jowl with my trilobites. I say it is an Arthropoda. The geologist say that it is an Arthropomata. These are the respective rocks on which we split.

Administratrix's Notice

Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Gilbert Sheets to present the same properly proven according to law to the undersigned administratrix. All persons owing said estate will prepare to settle at once.

This 7th day of February, 1928
Mrs Ola Sheets
Administratrix estate of Gilbert Sheets, deceased.

Administrator's Notice

All persons having claims against the estate of Ed H Gilmer, deceased will present the same to the undersigned administrator, with proper legal proof attached.

February 21, 1928
Glen Galford, Administrator

T. S. McNeel F. F. McLaughlin

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THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter

CALVIN W. PRICE, Editor.

THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1928

The road to H. That is just to earmark this article when we assemble it hereafter in book form. The Huntersville series has already attained its majority and reached the dimensions of a book. This is the sixteenth dose. How big is a book? It is a collection of words that is bigger than a pamphlet and it is indefinite in size. Probably the best definition is a number of sheets bound together of some bulk. Pamphlet comes from a lady by the name of Pamphila who lived in Rome during the days of Nero. She wrote while Nero performed on the violin. She wrote one book of great historical value but which has long since disappeared so that not one word of it has been preserved but which was held in great respect while she lived. I have nodoubt it was the kind of historical work that the common citizen left for the other man to read. Her great fame lay in short and pithy pieces. She was the first popular lady writer. The Anita Loos of her day and time. She wrote things that could be read between bites at the breakfast table. And these little works were called pamphlets in honor of the clever woman.

Years ago the popular novel was supposed to have at least forty thousand words in it, and if the story did not reach that dimension it was supplemented by other sketches of a similar nature by the same author. This was the reaction from a much earlier custom of the three volume novel that was as hard to consume and digest as cold mince pies. This Huntersville road passes the fifty thousand word mark this week and it may be longer than that. It just depends upon what comes through to be set down in words. No one who ever played at the writing game can tell what a day or an hour may bring in the way of composition. Many a man who has sold a story for a fabulous price has said to himself, Soul, take thine ease, for thou hast a cinch," and then finds that he can never get another line across. Fate has said to him, Thou fool, who you think is doing this writing anyway?

Usually though when a writer has proved to be a competent medium he lives for many moons and takes down the flow of words a good deal like a diligent telegraph operator writing down the clicks from his machine. That is the reason that all truly great writers are noted for their modesty and humility. That accounts for their hangdog air. I am but an amateur myself. This secret of our prison house is divulged. I have been convinced for many years that words are sent even if thought is free.

If you will turn back to the first installment, it is stated there that while like the widow's supply of corn meal my supply of words had been miraculously restored from time to time that I had at last come to the scrapings of the barrel, and that we would fill in about the Huntersville road for the week, intimating that by another week there would be some prolific subject to be developed. Since then we have tied up the Huntersville road with the uttermost corners of the earth, and the end is not yet perhaps. Note that editorial we. That means the sender and the receiver.

This book business will have to wait until the time comes when there is an opportunity to perform the tremendous physical task of printing and binding. The derivation of the word book does not help us very much for the lexicographers say that it is from the Anglo Saxon word boc meaning a beech tree. This is a beech country and we all know the nature of the bark on a beech tree. It is a smooth plain surface on which it is the custom to carve words with the pocket knife. Boys generally have left their records on beech trees, and prior to the days of printing, the books of the nation were to be found on the beech trees to a considerable extent. Beech trees took the place of stone writings in treeless countries. A famous beech tree was cut down a few years ago and turned into lumber which bore a date that was cut there more than seventy years ago by a boy who met his sweetheart in the woods.

But I was intending to say a few words about what a splendid park the lonely defile on the Huntersville road makes for the boy of boy scout age with the trees, and hills, and the clear little river and runs. I cannot imagine a more perfect adjunct to a city than is afforded by this provision of nature. It is used and appreciated for it comes to the very door step of the city home and stretches away into the boundless wood, so that every degree of woods life may be experienced from the cradle to old age.

There is a very comforting belief if not a promise, that there is compensation in this world for every person. About the same amount of joy and the same amount of grief. It must be apparent to the most casual observer that while one man may be given great wealth another has been given many children. Of the two the man with the children is safer in the days of his strength and much safer for a pleasant and satisfactory old age. There is nothing like bairns. This statement I made once before. In four printings it has come out "There is nothing like brains." If the typesetter gets it right the proof reader will make them change it back to brains. Bairns is the Scot word for children. All animals have brains. It is a provision of nature. But to have children, that is the gift of God.

About half way to Huntersville near where the water falls over the rocks, there is a little bottom between the road and the creek of perhaps four or five acres. It was an isolated bit of land and the improvement called the Jake place above and the Layden Clearing below had not taken it in the hundred years ago times. Until a few years ago it was tangled thicket of brush and briars with some good timber. Then the timber was cut and some one came along and cleared the land and made a little farm out of it. At the foot of Buckley Mountain and out of sight of the road is a famous blue pool of water, noted for the fish that have been taken from it annually for a great number of years.

At the lower end of the field is a roomy one story bungalow built out of rough lumber but which looks comfortable. A man by the name of Jack lives there with his family. That is his surname. I take off my hat to Mr. Jack for he is some good to his country for he has seven children ranging in age from twelve years downward, all fine looking youngsters, and they can be seen moving about the little plantation helping with the wood getting and and the crops. Every day a car hired by the Board of Education comes and takes them three miles to Huntersville to school. That is a luxury that has come with the motor cars and the good roads.

Last summer any traveler could see a lot of groundhogs about this part of the journey. One day I counted nine in a mile or two along this road, at this lonesome part of it. I inquired of the oldest boy how hunting was in his locality and I learned that it had been very good. The catch of groundhogs for the season of 1927 for that bunch of children was thirtytwo head, and in addition they had a lot of possums and rabbits.

Continuing the conversation relative to hunting I got some of the details. I could very well realize that there was a scourge of ground hogs at that place for I had seen them hanging around the mouths of the culverts and resting in the side ditches and taking no notice of passing cars.

In the summer these groundhogs would come into the truck patch and eat the vegetables. These folks owned a dog who was just about as big all things considered as a groundhog. This dog was very wise. He would lie in wait for the wild animal and just at the proper time he would pounce and bay it. The little dog was not big enough to slay the ground hog but he could keep it from running by snapping at its haunches, all the time baying for the little masters to come and get the game. And the boys would come running and there would be one more good groundhog. That to me is a great picture, the little boys, the little dog, and the mousebear. It has all the elements of the chase.

Why is not the solution of the dog and sheep to be solved by the lesson of the Knapps Creek pack? Make it unlawful to own or harbor a dog that is big enough to kill sheep. Would not that give the public an opportunity to have pets, but not pets big enough to disturb the deer or to kill sheep? We cannot go on much longer half dog and half sheep. One or the other will have to go. It is argued with great reason that to expel the dog would leave the country defenseless as to a great many pests such as the weasel, groundhog, rats, and the like. There is no question but that dogs do a great deal of good. But all such small fry can be attended to by dogs no bigger than beagles, and I am not at all sure that so far as the minor pests are concerned that the smaller the dog the more effective.

The groundhog, woodchuck, whistlepig, marmot, mousebear, to mention some of his names is a nuisance to farmers. I have never heard of any good qualities. It is a burrowing animal that mars the fields and that has to be fed just as a domestic animal. It is a rodent and it is bound to be perniciously active or its teeth will grow and it will die of starvation. I remember one case. I was on a mowing machine cutting down a field of hay. And this was on the Huntersville road. Presently a groundhog came and stopped in front of the cutter bar. I stopped the team saying something like what the same hill is this now? And got down and as in duty bound as a farmer destroyed the beast. It was weak and thin and in desperate plight. Its teeth had grown until they were inches long and coiled like watch springs. Either the animal had failed to gnaw enough to keep the growth down or else the teeth did not hit. It has always seemed to me that the groundhog had stopped in front of the machine deliberately to be run over and put out of its misery. It had some degree of reasoning power. My old friend, John Burroughs, will please take notice in the Elysian fields, where he is now observing.

That was a subject that I had up with him at one time, Whether animals think. I think they think. And I was just as ready in those days as now to argue with scientists. John Burroughs was a self made one and one of the greatest of them all. He bid not depend upon the printed word. He studied the book of nature. Years ago it dawned on me that no scientific man knew it all. Their knowledge is only relatively greater than ours. The more they know the humbler they are and the easier to reason with. It is only the mediocre scientist who follows blindly the printed word. Men who let others do their thinking for them die unwept, unhonored and unsung.

But to get back to the subject of large families and small incomes, I want to say that my observation is that poverty in youth is a great blessing. Books have been written on that subject. The sad but necessary part is that little children learn of the struggles of their parents and take it very much to heart. The parents do not often realize the mental anguish of little children worrying because they cannot help. The other day a lady, a widow with a large family, told me about her little boy. This child about seven years old spoke to me in the postoffice and asked me if he could have the stamp on a letter that I had opened. We managed to get a few used stamps together and I added a nickle in money to make the offering a little more substantial.

It seems that the child a few days before had had such another windfall and he had come home with a present for his mother, and she said that she had remarked to him, why did he not get a cake of soap? She had no idea that he had paid any particular attention to the words. When I gave the boy the nickle I remember that he said, distinctly and gravely: "I am much obliged to you for this money." The mother said that he brought home a cake of soap.

That level place by the road just referred to was formerly a great place to camp, in the days of the horse and wagon. In these mountains there was a good deal of camping by the roadside, generally in the course of business. The motor car has made us a nation of gypsies.

A great tragedy occurred at that place in the year 1908. I remember the occurrence very well but not the names of the people. It was in August and the weather was unusually hot and dry. One day in the forenoon I saw a family pass through Main Street. They had a one horse spring wagon with their camp plunder in it and most of the family were walking. There were the father and mother and a number of children boys and girls. They had come from some distant county and were leading a gypsy life along the roads.

In the afternoon of the same day, a man came in a great hurry to town and said that this man and two of his boys had been drowned in Knapps Creek. This was very remarkable news for one reason the creek was so low and clear it was hard to imagine how it could be dangerous. When an inquiry was made into the accident it was found that at the blue hole where the water deepened that a pile of driftwood had lodged against the bank and that there was a current drawing under it. One of the boys had gone in bathing and the current had swept him under the drift wood. His brother attempting to rescue him had been caught in the same way, and when the father jumped in to save them, he was caught and held under the pile until he too was drowned. In a few minutes the running water had caught and killed three members of this family. The neighbors gave this unfortunate family every care and attention, but I never knew what became of the survivors.

I do not know how much more I will ask you to take of this kind of a composition. I would like to ask you however if you had got in the habit of writing an article every week what you would do for copy say at the end of the thirty fifth year? Perhaps you would be rambling a little yourself. It will not do however to dare a scribe to continue. I remember an occasion of that kind. In 1896, free silver took possession of the throne of reason, and word came to this county to put on a campaign of education, and the lawyers formed three teams of speakers and spoke at practically every school house in Pocahontas county for Bryan and his issue. It was free silver, as far as we were concerned for it was free. L. M. McClintic and S. B. Scott formed one team; H. S. Rucker and W. A. Bratton another; and Fred Wallace and I another. Wallace and I wound up our thirty first meeting the day before election at Mill Point. We usually took about an hour each, but during that long campaign the speech had grown until it was hard to quit. C. E. Beard, of the county court, was a great man and a great wit. When I tried to excuse myself at the end of the first hour, Mr. Beard insisted that I continue, and there was a twinkle in his eye that amounted to a banter. It seemed to say that I had run down and was not sincere in talking about quitting before the subject was exhausted. So I went on and I was spurred every time I attempted to cease, until I had taken up two hours and forty minutes, and then I fled home, reaching there late in the night. I do not know to this day who was the winner in that contest. So you see it is not safe to push me too far.

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THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter

CALVIN W. PRICE, Editor.

THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1928

Huntersville road. There are several matters to set down yet, such as the white pine drives, Eric Geddes, Captain Wesley Owens campaign in Pocahontas in June, 1866, and a number of other small talk topics, but today the time will be devoted to the boom that came to the Huntersville road as a belated case of the Virginia boom fever, which in its day was fully as virulent as the Florida booms of recent years.

On February 11, 1891, the great white winter, when the snow fell in December to the depth of three feet and was still white on the ground two months after, Captain J. W. Marshall, a wealthy farmer of Randolph county, and a noted confederate officer, came here and bought up most of the level land around the mouth of Knapps Creek and started a boom, the partner in the enterprise being Col. John T. McGraw, of Taylor county. They paid about seventy five thousand dollars for five farms on the bottom, comprising about three thousand acres.

The peculiar part about the transaction was that the town site was forty six miles from the railroad, and the automobile had not been invented. We were living in a kind of arcadian paradise and did not know it. We thought that iron rails and town life meant happiness and peace of mind. We did not know our luck.

But the most wonderful thing about the boom was that the big snow of December, 1890, had stopped the trains and the mails and that when the connection was restored in a week or two, the booms commenced to decline and fall and there were thousands of sellers and no buyers.

The rich men of this county had been touched pretty heavily by the booms prior to the Marlinton boom and were already apprehensive of the collapse. Buena Vista and Iron Gate, one in Rockbridge county, and the other in Allegheny county had been cities on paper that had attracted a number of dollars from the fastnesses of the Pocahontas mountains.

After the fictitious values had given way to the extrinsic value, a number of investors in the Virginia booms had called a meeting at the court house at Huntersville to consider ways and means. A citizen from up on Beaver Creek came to the court house and inquired if that was the Board of Education. One of the convention replied that it was the Board of Ignorance. There was nothing to do but step up and settle and while the livid wing of speculation had touched some of the mountaineers nearly all of them were able to pay and preserve their credit and integrity. Those who went under were mostly broken before they started. There was nothing much to do except to look pleasant.

In the days when the land on which the little city of Marlinton makes such a brave show was devoted to agriculture, a lane lay across the bottom land from the point of Marlins mountain to the bridge across the river. Near where the depot stands a small run came down the bottom and turned toward the river and wandered around like it was lost and finally managed to flow into Knapps Creek south of the high school building, near the mouth of Marlin run.

It was on this run that the famous spring was located. Those who used the spring could count on large families of children. I have not heard of it for years and I think it must be walled up.

The lane was what is now called Main Street and after many years struggle is a broad dry hard surfaced roadbed. At first every thing of the rock kind that was put on it speedily sunk out of sight and it was only when the road commission put the final touches on it that it became a first class street. In the old days it could get muddy the quickest and stay muddy the longest of any known thoroughfare. I saw the other day an article I wrote for The Times in 1894, making a prophecy of what the town of Marlinton would be like in 1944, fifty years ahead. That date does not seem so far away. I see that I predicted that the railroad was still being looked for in 1944, and that Main Street was still muddy. That the town lots were unsold, and that all the corner posts and stakes had been replaced by stones that were painted white every spring. I also showed that the travel was being done by reason of electric motor vehicles and that the hotel was heated with electricity. Also that the town was still trying to get in telephone communication with the railroad towns.

And there was mud and plenty of it. I begin to find out about mud. This is a state rich in agricultural lands, in coal, and oil and gas. That means that we have rock hardly worth the name. You can take any ordinary screw driver or some such tool and open up nearly all the varieties of rock to be found in West Virginia. It is friable, easily crumbled, even by the pressure of the hand. It has all been mud and that not so long ago. I do not think that I have ever seen a bit of granite in West Virginia. And hence our rich land and our valuable mineral deposits.

The other day a great dam burst in California destroying the property in a certain rich valley and drowning about four hundred people. The engineers said that the reason was that the wings of the dam had been built on schist formations. It will put a quietus on big dams in West Virginia for many years to come, for our mountains are made of rotten rock. When the geologists talked about the schist they meant the cleavage. They call any kind of rock slate if it splits true so that great plates can be gotten from it, but if it cleaves in an erratic way they call it schist. This chert that they have been scooping up with a shovel and and which breaks into egg size is an example of cleavage, and I think any rock made out of mud that has been subjected to pressure is apt to give way in almost any direction.

The riches of West Virginia are dependent upon its coal deposits and the everlasting cry for water works has had a bad effect upon the coal interests. White coal they call it. It is by no means such a sure and steady supply of power as is to be found in the good old reliable West Virginia coal. And with all the challenge and fuss and fury about water power in West Virginia, it is not at all certain that water power handled in any way would be of advantage to the people of this the greatest coal producing state in the union. I mean soft coal used for power.

And as for living on a river below a great dam or reservoir I would not want to endure that kind of waiting at all. There was a man on the head waters of the James River, who lived under the shadow of a great mountain. Away upon the side of the mountain was a big boulder which had never come down, but which looked like it might roll down and hit his house. This possibility so weighed upon the mind of the cove dweller, that he made a great chain and took it to the boulder and anchored it to the cliff and after that he slept in peace. They say you can still see the chained rock on the mountain down the gorge from Clifton Forge. I have not seen it myself. The fearful man now sleeps with his fathers, and is beyond the influence of fear.

We have got to respect the knowledge of experts in every science and profession, but all the same, the most dangerous man in society is the man who allows his common sense and natural judgment to be overcome by the fads and fancies of his profession.

As near as I can figure out, the Virginia booms were the result of the city of Roanoke which was built in a few years by a great crystal spring. The city was on the eastern border of the great bituminous coal fields, and the value of the town lots increased a thousand fold in some instances. This led to other projects until there were cities in most of the hollows of the hills. It was a saturnalia of spending, everyone buying for a rise and the devil take the hindermost.

In 1890, a small wagon train was making its painful and slow way across the mountains travelling west Pocahontas covered wagons transporting goods from Millboro, the railway station. One dollar a hundred pounds. Five days, four camping nights. $2 40 toll, all the balance of the freight money clear gain. And all the boys and young men looked upon wagoning as a recreation, and even the horses seemed to enjoy it. We were making the grade of the Allegheny which begins at Mountain Grove where you leave big Back Creek. About where the new bridge is across Little Creek. About where the old colonel, my relative, got it from a bushwhacker, and died from a bullet wound a hundred years ago or some such period. It was a clear hot day in the summer. Down the road came some aristocrats in buggies. They were from Pocahontas county, and were travelling in pleasure carriages and had their Sunday clothes on. Lap robes and buggy whips and fly nets and linen dusters. It was a bunch going to the lot sale, and the opening of the Iron Gate hotel, and the big ball. They stopped to talk to us and to tell us whither they were outward bound. I remember feeling a slight degree of envy or rather that I would enjoy taking that kind of a trip myself. And so we passed like ships that speak to each other in passing. We came on home and they went down into strange country to consider buying land that was worth about eight dollars an acre at something like eight thousand. Eight hundred dollars for a tenth of an acre was no uncommon price for grazing land in those days. Lots next to the opera house that was never built were quoted as high as thirty thousand.

There was a shrewd gifted newspaper man in Staunton named Hon. Jacob Yost. He was the editor of a famous newspaper called the Valley Virginian. When it ceased to function I went over there in 1896, and bought the press for the Price brothers of the Times, and that was the first cylinder press to come to Pocahontas county. It had a thump at the reversing that shook the building and advertised the printing office.

Hon. Jacob Yost as he is designated by the official records of Allegheny as general manager of the improvement company recorded a map of Iron Gate October 10, 1889. This map showed streets and alleys and parks, and sites reserved for factories. The company was afterwards sold out, but the project was not wholly a failure, for it is a thriving incorporated town today, though it had to yield the distinction of being a sure enough city to the near by municipalities of Clifton Forge and Covington. But it proves that no effort is wholly wasted.

It was a well placed boom. Jackson river breaks through a great mountain at that place. It shows the curved strata there to a greater degree of perfection than at any other place in these mountains. Great arches of rock with a radius of five hundred feet or more stand out from the face of the gorge making the finest anticlines I have ever seen. The river bottom begins immediately below the gap and there was a large and important farm in the old days on the border of Allegheny and Botetourt counties.

As its name implies it was intended to be an iron city. Two very large plants were established there, a furnace and a rolling mill. Both are out of business. The rolling mill is marked by a slight elevation in the flat land sodded over and as ancient in appearance as an Indian mound. The furnace is down all except two great stacks that tower above the river.

But there is a big tannery there employing hundreds of people and this industry together with the fact that Iron Gate is a good home town for the workers at Clifton Forge form the nucleus around which the prosperity of the town centers. The two towns are perhaps a mile apart from one corporation line to the other and this mile is marked by the wild and appalling scenery of the gate.

The old C. & O. Railway, the James River road, follows the river through the break and divides the town from the tannery plant.

At the western border of Iron Gate is great thermal spring that wells up at the edge of the river. This spring comes up out of some great depth in the earth and is one of the most notable springs in the country. It added much to the attractiveness of the site of the proposed city. The lines were run so as to just include th s great flow of water sufficient in size to water almost any city in these mountains. In the boom days this spring was ringed about by a cement wall that formed a great pool, but the flood of 1913, (the Dayton flood), broke the wall down and it now looks like a little bay or inlet of the big river when that stream is flush from the winter rains.

I stood looking at the pool thus formed the other day and noted the water boiling up with bubbles from the bottom, and admiring the clear water, when I was astonished to see that there were a lot of fish there. I had no license to fish in Virginia, and no tackle, and no time. But it was hard on a retired fisherman to see such fish and not to make plans to take some of them. There were several hundreds of these fish and they would weigh from one to ten pounds each. I suppose they must have been carp, of the humble cyprinoid family, but all my life I have wanted to catch a really big fish of some sort or other. These fish floated in plain view some of them not more than ten feet away, and they looked very clean and healthy.

I suppose the wonderful aeration of the water of that pool attracted them and caused them to gather there when that river was swollen from the melting of the big snow which had fallen a few days before. I hardly expected to see in Jackson River the greatest collection of living fresh water fish that I ever laid my eyes upon in their native waters.

The big wooden hotel where they had the opening ball is still standing but it is not occupied, but I remembered when I saw it, of the time when bright eyed beauty and gallant men gathered for revelry by night while the founders of a new born city dreamed dreams and had visions.

The promoters of the Marlinton boom came late but in earnest and refused to read the writing on Wall Street that the day of the Virginia boom was over. They rushed a special election through and got the county seat thereby breaking up many beautiful friendships. And that was about all they did get. I see from the piece I wrote thirty four years ago that the stock answer to the question of when Marlinton would get the railroad was five years. That answer was right for there were mules on the right of way just five years after. The second question was what railroad would we get, and we could not answer that, for we were looking three ways at once, towards the Davis road, the Camden road, and the Chesapeake and Ohio. The C. & O. finally gave a great groan and commenced to build a railroad.

We had no fine hotel or other place to give a ball to start the selling of lots, but there was a June day in 1892, when the development company got some teams to plow and scrape so as to make a semblance of streets, and the people gathered to a lot sale. The gamble was that you paid two hundred dollars for a lot and then drew for it to see whether it would fall to you in the busy marts of trade or in some secluded corner of the fields. Whether you got a dry lot or a bit of swamp. In that way the lots purchased fell in odd and unexpected situations and years after prosperous citizens were searching the world to find somebody to buy the lot adjoining his home.

1892 was the year that Cleveland, the Al Smith of his day, was being elected by an overwhelming majority Hope was still high. Next year Cleaveland had shouted perfidy and dishonor at his party. The dark days of 1893 were upon us. Our cake was dough. Yet out of all that horrible mess one of the important towns of the State has emerged. Vacant lots hawked for a hundred dollars the front foot God moves in a mysterious way. It helped to break the promoting company. And after all a lot of us lived to see the dream, splendid and whole arise. A wonder to the old timer who used to shoot deer where the court house stands now.

Auction Sale

At my farm near Clawson Station, I will on

Tuesday, April 17, 1928, at 1 p m.

sell the following property:

1 team of horses, 1 cow giving milk, 1 hog, 2 wagons, 1 two-horse sled, 1 grindstone new, 3 saws, axes, hammers, tools of all kinds, nice flock of chickens; about 10 bushels of wheat, 1 lot of empty jars and stone jars, 2 churns; household and kitchen furniture and many other things too numerous to mention.

1 sawmill complete with 12 horse power gasoline engine, built especially for cutting R R ties and mine ties, in first class condition.

Terms made known on day of sale.

MRS EMMA CARR.

Marlinton, W. Va.

Public Auction

Having rented my farm at Minnehaha Springs, I will offer for sale at public auction on the

4th Day of April, 1928

beginning at ten o'clock, the following personal property to wit:

60 head of good young ewes, one thoroughbred Jersey cow T. B. tested 2 good stock cows to be fresh, 1 yearling heifer, 1 good work team, 7 & 8 years old, 1 saddle mare, 2 hogs, 1 lot of chickens, 2 stacks of hay, 1 Overland touring car, 3 oak dressers, 4 bedsteads and springs, 1 lot chairs, 1 oak sideboard, 1 range and kitchen furniture, 4 heating stoves, lot of jars and crocks, 1 cream separator, 1 lot of potatoes. Other things too numerous to mention.

Terms of Sale. All sums under $10 cash on day of sale. All sums over $10 four months, notes bearing 6 percent interest with good security.

Lunch served by the ladies of the Methodist Church.

MRS. MAGGIE E. LOCKRIDGE,

Minnehaha Springs, W. Va.

Auction Sale

I will offer for sale at auction at Clover Lick, W. Va. on

April 7, 1928, at 10 o'clock a. m. my house, lot and furniture: 1 library table, 1 heating stove, 2 stand tables, 1 sewing machine, bedsteads, 2 pair springs, 1 cot, 1 tool chest and tools, 1 kitchen cabinet, 1 rocking chair, 4 dining room chairs, 1 thirty gallon stone jar, 1 lot of fruit jars, 1 cross cut saw, 1 Myers pump, 1 wheel barrow, 1 garden plow and other garden tools. Other things too numerous to mention.

Terms made known on day of sale

F. B. JOHNSON,

Cloverlick, W. Va.

T. S. McNeel F. F. McLaughlin

McNEEL & McLAUGHLIN

INSURANCE

Fire, Life, Health, Accident, Automobile, Live Stock and Bonds.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS

Town and Country Property only licensed agents in the County.

Money to loan on farms

Your business solicited

Optical Notice

I will be at Cass, W. Va., on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 9, 10 and 11, prepared to consult with patients regarding their eyes, make authorative examination of the same, prescribe and fit glasses where indicated. If your vision is not up to "par," or if vision is painful, we invite you to come to see us. Office in Pocahontas Supply Co.'s Store.

Geo. L. EAKLE, O. D.

Registered Optometrist

Twenty years successful practice in Pocahontas and Randolph Counties.

SPRING TIME -- COLOR TIME -- BUICK TIME
THE BUICK STYLE SHOW
Body by Fisher

Showing America's Smartest Motor Car Creations

Opening Today—Style Week at Buick showrooms! Everyone who loves the new and beautiful—everyone who plans to buy a new car this Spring—is invited to attend a special showing of these smartest of motor car creations, the fine Buick models.

Here are assembled a wide variety of Buick body-types by Fisher. All are arrayed in alluring new springtime color harmonies. All are endowed with the most luxurious upholsteries and appointments. And all are months ahead of the mode in smart, low, dashing lines.

Be sure to attend this magnificent Style Show! Come any day or evening during the next seven days. A cordial welcome awaits you.

Opening Today

Buick

S. J. REXRODE

Marlinton, W. Va.

THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter

CALVIN W. PRICE, Editor.

THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1928

Huntersville road. Speaking of white pine timber, it will be remembered that this is a odd variety of timber to be found this far south in the United States. It belongs about three hundred and fifty miles farther north and this job lot that grew in these mountains on a strip of land about ten miles by fifty on the west slope of the Allegheny and to the east of Greenbrier river defined the boundaries of a singular geological formation, which in the past did not receive the the attention and the study that it deserved.

The Rogers brothers about a hundred years ago noticed it but lacked the boldness and the time and the means to give it more than a glance, but it is apparent that they noticed the wealth of fossils. They had a golden opportuniny but were too modest to assert any authority. They saw that the rocks were different and they went so far as to say that it was not proper to use the old world names and they did not name them themselves.

None of us have ever seen the white pine forests as they were at the first. All the broad bottom lands were covered with the great growth of dark green trees that showed black at a distance. All the Knapps Creek Valley was one solid mass of white pine at one time. I have seen some of it standing on the banks of the streams. I can remember the heavy growth on the McCutcheon place near Dunmore on Thomas creek. And the wonderful forest of solid white pine on Hench run on H. M. Moore's place.

The first efforts to log this timber were more or less feeble. It was only when the Pennsylvanians went to work in earnest and brought down all the practices then in force at Williamsport that things began to move.

The first railroad built in the county was to move this white pine from the skidding places to the landings on the bluffs overhanging the big streams. Captain A. E. Smith something over forty years ago got a contract to cut and log white pine and he bought a wagon and team and organized a force of eight men and drove to this county from Indiana county, Pennsylvania, in late summer and he has been here ever since. Most if not all of that band of Argonauts stayed here too.

The work began to prosper and bigger and bigger contracts were called for until he was working upwards of a hundred men, and the northern dialect was very much cultivated by the youngsters here who hoped to make the camp and who wanted to talk the language. The money that was paid for wages in these camps was the first easy money that was ever made in this county. In my boyhood days it seemed to me that a woodsman had more money than he knew what to do with. He had store clothes and a gold watch and a pocket comb and a cravat and all the fixings. I remember one time my father went up to preach at the Dunmore church, and there were candles in the wooden homemade sconces on the wall. The lumbermen turned out to night preaching in a body and noticing the faint illumination they went to the store and bought a set of elegant kerosene wall lamps and fixed up the church with them.

Along in the eighties Captain Smith decided that he could use steam in his transportation and he went down to Pittsburgh and hunted up a machine shop and had a ten ton locomotive planned and built. The shop people wanted to know what lettering to put on it such as the company's name, but the Captain had a young son at home and told them to put the baby's name on it and at came here with gold letters, Jim or Little Jim. I do not quite rememb r which. It was a considerable event. The engine came knocked down to Staunton and there a wagon train met it and brought it in with trucks. The roadbed was composed of two parallel line of stringers evened up and that locomotive handled a wonderful lot of timber running into hundreds of millions of feet. The man that drove it was the admiration and the envy of every boy in the county. It was a very reliable and enduring bit of machinery. The baby that it was named for is the popular commercial traveler, Jim Smith, of Marlinton. A new fangled car that goes with gasoline ran away down Droop Mountain the other day with him, and he had to go over board in a hurry and escaped with minor bruises.

The principal feeders for white pine were Deer Creek, Sitlington Creek, Knapps Creek, and Anthony Creek, but the greatest of these was Knapps Creek.

One year, I think it was the spring of 1888, that the county became aware of a certain clash in the management of the great timber corporation that controlled the greater part of the white pine. As I recollect it, John Driscol had the Knapps Creek logging operations in hand, and VanDyke, who was something of a rich martinet, had charge of the logs that came out of Deer Creek. I remember that in this section, the Huntersville district, that we were all for Driscol. When the ice broke up at the end of the winter, and the driving floods appeared, Driscol came to the farmers and said that he had word from VanDyke that if the Knapps Creek logs, "the rear," were not in the river when the big drive came from the mouth of Sitlington Creek, that the drive would not wait, and Driscol could get his logs into the boom at Ronceverte the best he could. This would mean all kinds of ruination for Driscol, and the able bodied men all turned out and pushed the logs into the river one Saturday afternoon and that night the ark tied up at the mouth of Stony Creek about a mile above Knapps Creek.

There was a Kentish man by the name of Hamilton who was on that drive. Just above where the railroad bridge crosses the creek there was a slight jam of logs. Presently the logs moved and covered the water, and Hamilton an awkward man at the best went down in the water between the logs and there was danger of getting squeezed. Driscol was standing on the bank and as quick as a cat ran out over the logs and caught Hamilton by the hand and lifted him out of the water and they ran ashore. Driscol could ride a floating log stick—his cant hook upright in the log, turn a handspring on the log, and come right side up and resume his canthook or peevey and float on down the river without mishap.

The year after, Driscol came back in full charge and we always thought that the race had something to do with his promotion. It is things like that cause Stewart Edward White to write books like the "River man," White having worked in the Michigan camps where the Rules of the Game are the same as they are here.

In the future the scientists will find signs of the splash dams erected in this period to augment the flow of the water, and will argue about them.

There has been a good deal said about Huntersville in these columns this winter, one of the reasons being that your humble servant has been on that road hundreds of times since the leaves fell last fall and has found it a fruitful subject. In a way it has been done hastily and none of the rules for careful writing have been observed. They could not be for I am a lone worker and it has been a something like a freshman writing writing duty letters to the home olks.

I want to say though that if I have succeeded in getting the crawfish of the streams of this region recognition as belonging to the trilobite family, the labor is not in vain. These lords of creation have fallen very low and have to lurk in hiding, but they hold their own in the station they now occupy. Since writing about them I hunted up a very large and frowsy trilobite and found it under a large flat stone. The ungrateful brute immediately laid hold of my hand and pinched until the blood ran and I had to have first aid at the drug store. I did not make it snap its claw off, for the reason that I wanted to make a close examination of it in view of my late studies of its fossil ancestors. The crawfish has ten legs. Two are armed with pincers formed by one movable and one hinged shear or jaw. Six legs are equipped with similar claws, smaller, but with considerable power to pinch and hold. The four hind legs, two on each side have one finger only, and this is because they do not have to use them to fight or rend.

The trilobite is known for its pop eyes and in this the crawfish has preserved during all these ages the pop eye of all creation. Under a magnifying glass these eyes look like insulators made out of black glass. I put the crawfish back in the water. The crawfish burrows for many feet through the close packed earth and makes a real tunnel. They must begin on top of the ground for heaps of earth around their holes indicate that they carry quantities of earth backwards up a perpendicular wall. Every farmer knows about this. Crawfish land is a word of disparagement and calls for heavy doses of lime and drainage.

I want to call attention to the fact that while there are millions of fossil shells in the mountains I am writing about that shell life has not disappeared from the waters there. There is an interesting gastropod present in the waters of Knapps Creek and its tributaries in great quantities. These are alive and they also exist in untold millions, and they frolic and skip and are very active. I refer to the periwinkle, a survivor of the shell family, and one of the most interesting of primitive animals.

Go to a little bay in the side of the creek where the water covered o ders have had the opportunity to accumulate a fine coating of silt or mud. Out in the current the river rocks are washed bare. But in the mud tops you will see all sorts of trails and circles and squares like the trails in the fresh fallen snow around a school house made by the childrens. These paths on the rock are caused by the wanderings of the periwinkle in search of food and society.

The periwinkle is known to every barefooted boy. The shell fish forces itself upon the boy's consciousness for in the early spring before the foot has acquired its soleleather bottom, the wading boy is constantly stepping on the little sharp pointed shells that lie on every sunken stone, and these cause discomfort to the wader in the water. A little later the boy will not notice them so much. And it is a ever present cause of trouble to the gentleman or lady who takes off shoes to wade the creek or river.

In size they are about as big as small marble and they feel like a gravel in the shoe. They have a conical ringed top and one opening in the bottom. In fact they are nothing more or less than a fresh water snail, and they can carry their houses on their backs. They frequent the tops of stones but they are alive to the chances of food in the pool. They are much prized for trout bait when all other things have failed, and one way to take them is to submerge a piece of a bush in the water. After in a short time it may be withdrawn with numbers of the shell fish clinging to it.

They are fresh water snails. And as they live in swift water it may be said that they are active and strong.

I am not sure that I have found any fossils that could be identified as the present day periwinkle. Fossils do not lend themselves to identification very readily anyway. If a sea change is produced in a vegetable or animal after a day or two, what might be expected after thousands of years and the various processes a fossil goes through. While the Huntersville fossils are most vivid and clear cut of any, yet at the same time any fossil gives an active imagination vast opportunities for self deception. It has become a sort of cult therefore to support the printed word and a great many talented young men have been sacrificed to uphold the false theories of decadent scientists. Greater love hath no scientist than this. I have found gastropods but they had been flattened somewhat by the weight of the mountain.

But there is one thing sure. The Indians were fond of the periwinkle. When they arrived at their camping places along these streams the order of the day was to gather the periwinkles and boil them for soup. The Indian was an experienced camper and he had his regular dump pile and any one of shell fish led to a great heap of refuse. In this section there have been left many heaps periwinkle shells.

On the Potomac River there is a heap, mostly of oysters, that covers thirty acres of ground. The shell heaps in this section are often found by the plowing of fields.

The word gastropod means belly foot. The foot is the biggest thing about the periwinkle. It is round like the elephant foot. When the periwinkle is not at home it sports its can by closing the trap door by closing the shell lid. This is the first impulse on being picked up and most persons do not observe it further than to see that it has closed up as tight as can be. Not a particle of water could get into its shell.

But if you have a good glass and hold it belly up for a while you will see the snail lift the lid and the first thing to be seen is the foot protuding. The lid on being reversed is a part of the foot which opens and closes like the hand of a man and with which it can move with considerable speed, and with which it can climb the wall of a tin can with ease.

After a time, it sticks its head out by the side of its foot and it does this to see. It has sombre brown eyes which look out at you with a more or less intelligent expression. It has a sucking mouth which moves to what may be meant to be a threatening grimace but being absolutely toothless, does not seem so ferocious.

Then it sticks its whole head out and presently it is pretty well out of its shell. It is rather terrifying under the magnifier as it looks like a snake reaching over a white surface to get you, but it is too small to see with the naked eye. That is I cannot make out its features, its eyes, or its forbidding expression, though I can plainly see the big round disc of a foot.

I had picked up the shell without realizing that it was a living thing, but after it did everything but speak I put it back into the water unhurt, just as I did the crawfish of the evil eye.

There is one shell fish that used to be plentiful in Knapps Creek, that has wholly disappeared and that is the fresh water mussel. It was a bivalve about three inches long with a black or dark covering and lined with mother of pearl. Its half shells were plentiful on the creek bed and easily discernible by their white color shining through the water. Most barefooted boys of that day and time knew what it was to cut the foot on mussel shell. It was something like stepping on a butcher knife. Mussel fossils are very plentiful in the ancient formations, but the mussel, the living mussel, has disappeared within the last thirty years. Probably due to the introduction of the black bass into the waters here. That is an improvident fish that literally eats itself out of house and home and has to be moved from river to river according to the food supply. England is now preparing to plant the black bass in her rivers, and they will have a ripping time for a while and then wonder what has happened to their fishing streams.

There are some more things to write about in this neighborhood. Rodney Buzzard and Eno Alderman big landowners on Cummings Creek put me on to some very fine dendrites, something like moss agate. Beautiful representation of moss in a transparent stone, probably selenite, glassy gypsum. More about this later. We have the promise of a headstone from the War Department for the tomb of John Bradshaw, the soldier of the Revolution.

T. S. McNeel F. F. McLaughlin

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Relief From Curse of Constipation

A Battle Creek physician says, "Constipation is responsible for more misery than any other cause."

But immediate relief has been found. A tablet called Rexall Orderlies has been discovered. This tablet attracts water from the system into the lazy, dry, evacuating bowel called the colon. The water loosens the dry food waste and causes a gentle, thorough, natural movement without forming a habit or ever increasing the dose.

Stop suffering from constipation. Chew a Rexall Orderlie at night. Next day bright. Get 24 for 25c today at the nearest Rexall Drug Store.

Final Settlement

The final settlement of the accounts of Willie Cassell, Administrator of the estate of John Cassell, deceased are before the undersigned Commissioner of Accounts of Pocahontas county for adjudication. All persons interested will take notice.

T. S. McNeel, Commissioner

NOTICE

I have lost one certificate, containing two shares of the Hise Gun Flash light Stock, and am filing this notice in compliance with by laws, and ask that the company issue to me a duplicate for the one lost and marked No. 8.

J. D. WIMOTH.

Lost

Two Stock Certificates in the Hise Gun Flash Light Co., Nos 36 and 37, amt $250.00 each, made to C. B. Meeks and B. L. Hamrick. Finder will please return to us and receive reward.

Hamrick and Meeks

Cass, W. Va.

For Sale

Two trucks in good shape, capacity 1 1-2 ton and 2 tons. Prices right. Apply to R. C. May, Marlinton W Va

Notice

All persons indebted to the firm of Thomas & Thomas are requested to settle their accounts at once.

All persons having claims against said estate will please file them properly proven with the undersigned.

Anna H. Thomas, Admrx.

For Sale

New 20 h. p. electric motor, Fairbanks Morse make, has not had over 3 days service; ball bearing; a bargain for quick buyer. 3 phase, 60 cycle, 220 volt, 1200 revolutions, complete with starter.

J. L. Baxter

Marlinton, W. Va.

For Sale

I have for sale at C. M. Greathouse place the following: 1 good bed, 1 library table, 1 all leather davenport, 1 velvet rug 9x12 good as new; 1 lot fine aluminum and other cooking utensils, 1 stand table, 1 inlaid linoleum rug 9x12 dining chairs, table, cupboard and other household goods. Apply to C. M. Greathouse. Will sell on time for note and good security.

Lonnie Kisner

Durbin, W. Va.

FEMALE HELP WANTED—We pay $1.20 dozen, sewing bungalow aprons at home. Spare time. Thread furnished. No button holes. Send stamp. CEDAR GARMENT FACTORY, Amsterdam, New York

CARD OF THANKS

The family of J. W. Wickline wish to thank the many friends for their kindness and sympathy during the illness and death of our dear husband and father. May God's richest blessings rest on each and every one of you.

Mrs. Wickline & Family

Utmost Value.

at moderate price—BORN Custom Clothes—they are made-to-measure.

NU-BORN CUSTOM CLOTHES

must satisfy you 100 per cent—our guarantee says so.

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Marlinton, W. Va.

It clings

because this
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THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, Editor

THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1928

This is supposed to be the last of the series under the title of the Huntersville road. It has been said that I got stalled on that road and have not been able to get off of it since. There are at least two reasons for hash. The first is that it is a popular dish especially with the aged and the other is that there is nothing else in the house to set before the family. A large turkey in a small family finally appears in hash, and if I have to eat turkey I prefer it in hash, for many cookings disguise the reptilian nature of the dish. And if it should hereafter appear that something else is offered on this subject it will be because the goods expected did not come.

I have a little book that I hope to publish sometime about birds. In it I have devoted the space to evidences of intelligence in birds, a phase of the subject which has been wonderfully neglected. I have a indefinite feeling that birds are the wisest of all animals and the most accomplished. They have even learned to speak human language and that is something that no other animal has ever done with the single exception of the donkey that Balaam heard. The bird is the oldest land animal. At first four footed like the most of the reptiles they developed their front feet into wings and were soon able to escape their enemies in the air. Nothing else in the way of land animals has been able to do this. They have many fine traits and they are much loved and cherished by men. I sometimes wonder if they are not too near human to be eaten as food.

One of the most remarkable incidents of intelligence and devotion to their human cousins is the tradition about the Cackley pigeons. Something over a hundred years ago a citizen named William Cackley, a son of the pioneer Valentine Cackley, lived on the farm now owned and operated by Fred W Ruckman at Marvin Chapel, on the Seneca Trail eight miles below Marlinton at the Stephen Sewell run. His wife was Jennie Gay, a daughter of Robert Gay, who lived just above Marlinton on the river. William Cackley kept a store at that place. He decided to move to Huntersville. This must have been just about the time that Huntersville had begun to boom by reason of being the county seat of the new county of Pocahontas. He did not go into the town but settled on Cummings Creek in sight of the court house. At Marvin Mrs. Cackley had a flock of pigeons. When they came to move she decided that it was not worth while to move the pigeons. They were hard to catch and of no intrinsic value. And they were not tame enough to have inspired any particular affection with the family. So no effort was made to move the pigeons. But it seems that the pigeons were doing some thinking on their part.

The distance from Marvin to Huntersville by way of Marlins Bottom is fourteen miles. The family moved one day and the next morning at daybreak when the family woke and looked out, every pigeon was seen on an oak tree near the house. They had followed the family.

This William Cackley was a very prominent man in the history of the county. He was a captain in the war of 1812. Served several terms in the legislature. He was sheriff of the county. But he later moved to Illinois and while he had a large number of children not many of his descendants live in this county. His daughter Leah married John Hogsett and lived on Elk.

I got a letter the other day from my friend, Charles R. Johnson, the distinguished lawyer of Harrison county. He had caught the name Cackley in some of these romances and he identifies himself with them having been descended from a brother of Valentine Cackley. He has accumulated a great many details of the family. He writes me that the Cackleys of a hundred and fifty to two hundred years ago were much given to milling, and that fits in with the one that came to Winchester, Virginia, there married Mary Frye and branched off from the rest of the family and settled at Mill Point during the Revolution. This was Valentine Cackley. He built the first mill at Mill Point. The place was first called Cackleytown but gradually took on the name of Mill Point. It was at a place where the swift flowing waters of Stamping Creek could be used for power. Valentine Cackley was the rich man of the community. He had a flour mill, a tilt hammer, a saw mill, a tanyard, a store, and great farms. His house was where Lanty McNeel lives and where the fort was. It was to this fort that the Bridger boys were brought when they had been shot to death by the Indians in Bridgers Gap three miles north of this place.

I have been trying to get a line on Sir Eric Geddes and the Huntersville road as so many insist that he was about here in the eighties or nineties. I cannot be absolutely sure, but I think I remember him being at my Uncle Andy McLaughlin's on the Huntersville road somewhere about 1890. I base this on the numerous reports that he showed up in this part of West Virginia, and on the strength of my identification of a photograph of the days of his prime. If I recollect aright he was a huge young fellow lumbering along with a still hugher Englishman.

Here are some of the details of his American experience printed after he became England's right hand man in the great war. Geddes is Scotch and was born in India in 1875. In 1889 he came to America and landed in New York. He traveled in the steerage. He left home against his father's wishes and when he left his father gave him a check for fifteen pounds to be used when he got homesick for a passage home from New York. His first job was in New York City trying to make a living as a salesman. His next job was in the iron works at Homestead, at a dollar and a half a day.

From there he came to West Virginia and got a job as a section hand on the Baltimore and Ohio railway, and the engineer in charge of his part of the railroad was L. F. Loree, the great railway magnate of the present time.

From there Geddes seems to have landed somewhere over in the central part of the State, possibly on the West Virginia Pittsburgh which was being built into the Gauley country in 1890. The account says the station was called Nimlette but I can not figure out whether this was the place that he worked first in West Virginia or where he got in charge of the station. And I cannot locate Nimlette in West Virginia. At the last station he worked on he had a chance to study train dispatching and telegraphy under a young woman operator and when she married and resigned her job Geddes was put in charge of the station. This is where he lived in an abandoned freight car. Later he left the railroad and worked in the woods. Probably on the waters of Gauley River. Later still he was in Alabama. After four years in America, in 1895, he went to Australia. That was about the time that Chalmondeley and Bourden went there from this part of West Virginia.

He stopped there riding sheep range for a year, and then went to India.

It was in India that he got his chance. He found that some lightly constructed railway was to be built in the woods. You know about how it would appeal to the trained engineers of England. They would build for all time with rod and rule and blue print. Geddes in America had learned to build woods road without the aid of expert engineers and he laid it down in a hurry and from the beginning he rose rapidly, and at the outbreak of the war he was general manager of the North Eastern, one of the richest roads in England.

The lumber road in these mountains is still fearfully and wonderfully made. The boss will walk ahead with a staff in his hand and indicate as he goes along without an instrument where the road is to be and where the bridges are to be made and the construction gang follows and evens up and builds long cribs for the bridges, and the railroad follows. On this heavy engines and trains are used for years.

When the necessity arose for quick transportation of men and munitions on the continent of Europe the department got tangled up. Kitchener remembered Geddes and the woods road of India. He sent for him to get some lines built to relieve the congestion. Red Tape was offended and Geddes was not allowed to build the emergency lines.

But when Lloyd George came in they put Geddes in full charge and he built hundreds of miles of light railways and imported railroad builders from North America for the purpose. In a short time he became one of the great men of the world. When he could not get rails and rolling stock fast enough he would tear it up in England and lay it down in France. West Virginia people often discussed Geddes but they were somewhat puzzled just were to place him in their recollection.

A few words about the expedition of Col. Wesley Owens of Eighth Ohio Cavalry, to Huntersville, in June 1865. This is positively the last army of the Civil War that marched through this county on either side. I have given the last appearance to at least two other commands in the last year of the war, and then dug up another and yet another from the records of the War of the Rebellion as it is officially named.

May 28th 1865, the war well over, the Ohio regiment was at Clarksburg. The headquarters of the West Virginia Department at Cumberland, Maryland, heard that Ex Governor William Smith (Extra Billy) was in retirement at Marlins Bottom, and for some reason the military authorities wanted him apprehended and brought before them. So orders were issued to Owens to make an expedition through this part of the country for general purposes and to get Extra Billy if they could.

Owens left Clarksburg, June 1, 1865, with a column of 400 men on horseback. They rode through Philippi, Beverly, and Huntersville. At Beverly the search for government property began. Especially for concealed arms for they did not want the mountains to break out again.

At that time there were a lot of horses belonging to the United States on the farms. These were mostly horses that had been traded by the troopers for better ones. A horse soldier was apt to do that for if his horse began to weaken and he found a fine strong horse in the country it was very natural for him to make a unilateral trade and ride off on the good horse and leave the other in its place. And there had been a lot of good rifles taken. It seems sometimes that the confederates fought with federal arms. Owens came on over Elk Mountain by way of Mingo Flats, and when he got to Marlins Bottom, he made inquiries and found that William Smith was not there. That is correct. He was not in this neighborhood at anytime so far as I can find out.

So Owens decided to give up the pursuit of Smith. He reported that affairs in Pocahontas county were in good shape. There was no horse stealing going on. The citizens were well disposed and quiet. Returning rebels immediately went to work and conducted themselves with propriety.

He was eminently right in that statement. In my grandfather's family there were five surviving sons who had been involved in the War of the Rebellion and they had more than enough and were apprehensive of imprisonment and prosecution. They were peaceful and not attracting any more attention than they could.

Owens found and took the following government property: Thirteen horses, one mule, seven saddles and bridles, and eleven rifles.

He was very bitter about one thing however. A day ahead of him rode a company of West Virginia State troops under a Captain Allen, who was also searching for government property and the result was that the people having been warned had concealed everything pretty much that belonged to the United States. He regrets to say that this Captain Allen did not fall into his hands.

So much of his report as related to Captain Allen was submitted to the Governor of West Virginia.

The Captain Allen referred to was Captain I. W. Allen, of Clover Lick. He was the commanding officer of the Pocahontas company of West Virginia state guards, a hard fighting and efficient company of soldiers who rendered fully as much service to the Union as any body of regular troops. It has always seemed a pity to me that the federal government did not recognize them as fighters, after the war. They were not like the home guards of distant states. They were in the firing lines. At that time, it was a toss up with young men whether they would join the regulars or the state troops. I have known of young men who rode side by side a hundred miles to volunteer, and who discussed the merits of the respective services as they rode along and one joined up with the regular army and has drawn remuneration ever since. The state troops were not rewarded.

Captain I. W. Allen was a tall broad shouldered man with an eagle eye and hooked nose, and he had the respect of the soldiers who served under him because he was cool and courageous. After the war he retired to a small farm on Clover Creek mountain which he worked himself with no more help than his sons gave him as they grew old enough to farm. It was the kind of farm where most of the corn was raised with a hoe and husked and carried into the crib. I taught my first school in his sub district. It seems to me that he was one of the trustees.

I would go over to his house to spend the the night. I slept on one feather bed and under another. We had bear meat for supper. He was like a good many other soldiers, very stern and solemn. He would talk a good deal about the war.

I remember one time I was in Charleston in a room in the hotel all cluttered up with statesmen and other prominent West Virginians who were engaged in the national game of holding hands. The old Captian was down there at the same time looking after some legislation. He was a very striking example of the mountaineer with his bold and unterrified look, his eagle beak, his keen eyes, and a long matted red beard in which the gray was beginning to show. I have seen that same death defying look in one other man in my time, Captain Anson Hatfield, of the confederate service. Captain Allen was looking for me and when he came to the right room he opened the door and holding it part open, peered around at the unbelievers. It was a striking sight. Senator Kidd glanced up and said: "Here's Old Man Remorse!"

In the above paragraph I do not use the word unbeliever in a bad sense. I mean those who pay to see what his opponent holds in the way of a hand. After giving up the hunt for Extra Billy Smith, Owens made his headquarters at Huntersville. He reported that two families only lived there. A month before no one lived at that place. This county was so overrun with armies during the civil war, that not a soul lived at the county seat for several years. I think that must be a record of desolation for the Civil War for the whole South.

This edges me off of the Huntersville road. It has been my stamping ground for more than four months. I have seen Knapps Creek come tumbling down between the winter killed hills in all its moods. I have found many wonderful and beautiful fossils of prehistoric life engraved in the solid rock. And I have enjoyed the driving storms that sweep that narrow valley and caused the car to bowl and falter from their force.

That country is full of relics of the sea that has been pushed back so far that few mountain people ever have seen it. To be able to gather sea shells within a few minutes of my home has proved a never fading source of interest to me. If we cannot go down and hear the greybeard sea talking to the shore, we can visit the place that it was the other day, even if we cannot hear its surfy, slow, deep, mellow voice.

T. S. McNeel F. F. McLaughlin

McNEEL & McLAUGHLIN INSURANCE

Fire, Life, Health, Accident, Automobile, Live Stock and Bonds.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS

Town and Country Property only licensed agents in the County.

Money to loan on farms

Your business solicited

Relief From Curse of Constipation

A Battle Creek physician says, "Constipation is responsible for more misery than any other cause."

But immediate relief has been found. A tablet called Rexall Orderlies has been discovered. This tablet attracts water from the system into the lazy, dry, evacuating bowel called the colon. The water loosens the dry food waste and causes a gentle, thorough, natural movement without forming a habit or ever increasing the dose.

Stop suffering from constipation. Chew a Rexall Orderlie at night. Next day bright. Get 24 for 25c today at the nearest Rexall Drug Store.

Final Settlement

The final settlement of the accounts of Willis Cassell, Administrator of the estate of John Cassell, deceased are before the undersigned Commissioner of Accounts of Pocahontas county for adjudication. All persons interested will take notice.

T. S. McNeel, Commissioner

NOTICE

I have lost one certificate, containing two shares of the Blue Gun Flash light Stock, and am filing this notice in compliance with by-laws, and ask that the company issue to me a duplicate for the one lost and marked No. 8.

J. D WIMOTH.

CHRIST FOR ALL—ALL FOR CHRIST

The Word of God

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.—Psalm 119: 105.

BIBLE THOUGHT AND PRAYER

If parents will have their children memorize a Bible selection each week, it will prove a priceless heritage to them in after years.

THE ONLY GOD:—Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God is one Lord.—Deuteronomy 6:4

PRAYER:—

O God, we praise Thee, and confess
That Thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father, art
By all the earth adored."

Fiduciary Settlement

The final settlement of the administration accounts of Mrs. Mary M. Gladwell, Administratrix of the Estate of Perry L. Brown deceased, are before the undersigned Commissioner of Accounts for adjudication. All persons will please take notice and so whatever is necessary to protect their interests.

T. S. McNeel, Commissioner

NOTICE

The Board of Education of Huntersville District will meet at Frost on Saturday, April 28, 1928, at which time and place the patrons of the Frost school are requested to meet with the Board.

By order of the Board
J. A. Reed, President

Have It Tuned

Keep its 88 notes in good Harmony by having your piano or player piano regularly tuned. Look for me.

D. R. LEANE, Expert Tuner.
Maxwelton, W. Va.

COMMUNITY SINGING

Indian Draft	April 29, 7:30 p m
Marvin Chapel	May 6, 2:30 p m
Indian Draft	May 6, 7:30 p m
Fairview	May 13, 7:30 p m
West Union	May 13, 7:30 p m

A committee composed of O. W. Kellison, Porter Kellison, O. W. Ruckman, W. J. Hebb, and Harmon Sharp, has been selected to carry these community singings to other parts of the county—Lobelia, Spice, Jacox, Beaver Creek, Cummings Creek, Fairview, Brushy Flat, Elk, and other places.

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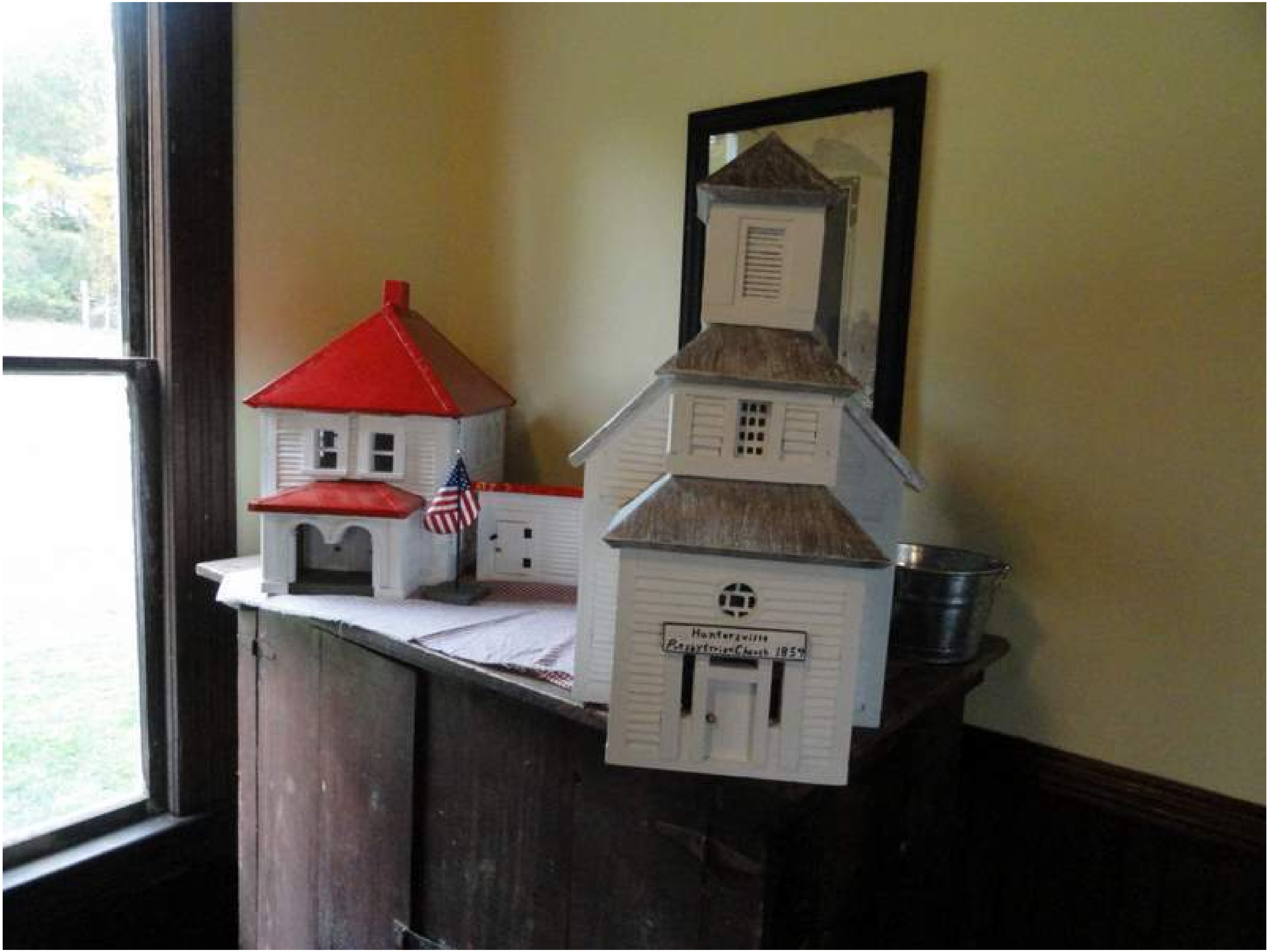
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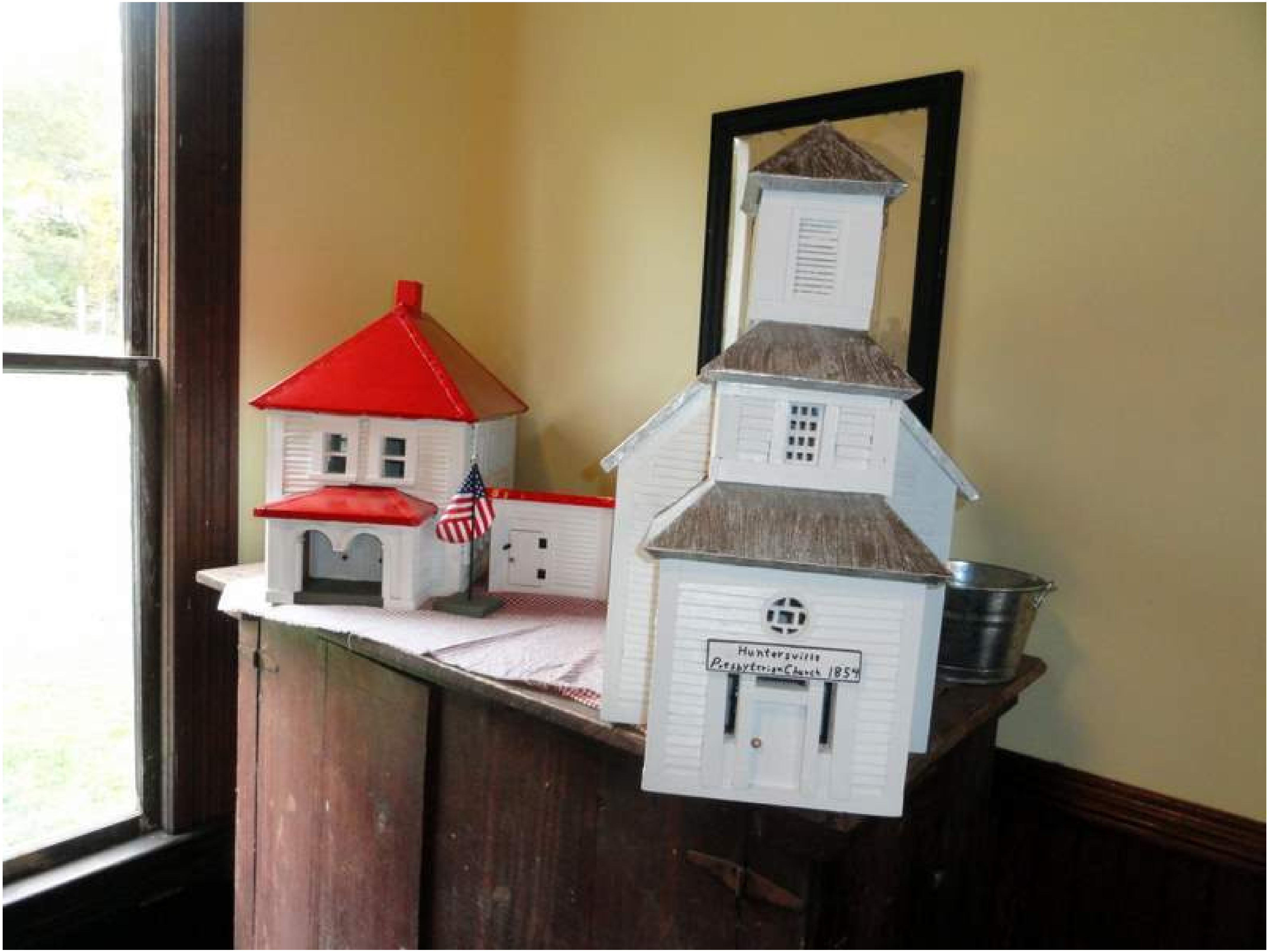
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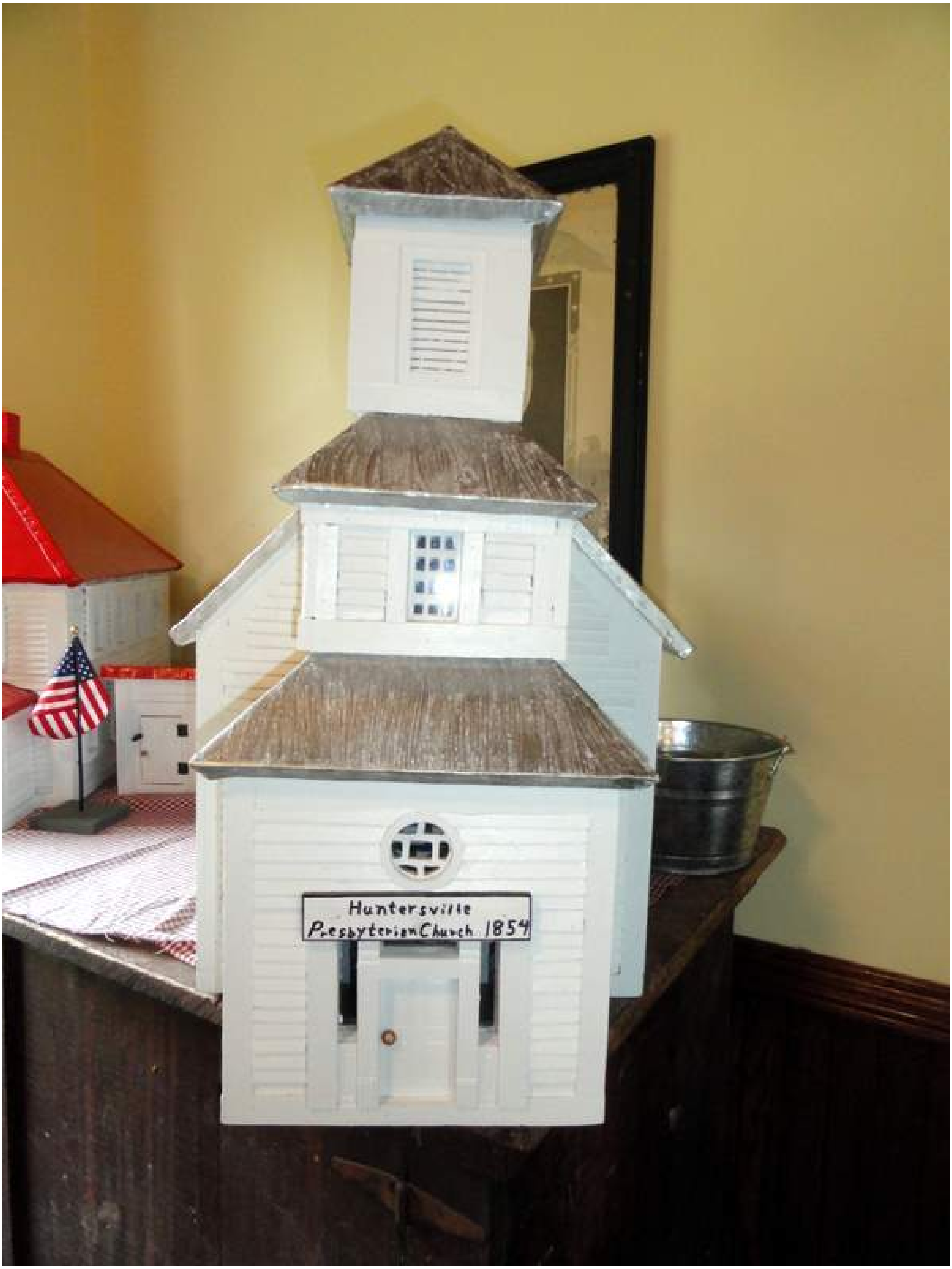
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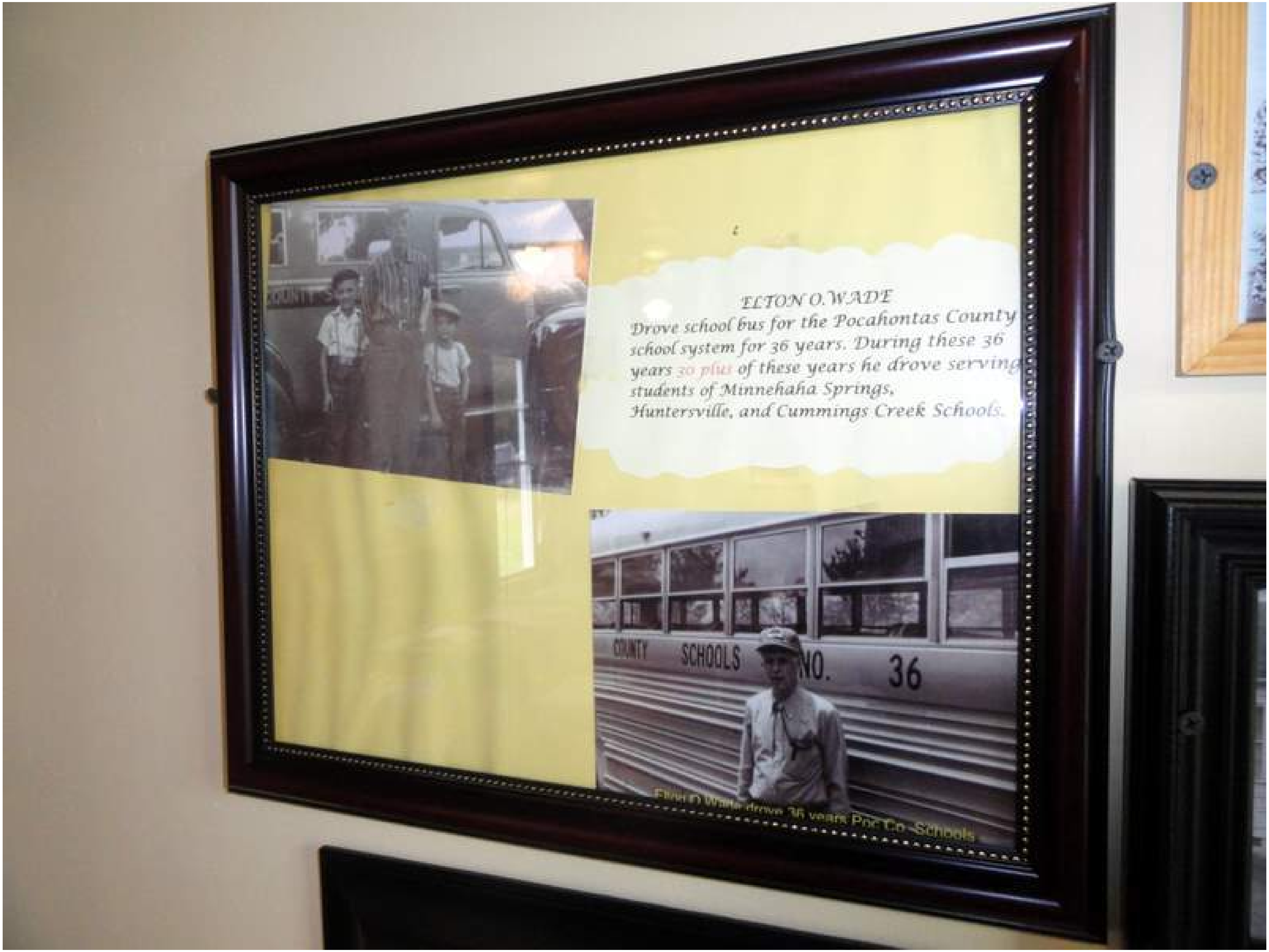

ELTON O. WADE

Drove school bus for the Pocahontas County school system for 36 years. During these 36 years 30 plus of these years he drove serving students of Minnehaha Springs, Huntersville, and Cummings Creek Schools.

COUNTY
COUNTY SCHOOLS NO. 36

Elton O Wade drove 36 years Poc Co Schools

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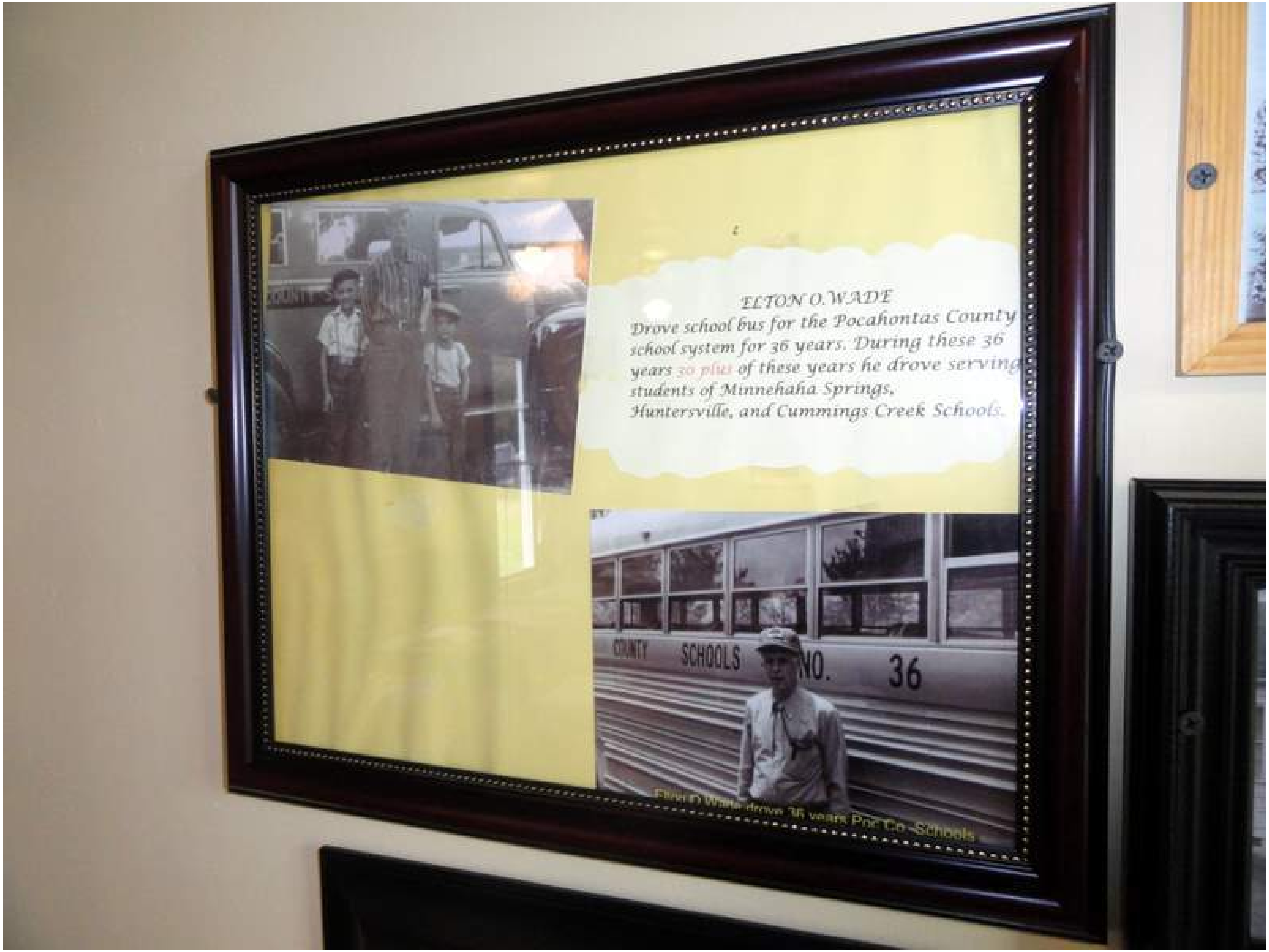

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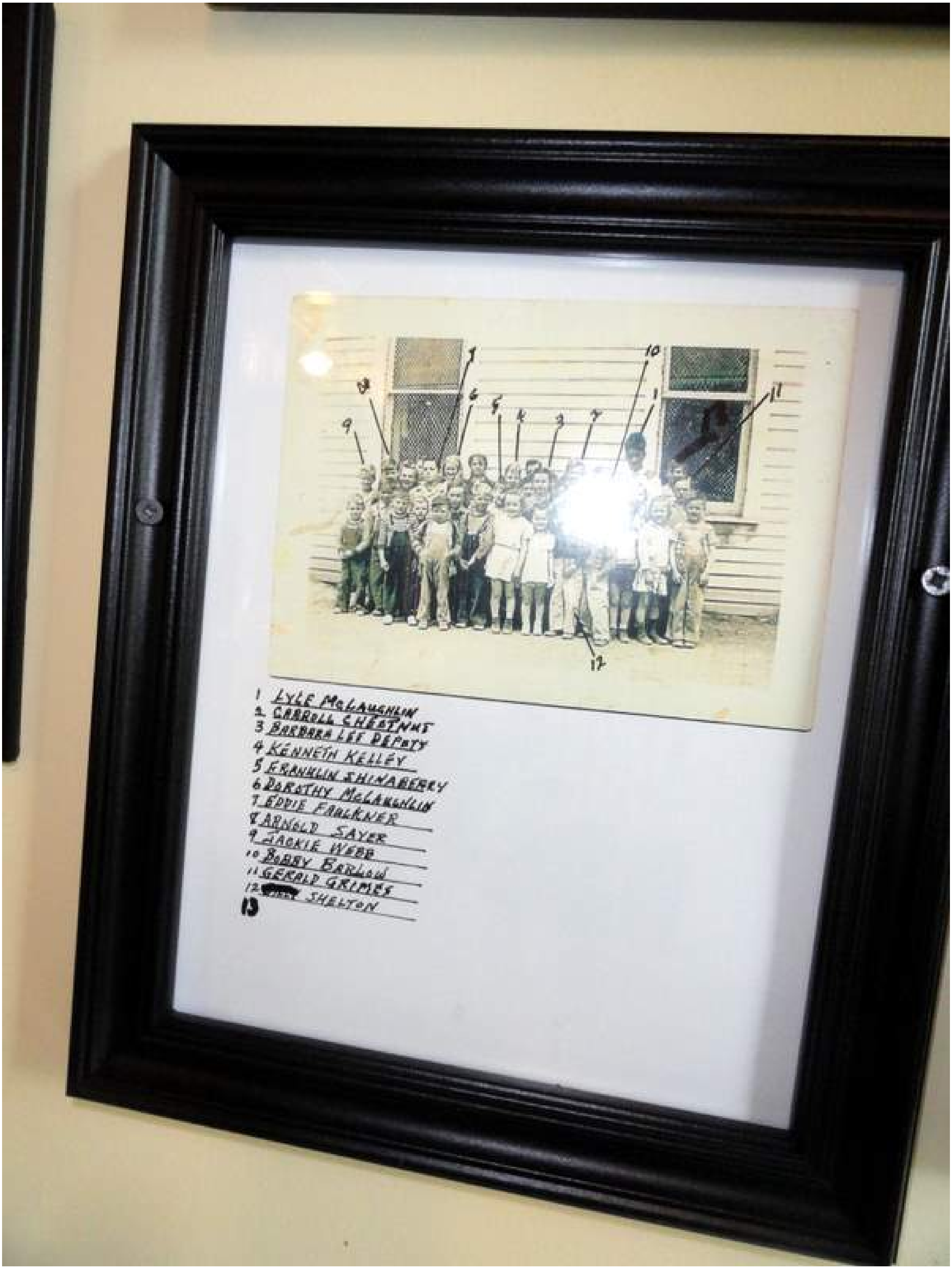

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11 GERALD GRIMES
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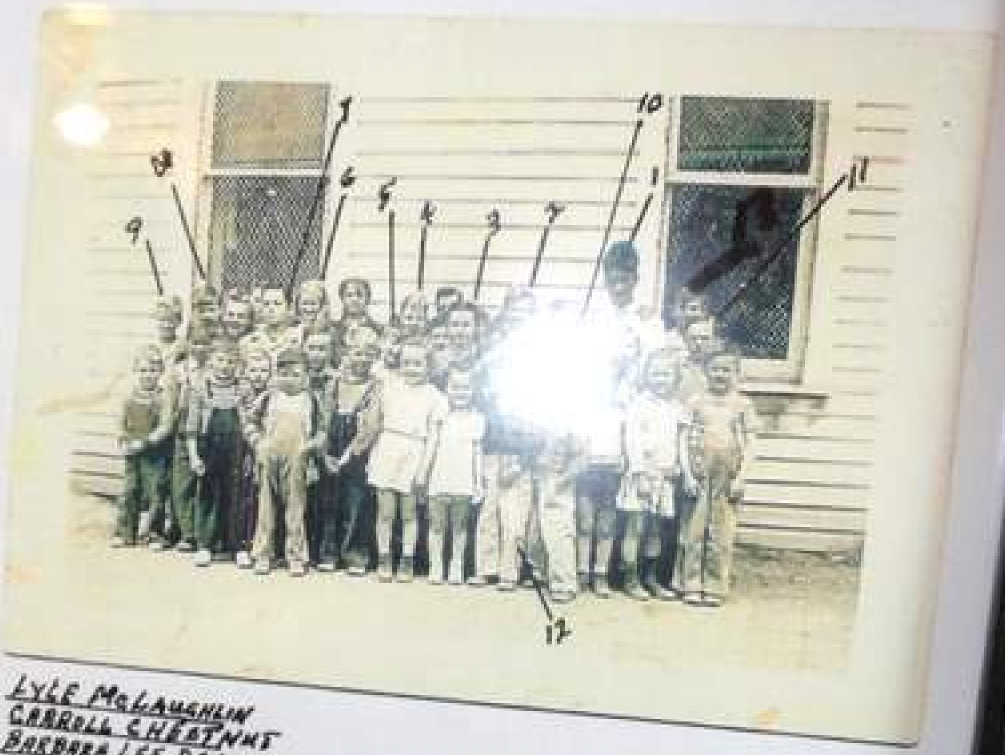

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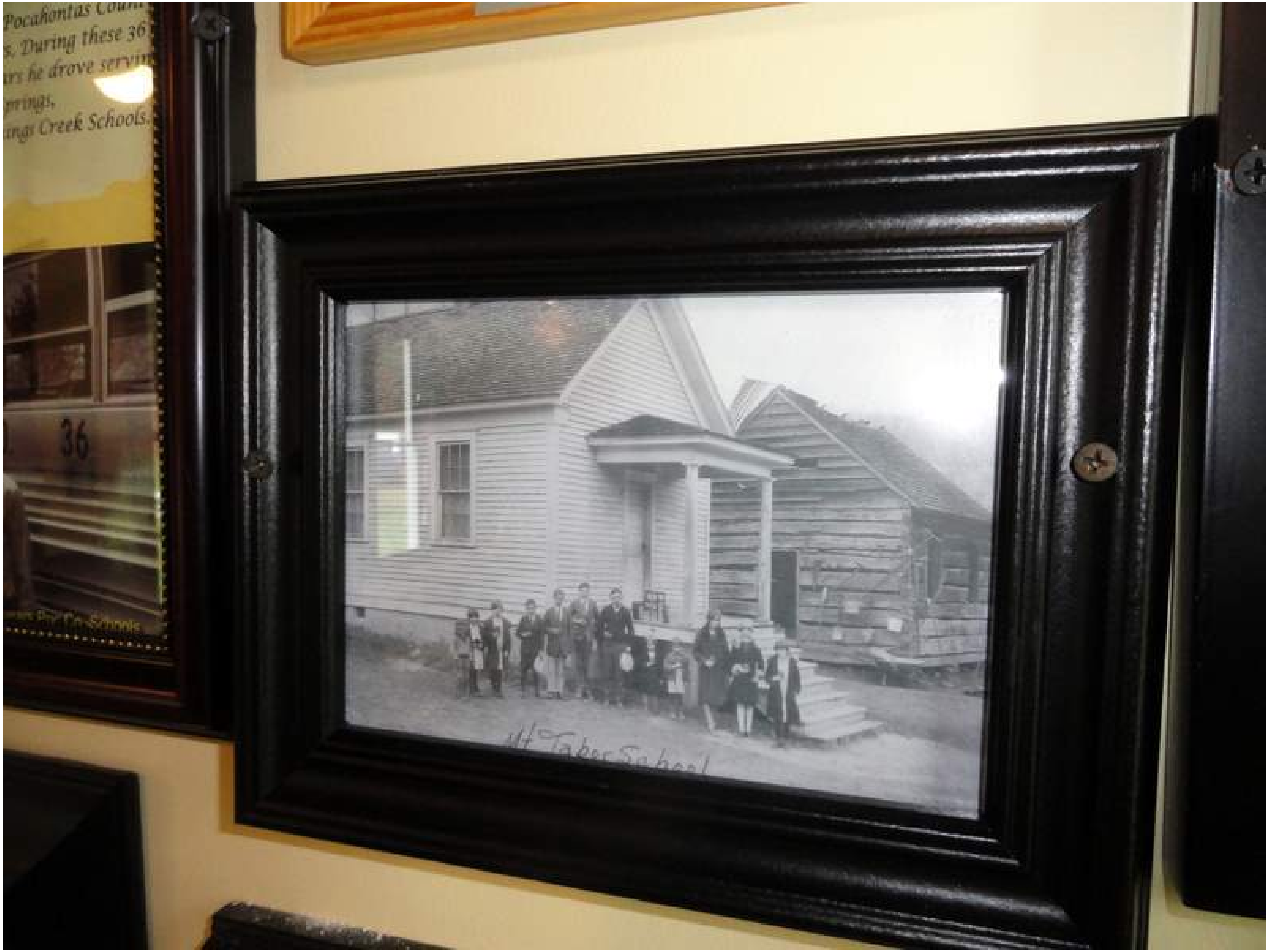
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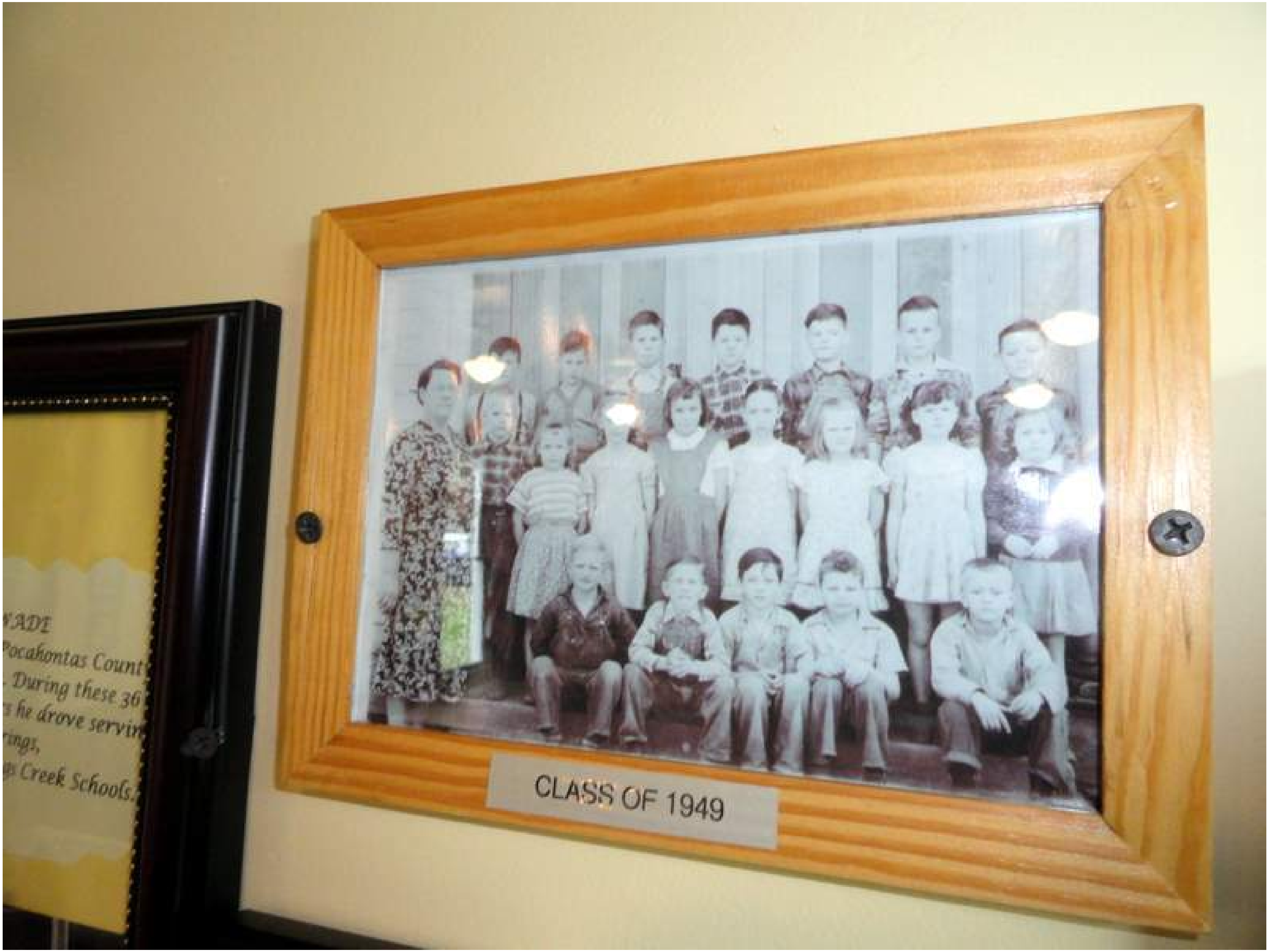
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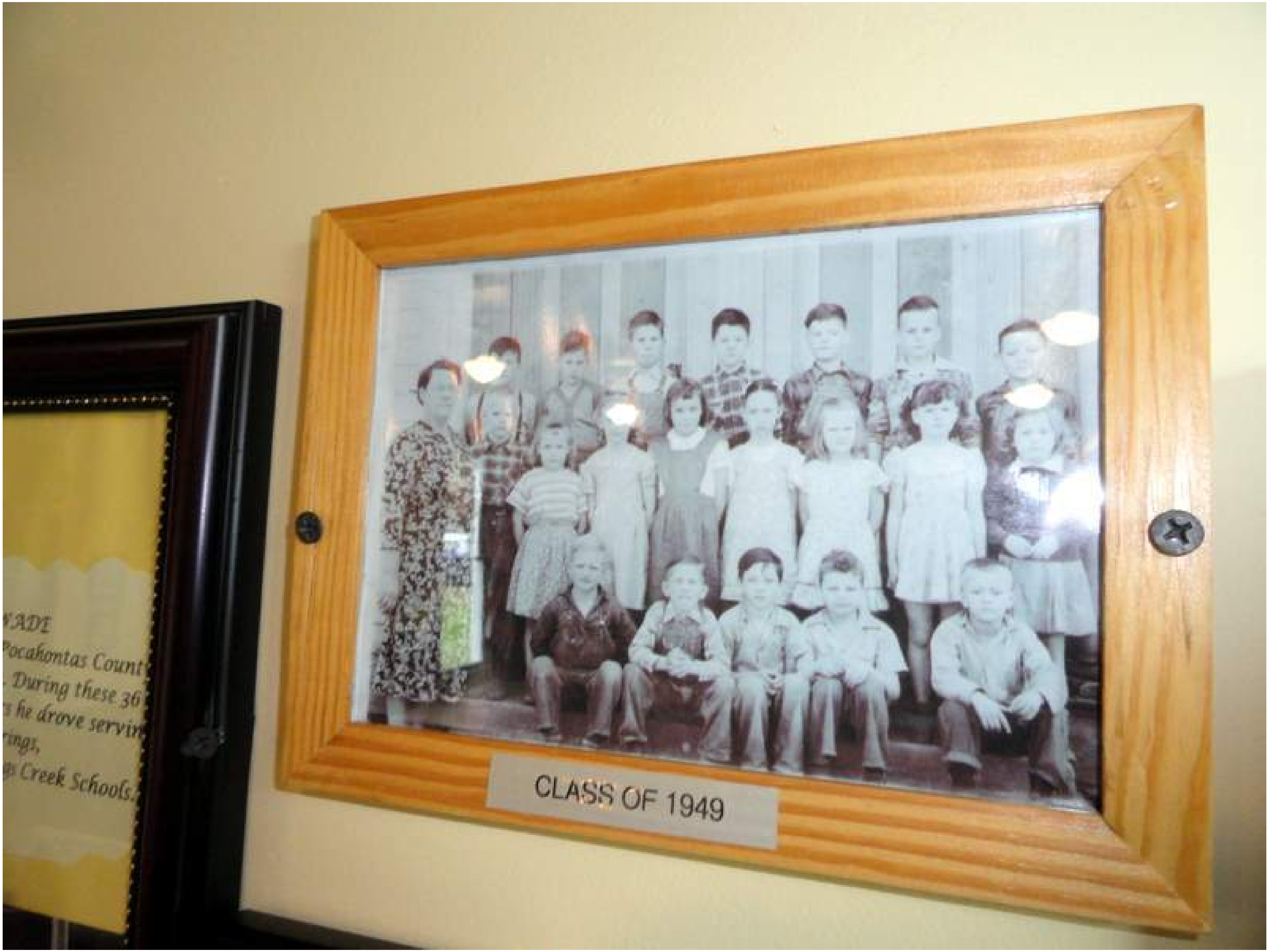
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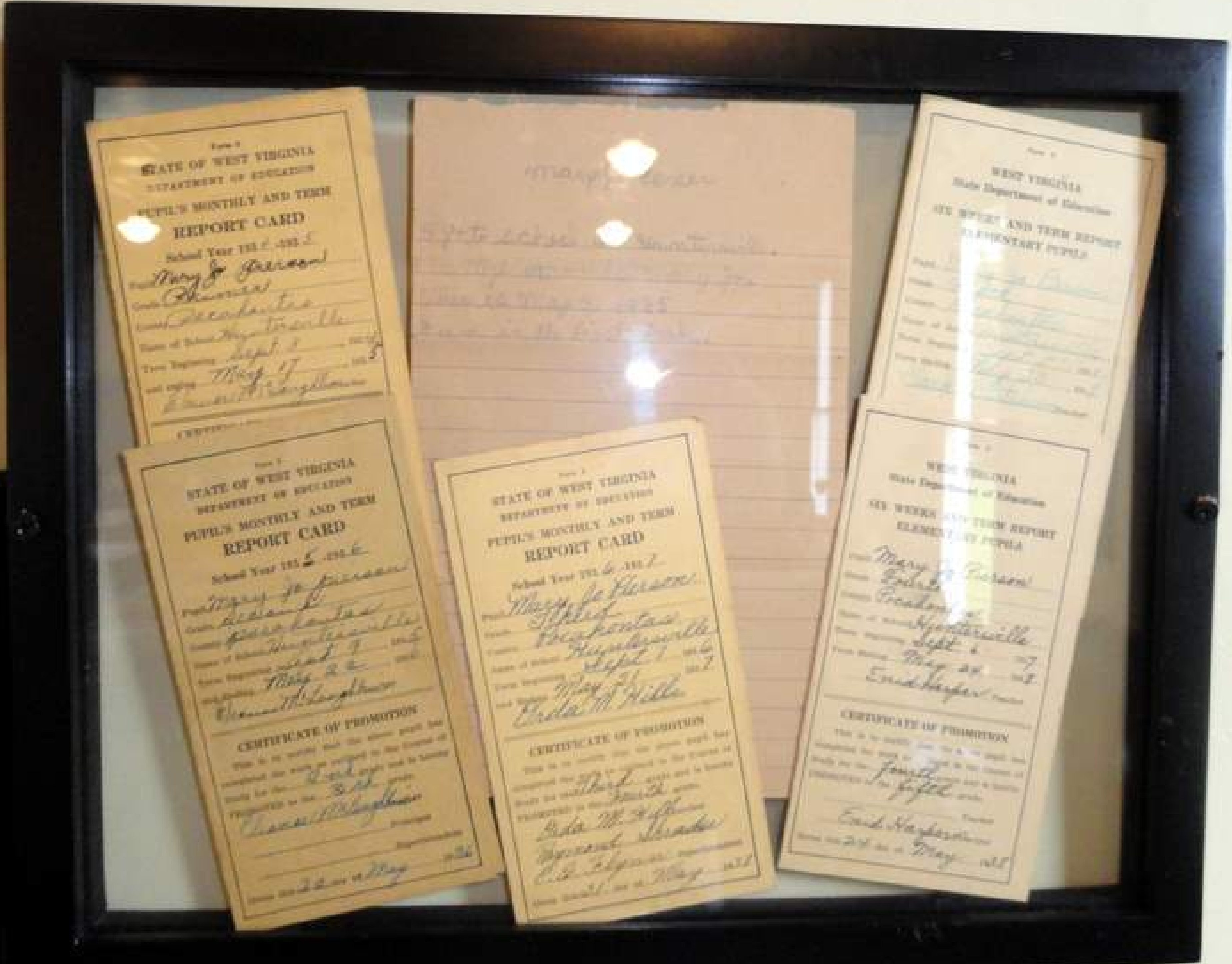

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA
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PUPIL'S MONTHLY AND TERM
REPORT CARD

WEST VIRGINIA
State Department of Education
SIX WEEKS AND TERM REPORT
ELEMENTARY PUPILS

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA
DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
PUPIL'S MONTHLY AND TERM
REPORT CARD

CERTIFICATE OF PROMOTION

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SIX WEEKS AND TERM REPORT
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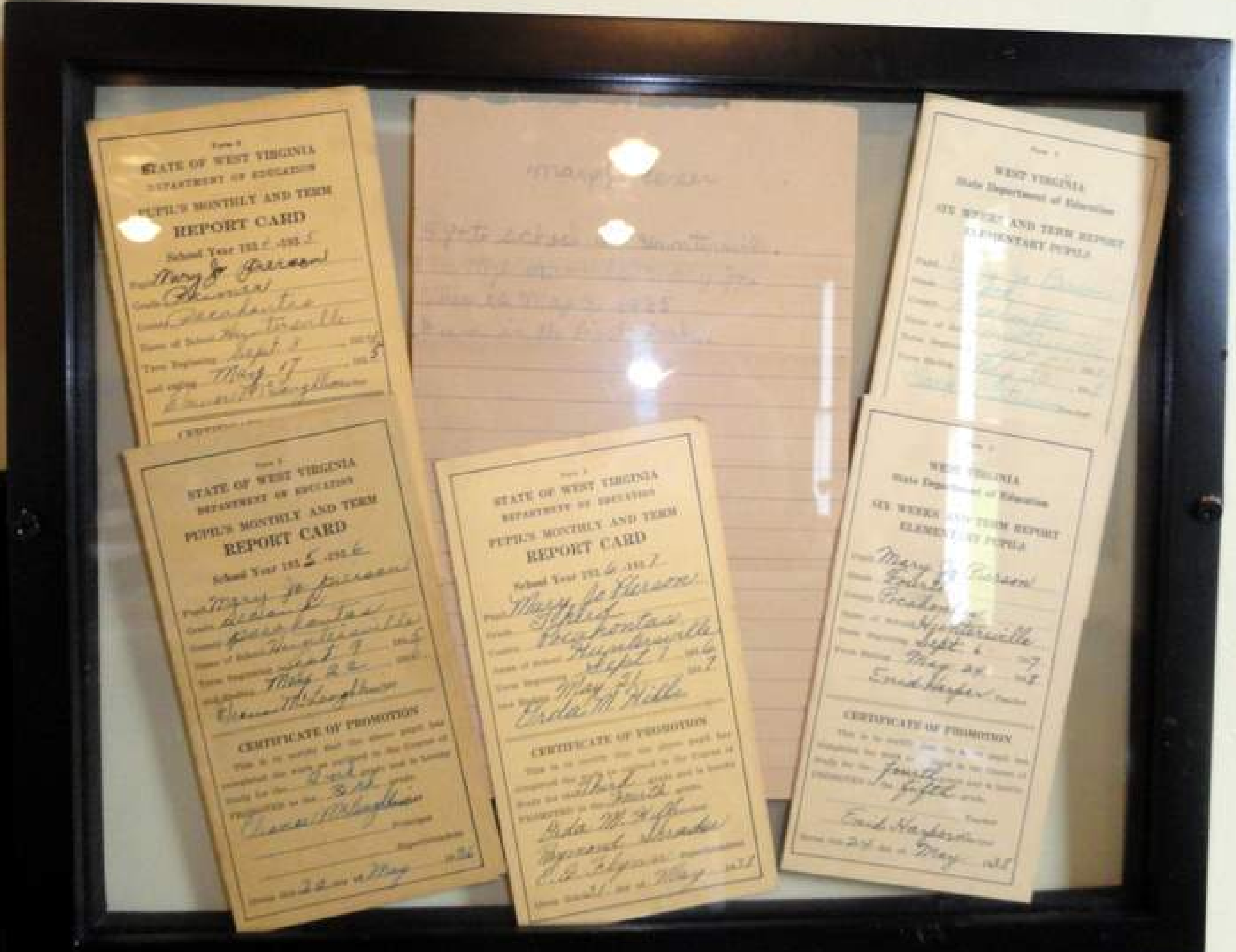

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA
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PUPIL'S MONTHLY AND TERM
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PUPIL'S MONTHLY AND TERM
REPORT CARD
School Year 1935-1936

CERTIFICATE OF PROMOTION

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA
DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
PUPIL'S MONTHLY AND TERM
REPORT CARD
School Year 1936-1937

CERTIFICATE OF PROMOTION

WEST VIRGINIA
State Department of Education
SIX WEEKS AND TERM REPORT
ELEMENTARY PUPILS

WEST VIRGINIA
State Department of Education
SIX WEEKS AND TERM REPORT
ELEMENTARY PUPILS

Huntersville

Enid Harper

CERTIFICATE OF PROMOTION

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Enid Harper

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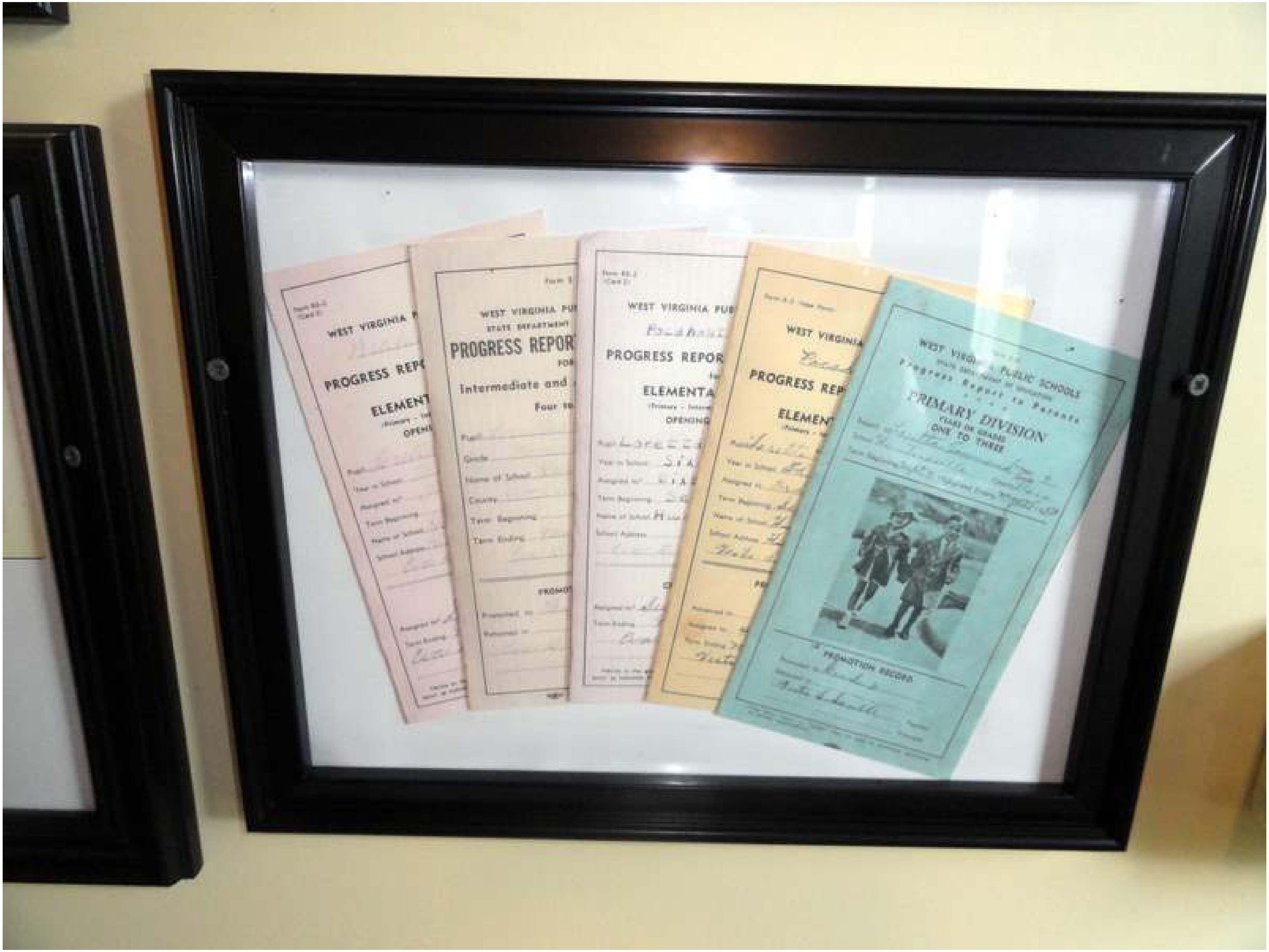

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Progress Report to Parents
PRIMARY DIVISION
YEARS OR GRADES
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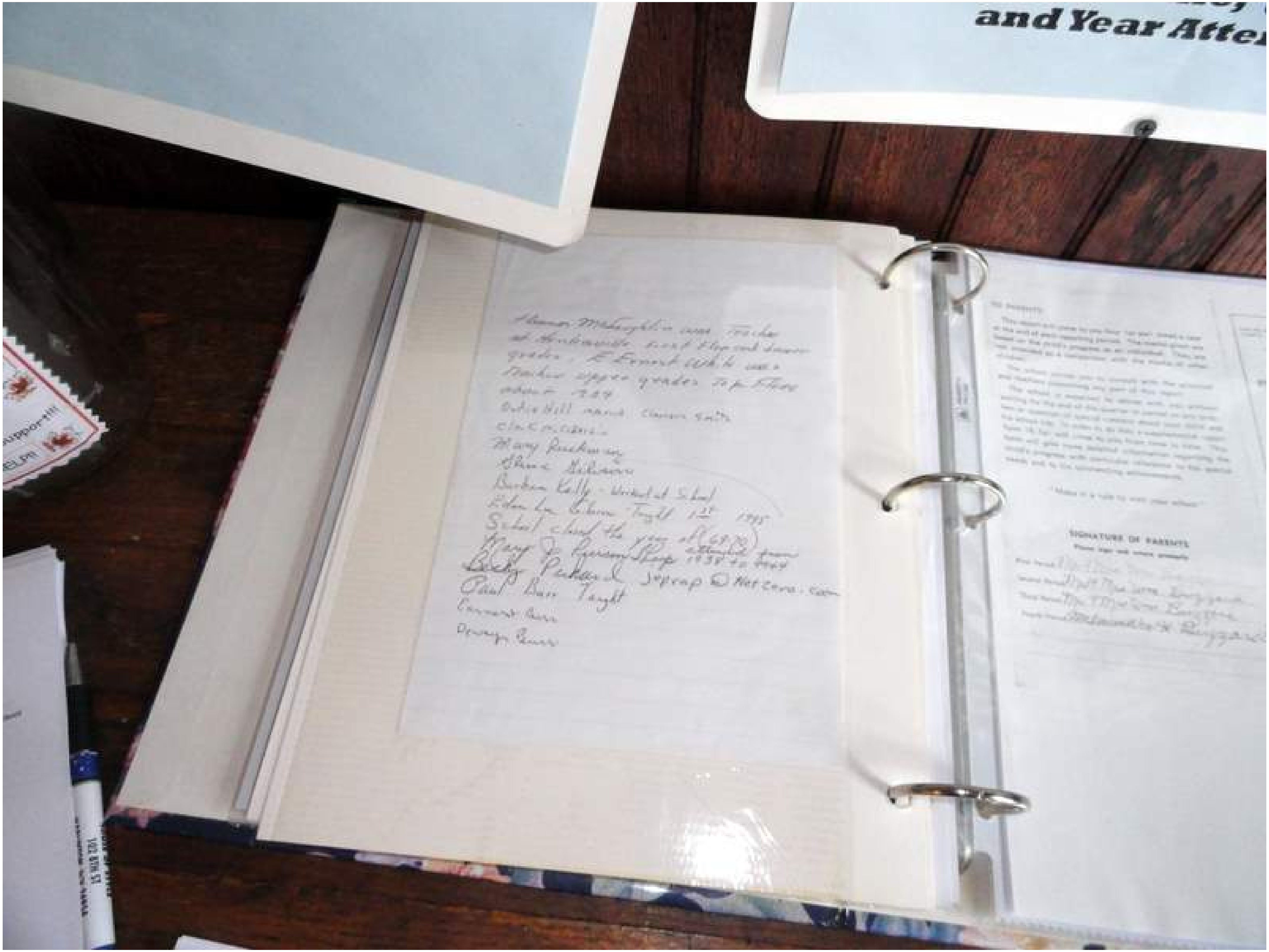

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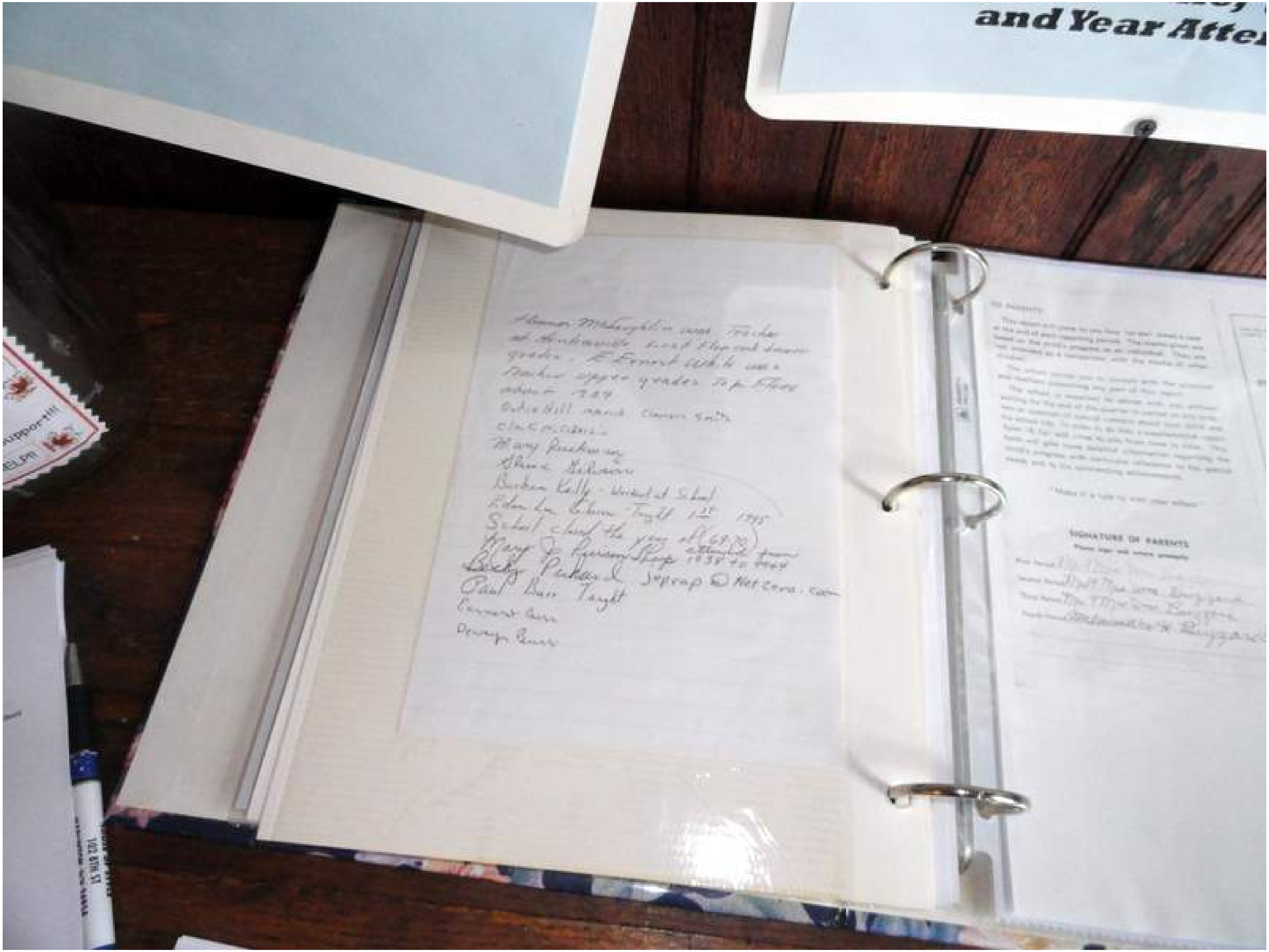
Mary Ruckman
[illegible] Gibson
Barbara Kelly - attended School
Eldon Lee Gibson - Taught 1st 1995
School closed the year of (69-70)
Mary Jo Pearson Sharp attended from 1938 to 1949
Becky Packard 3rdprap@netzero.com
Paul Barr Taught
Emmett Barr
[illegible] Barr

SIGNATURE OF PARENTS

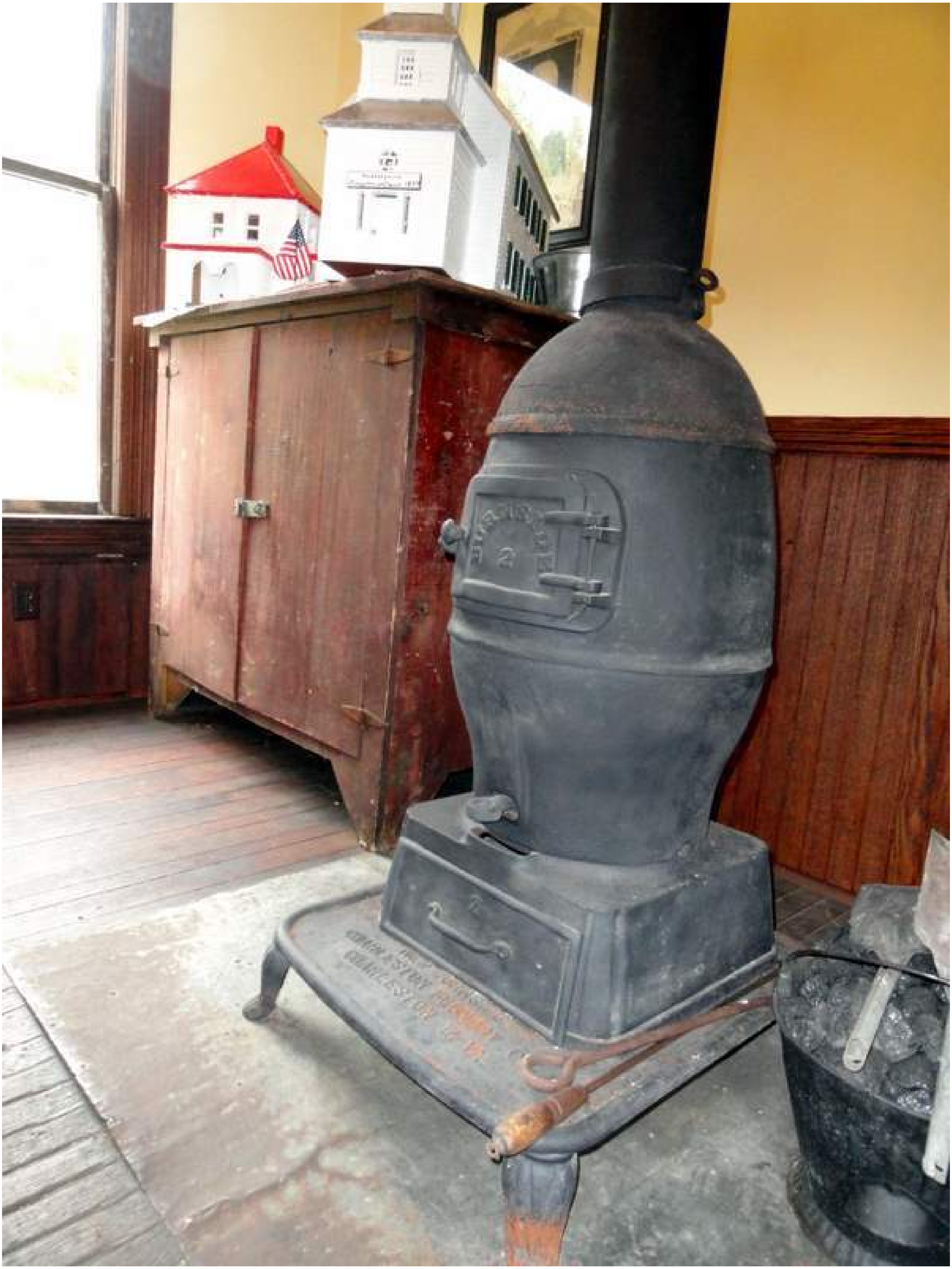
439-DSC00230.jpg


and Year Atte
upport!!!
ELP!!

Eleanor McLaughlin was Teacher
at Andrewsville first floor and lower
grades. E Ernest White was a
teacher upper grades top floor
about 1924
Dulcie Hill [illegible] Clara Smith
Click McGibbon
Mary Pinckney
Gloria Gibson
Barbara Kelly - Worked at School
Eldon Lee Gibson - Taught 1st 1995
School closed the year of (69-70)
Mary Jo Pierson Sharp attended from 1938 to 1944
Becky Packard jsprap@netzero.com
Paul Burr Taught
Earnest Burr
Dewayne Burr

SIGNATURE OF PARENTS

440-DSC00231-1.jpg



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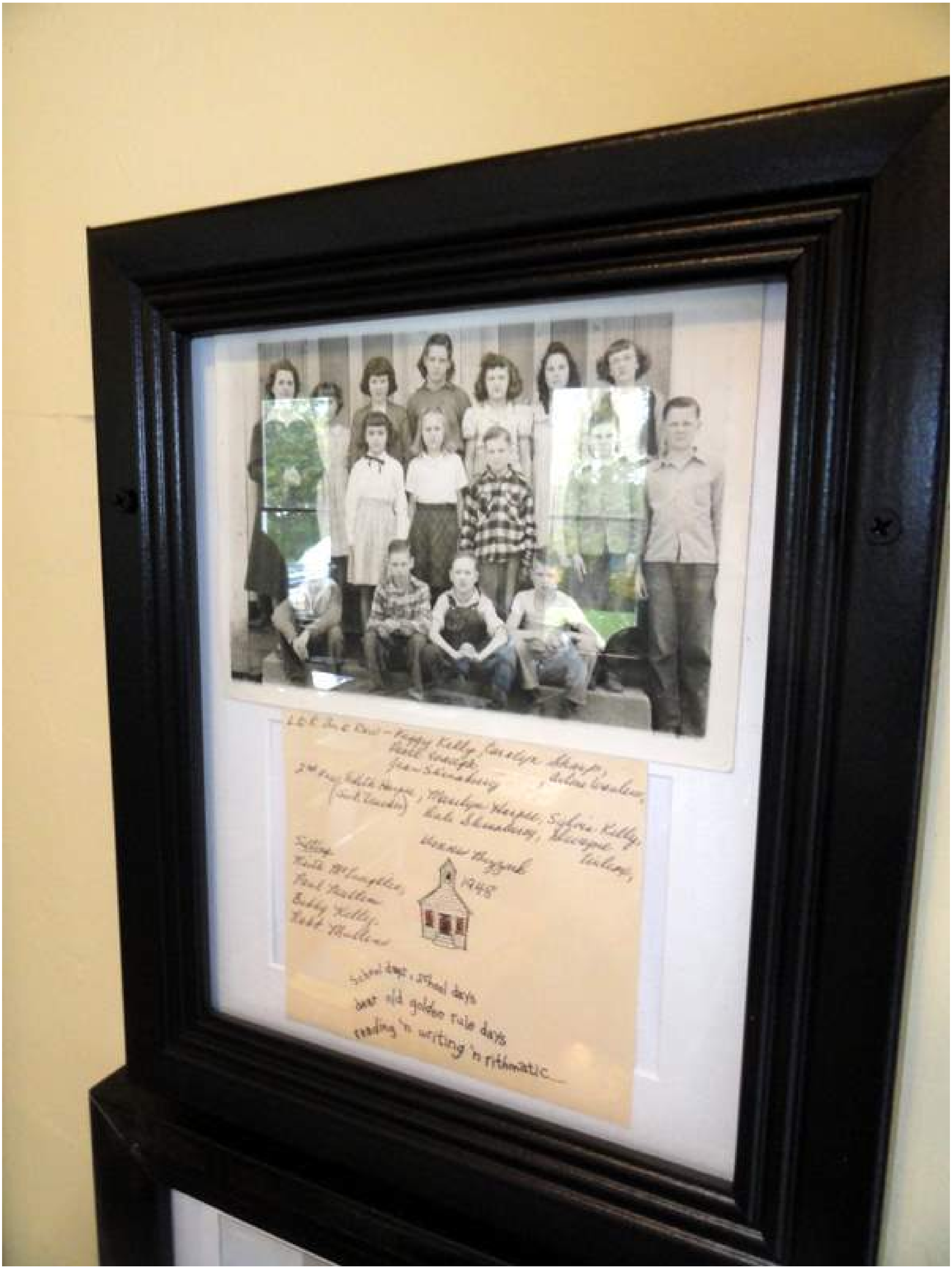


L. to R. 3rd Row – Peggy Kelly, Carolyn Sharp, [illegible], Jean Shanaberry, [illegible],

2nd Row – Eddie Harper (Sub Teacher), Marilyn Harper, Sylvia Kelly, Bob Shanaberry, [illegible] Wilson,

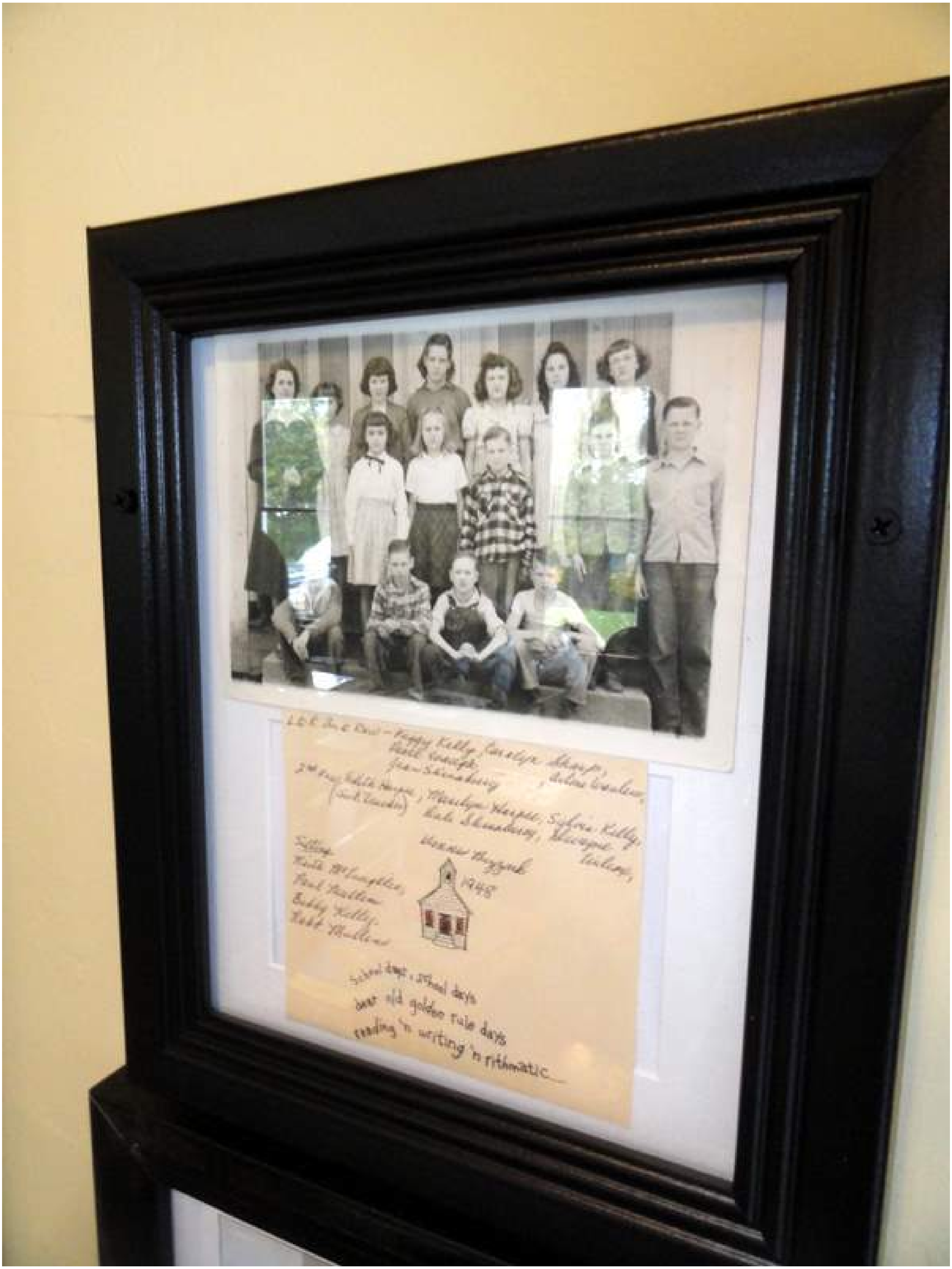
[illegible] Haggard

Sitting
[illegible] McLaughlin,
Paul [illegible]
Bobby Kelly,
[illegible] Mullins

1948

School days, school days
dear old golden rule days
reading 'n writing 'n rithmatic

443-DSC00232.jpg



L to R. 3rd Row – Peggy Kelly, Carolyn Sharp, Ruth Wright, Jean Shinaberry, Arlene Winkler,

2nd row Eddie Harper ([illegible]), Marilyn Harper, Sylvia Kelly, Ruth Shinaberry, Georgia Wilson,

Deanna Maggard

Sitting
Keith McLaughlin,
Paul Mullins
Buddy Kelly,
Keith Mullins

1948

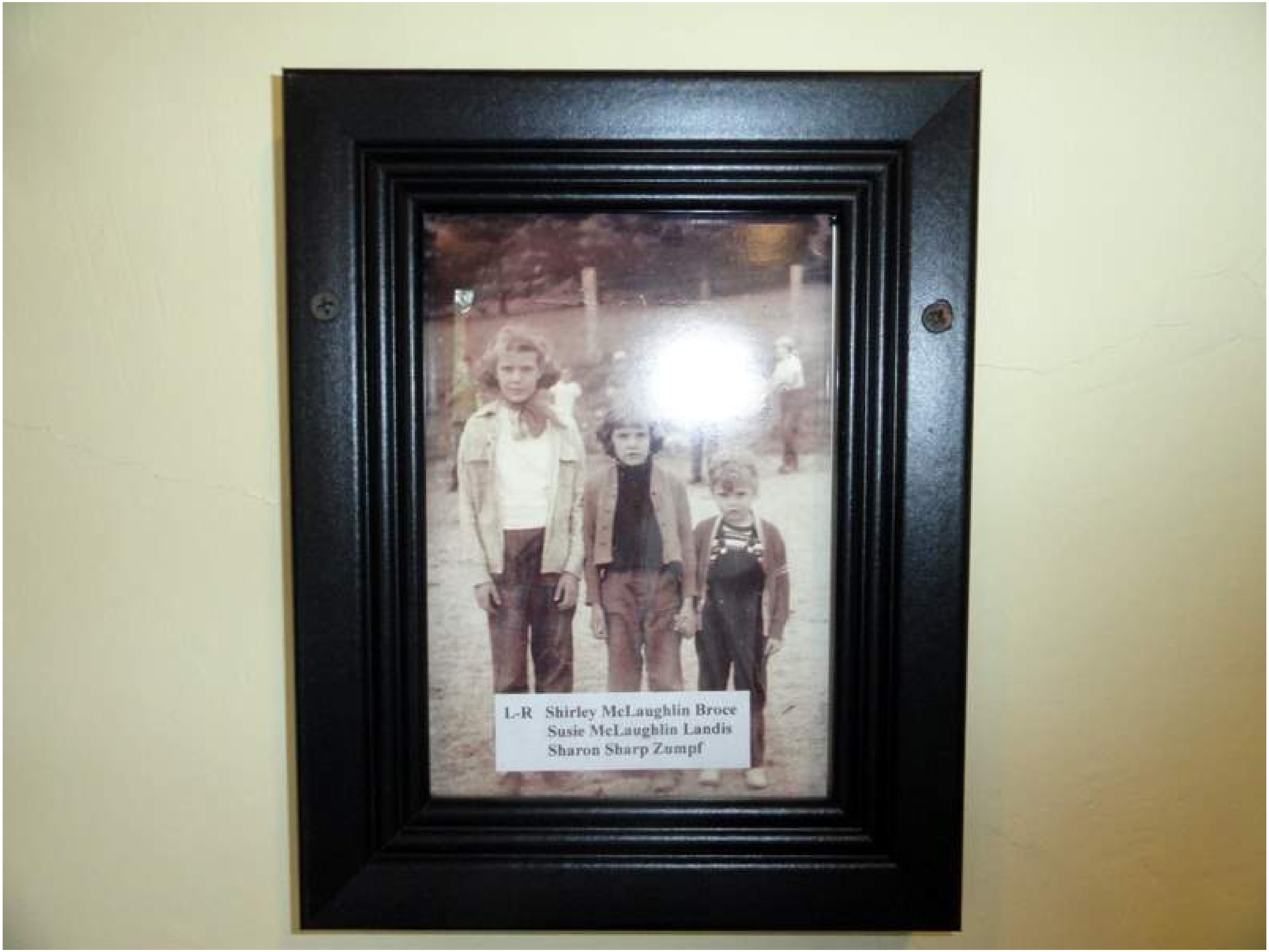
School days, school days
dear old golden rule days
reading 'n writing 'n rithmatic

444-DSC00233-1.jpg

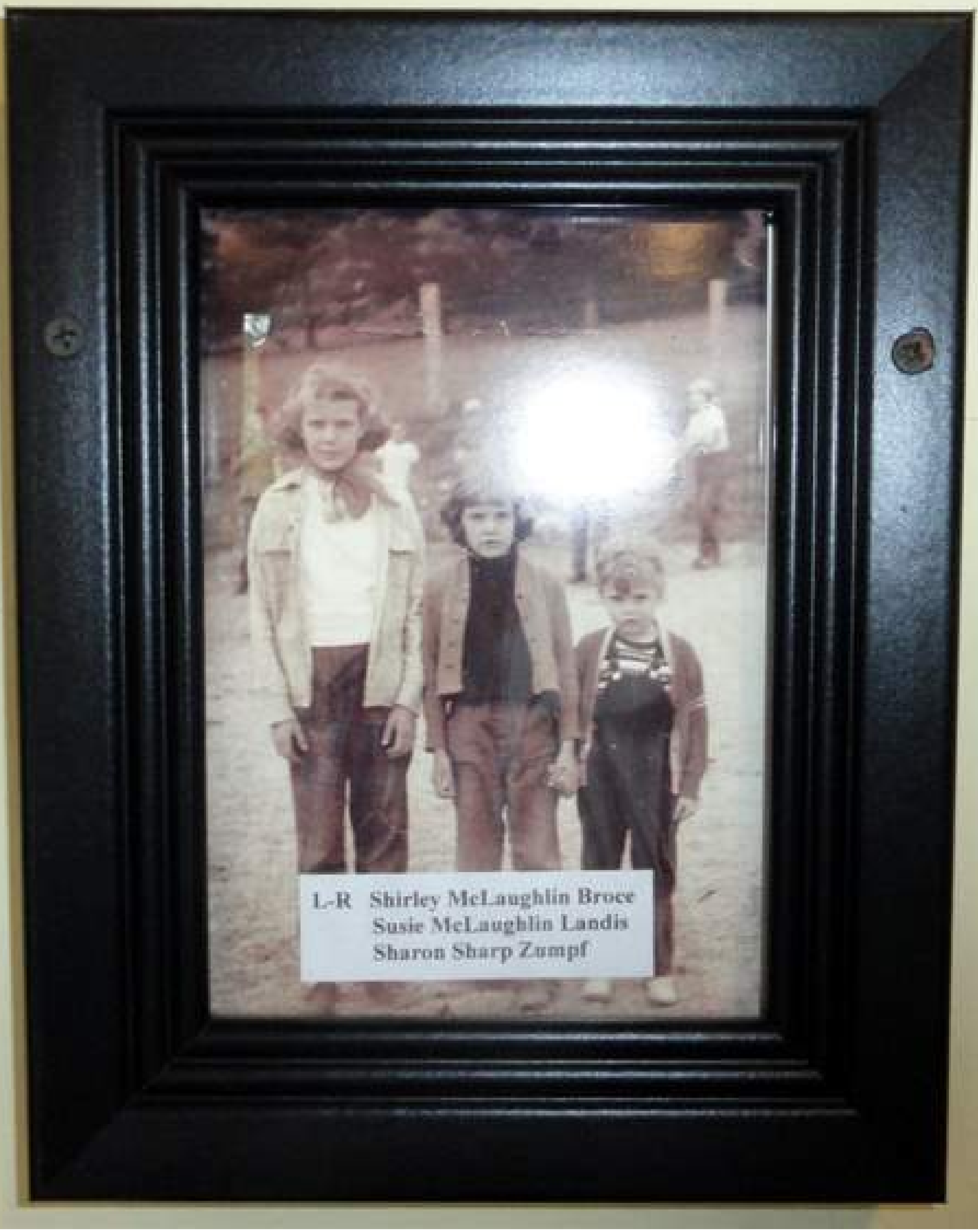
[illegible], Connie & [illegible] [illegible] when each attended
[illegible] school

Doug, Connie & Ronnie Brown when each attended
[illegible] School

446-DSC00234-1.jpg

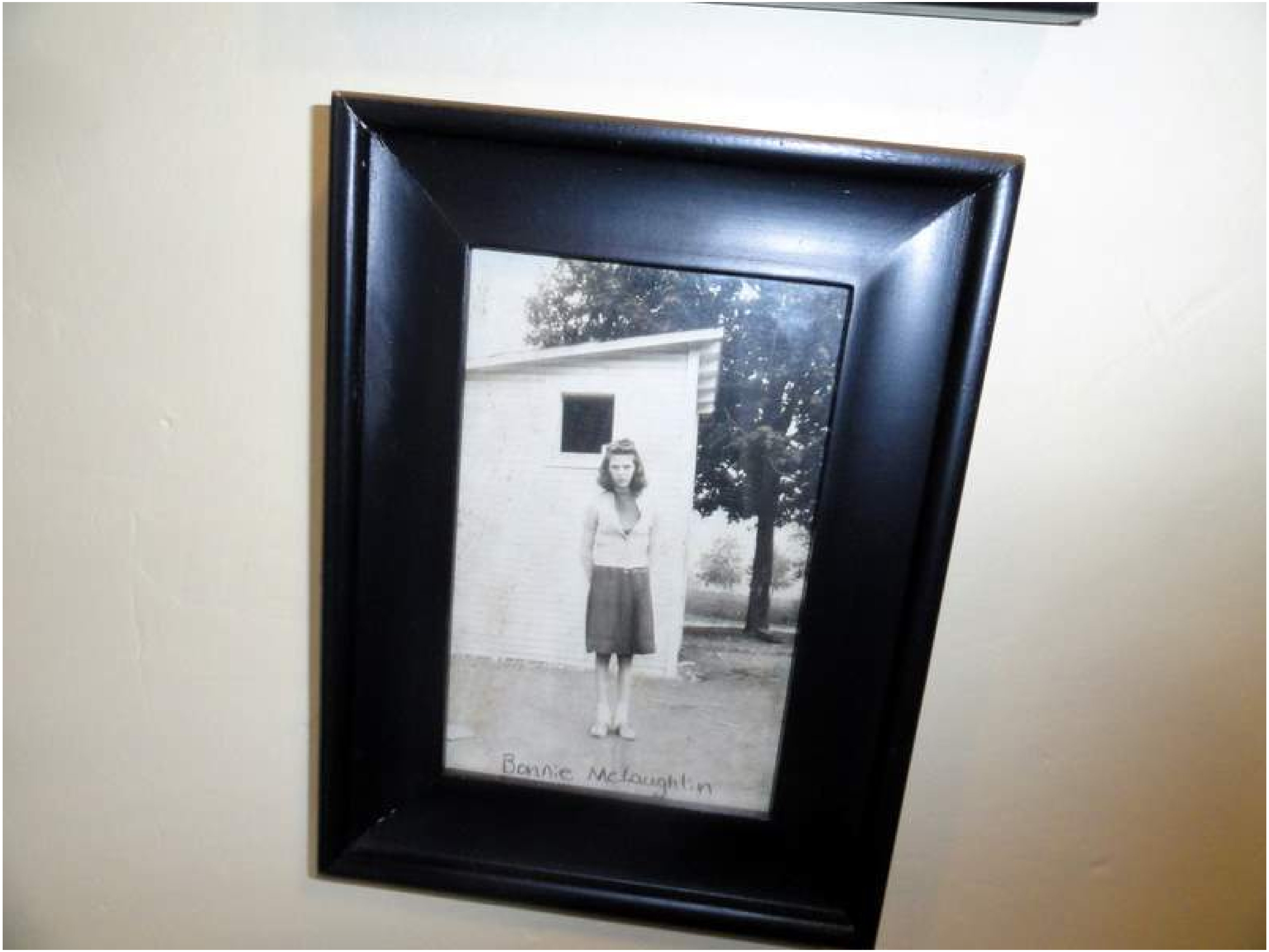


L-R Shirley McLaughlin Broce
Susie McLaughlin Landis
Sharon Sharp Zumpf

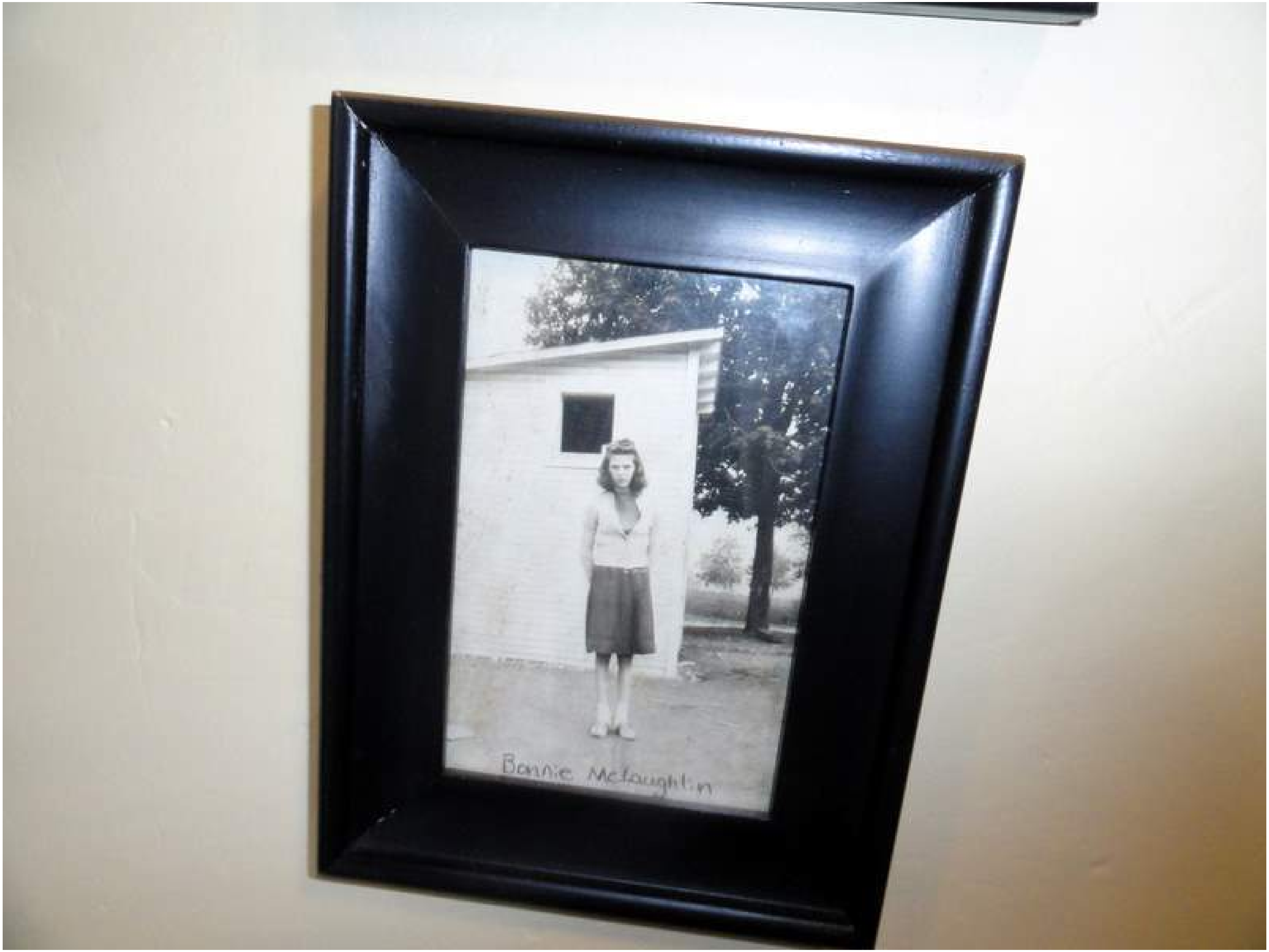


L-R Shirley McLaughlin Broce
Susie McLaughlin Landis
Sharon Sharp Zumpf

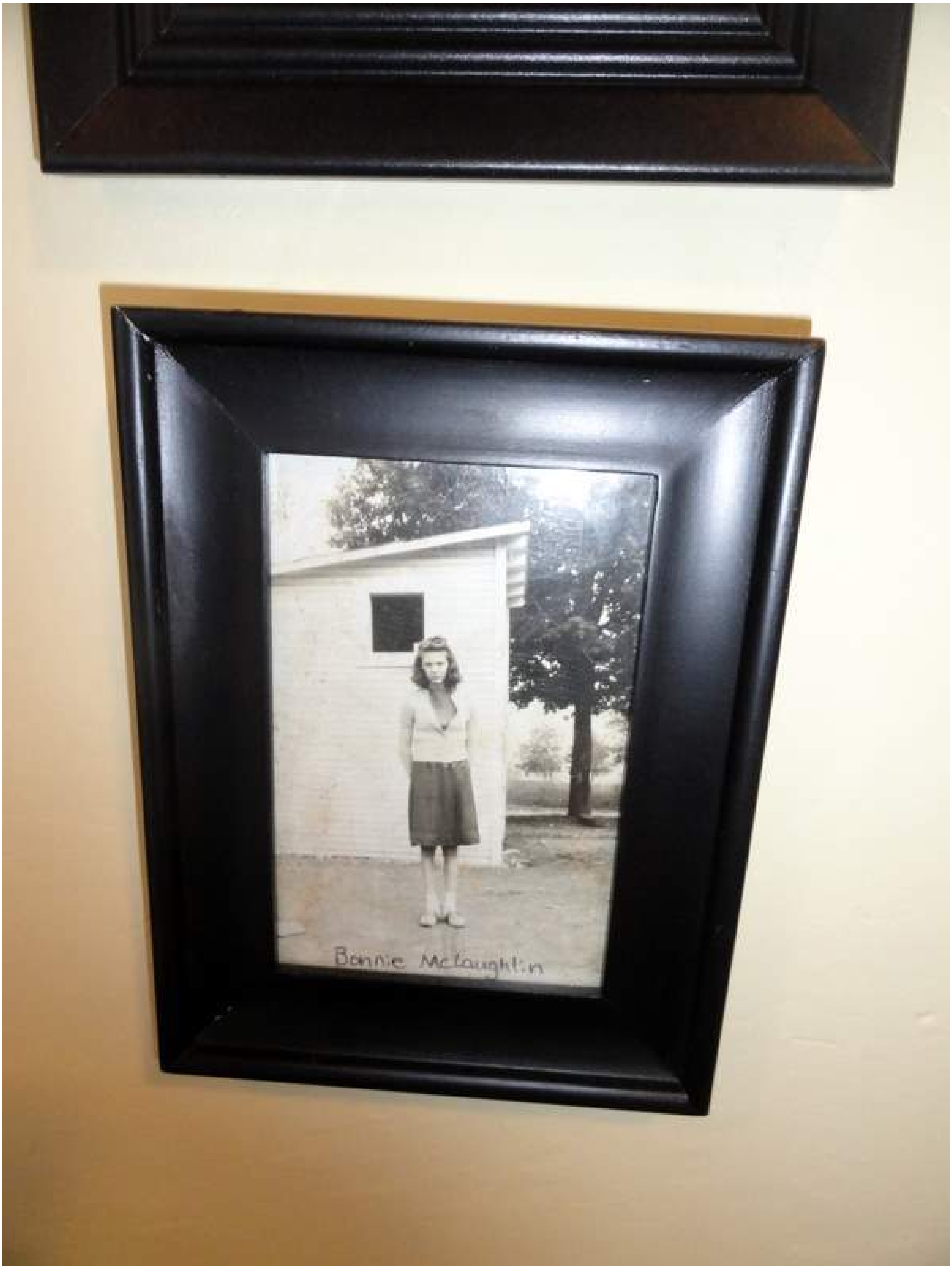
448-DSC00235-1.jpg


Bonnie McLaughlin

449-DSC00235.jpg

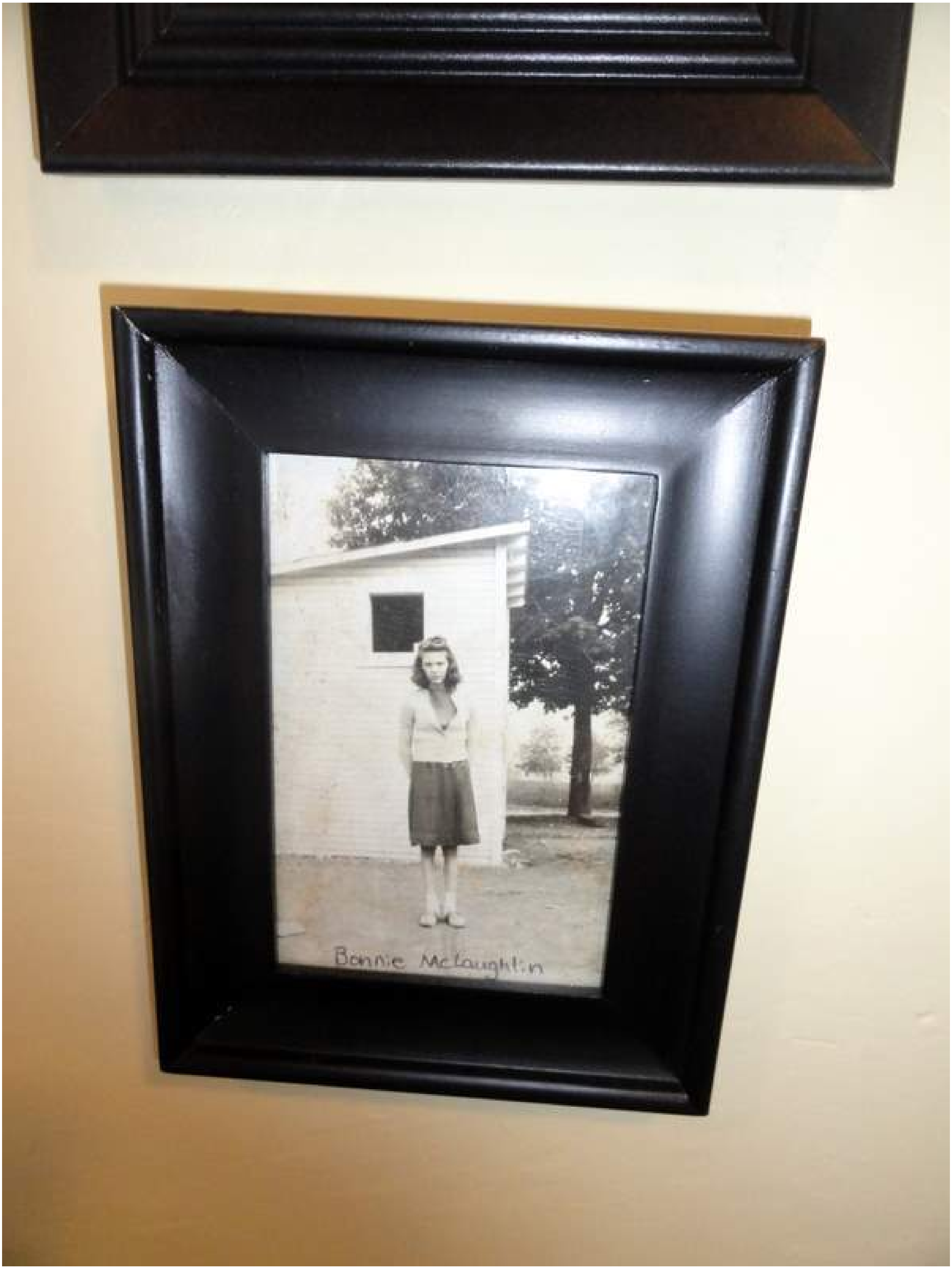

Bonnie McLaughlin

450-DSC00236-1.jpg

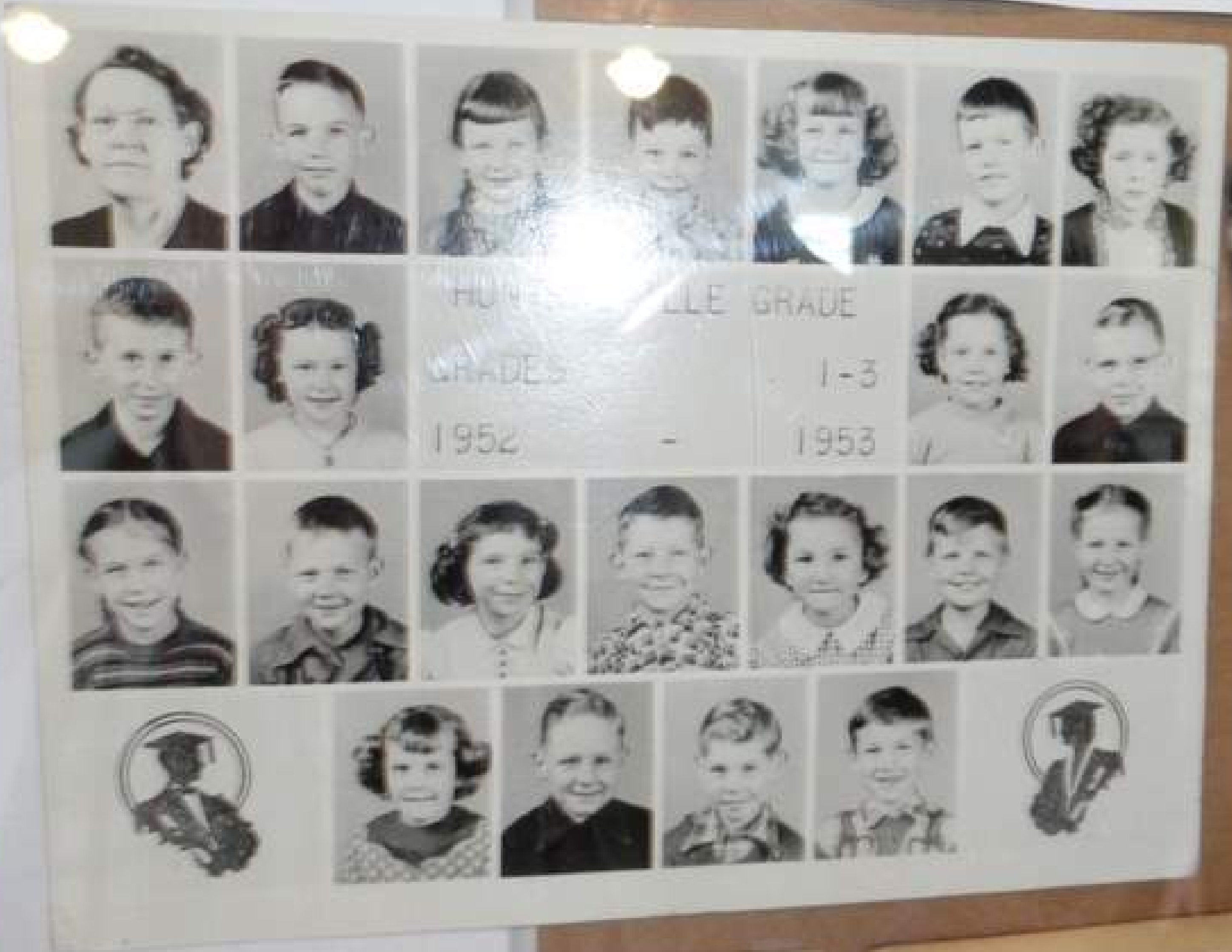


Bonnie Mclaughlin

451-DSC00236.jpg



Bonnie McLaughlin



HUN[illegible]LLE GRADE
GRADES 1-3
1952 - 1953

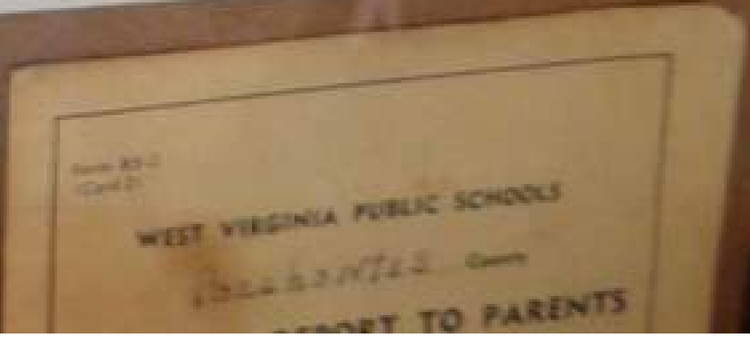
7

Form 2

WEST VIRGINIA PUBLIC SCHOOLS

State Department of Education

PARENTS

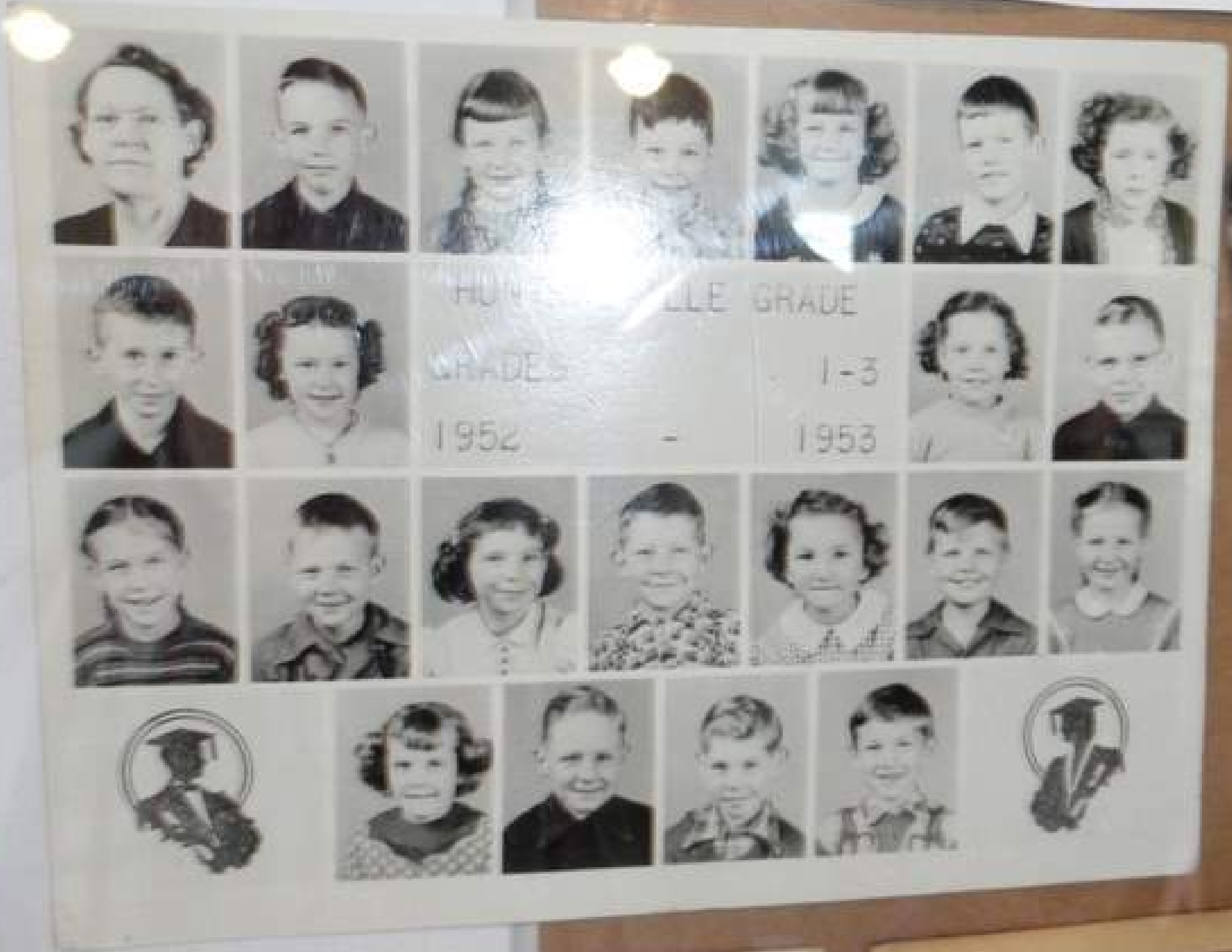


WEST VIRGINIA PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Pocahontas County

ORT TO PARENTS

453-DSC00237.jpg


HUN[illegible]LLE GRADE
GRADES 1-3
1952 - 1953

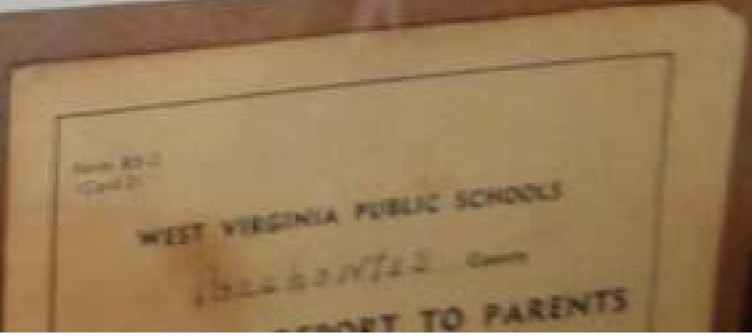
7

Form 2

WEST VIRGINIA PUBLIC SCHOOLS

State Department of Education

PARENTS



WEST VIRGINIA PUBLIC SCHOOLS

[illegible] County

PORT TO PARENTS

Sixth grade—Creola [illegible] and Ilma Shinaberry. Fifth grade—Janet Morrison and Dale Armstrong.

Cass Colored School

Fourth grade—Paul Steward.

Cass Graded School

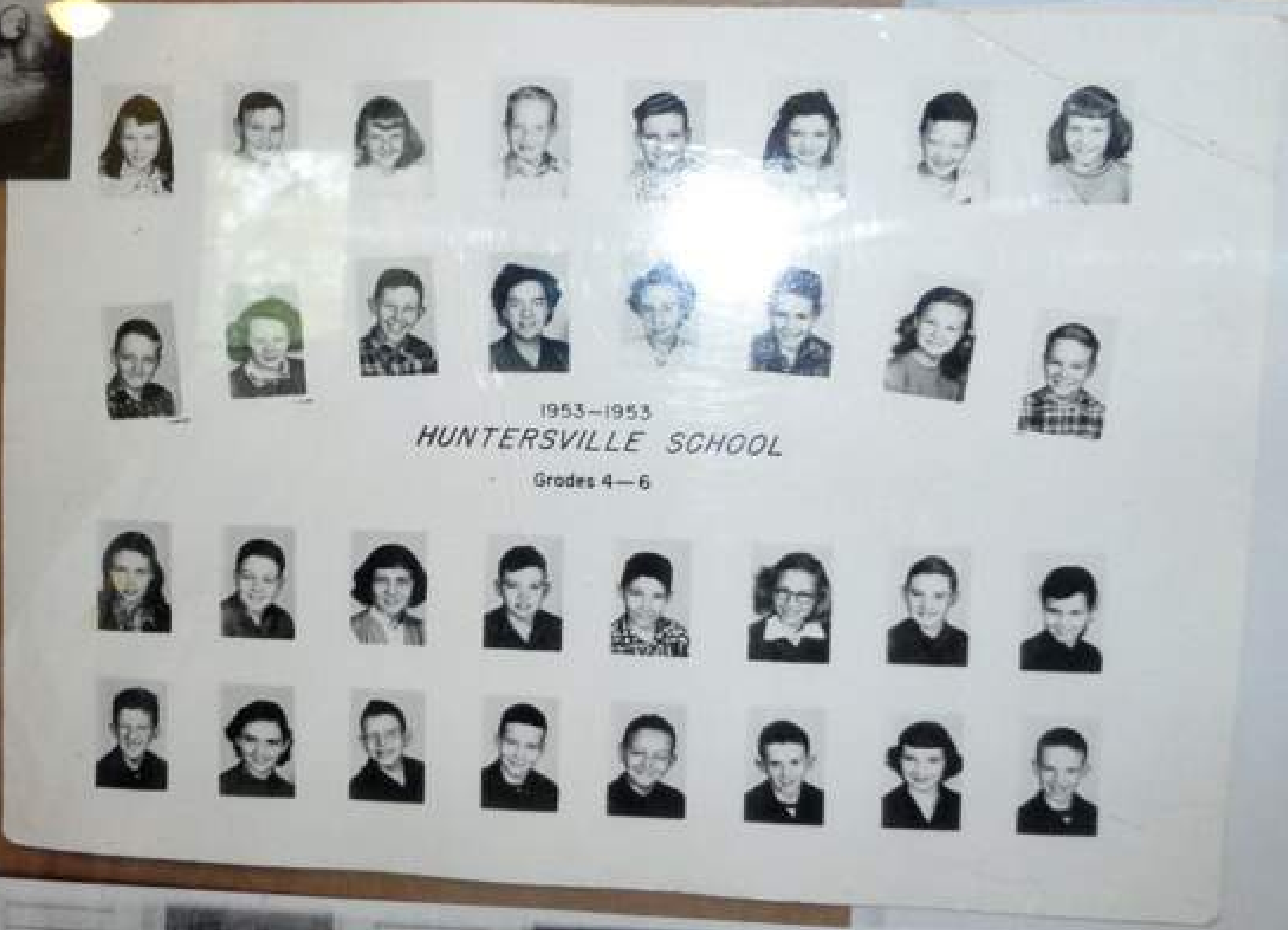
Eighth grade—Gale Shinaberry, Ray McLaughlin, Jack Moore, Gertrude Blackhurst, Joyce Hamrick, Patty McPherson, Letha Cassell and Eleanor

Betty Kincaid, Edna Moyers and Betty Slavins. Sixth grade—Edsel Wright, Juanita Mick and Katherine Simmons. Fifth grade—James Gragg, Harold Wilfong, Charlotte Berkeley, Dixie Beard, Yvonne Gillispie, Anna Mae Moore and Martha Nelson. Fourth grade—Joanne Townsend, Jack Gragg, Kenneth Kincaid, Ellen Gragg, Billy

Fleming, Lakie Anderson, Nora Townsend, Billy Joe Arbogast and Lucille Cook. Fifth grade—Dora Simmons and Ella Jo Sharp. Fourth grade—Johnny Townsend and Jean Clutter.

Huntersville School

Fifth grade—Thomas Malcomb and Carol Chestnut. Fourth grade—Arnold Sayre.


1953—1953
HUNTERSVILLE SCHOOL
Grades 4—6

A PUBLIC SCHOOLS
ontes County
EPORT TO PARENTS
for
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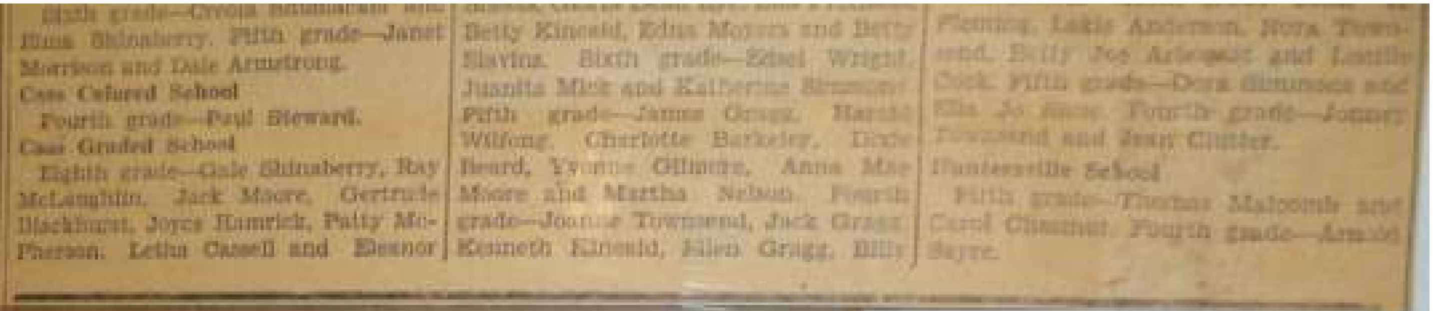


Sixth grade—Creola [illegible] and Ilma Shinaberry. Fifth grade—Janet Morrison and Dale Armstrong.

Cass Colored School

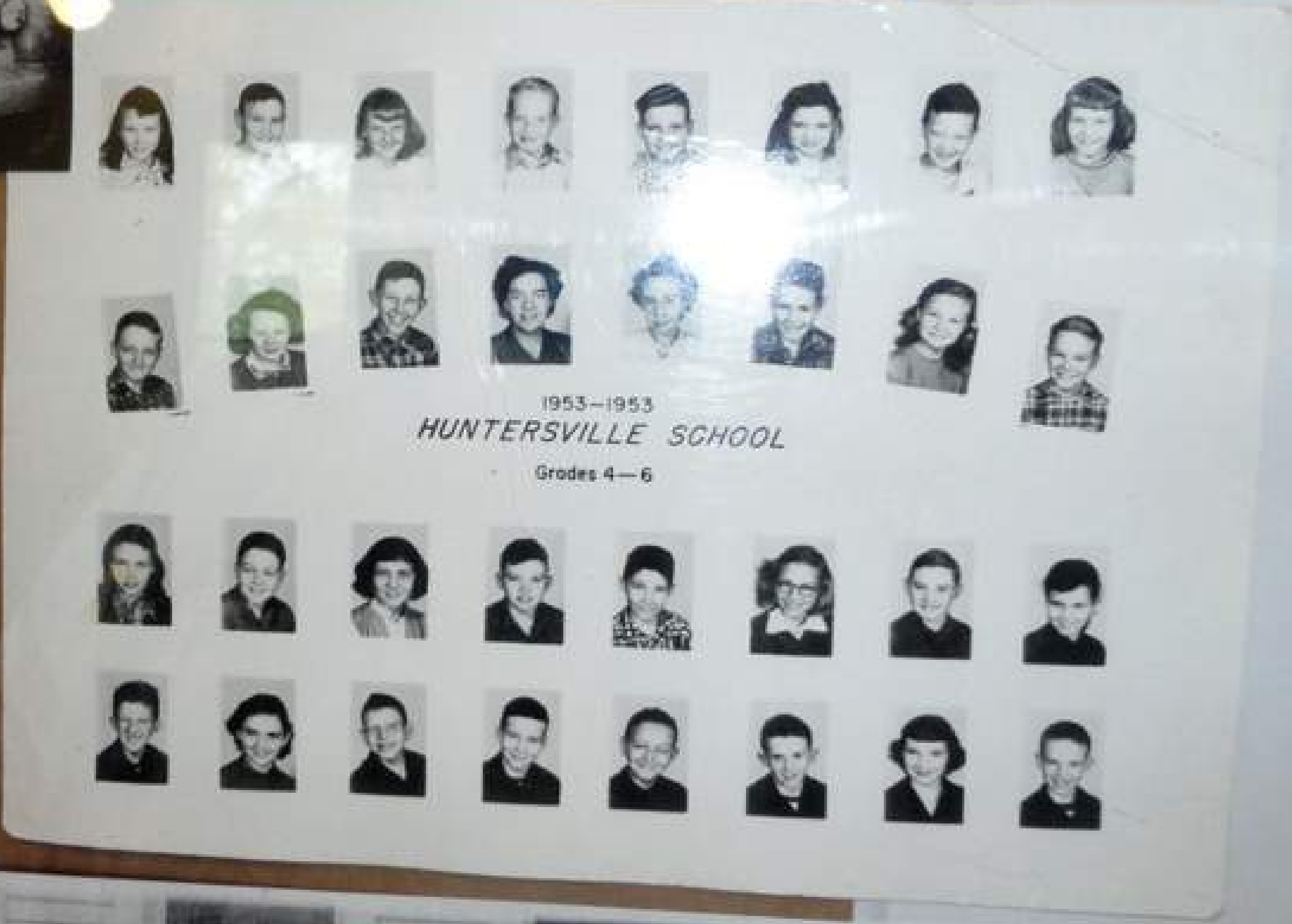
Fourth grade—Paul Steward.

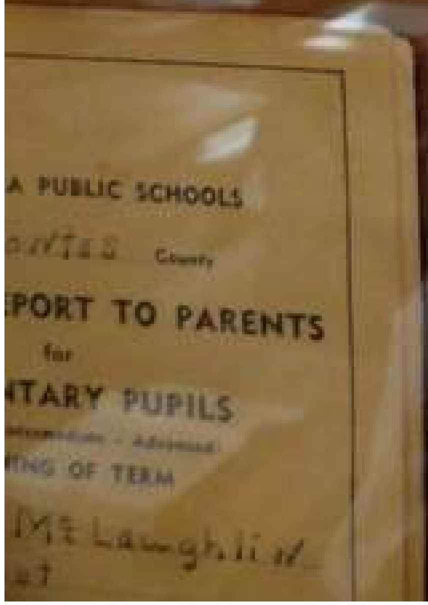
Cass Graded School

Eighth grade—Gale Shinaberry, Ray McLaughlin, Jack Moore, Gertrude Blackhurst, Joyce Hamrick, Patty McPherson, Letha Cassell and Eleanor [illegible] Betty Kincaid, Edna Moore and Betty Slavins. Sixth grade—Ethel Wright, Juanita Mick and Katherine Simmons. Fifth grade—James Gragg, Harold Wilfong, Charlotte Barkley, Dixie Beard, Yvonne Gillispie, Anna Mae Moore and Martha Nelson. Fourth grade—Joanne Townsend, Jack Gragg, Kenneth Kincaid, Ellen Gragg, Billy [illegible] Fleming, Lakie Anderson, Nora Townsend, Billy Joe Arbogast and Lucille Cook. Fifth grade—Dora Simmons and Ella Jo Shue. Fourth grade—Johnny Townsend and Jean Clutter.

Huntersville School

Fifth grade—Thomas Malcomb and Carol Chestnut. Fourth grade—Arnold Sayre.


1953—1953
HUNTERSVILLE SCHOOL
Grades 4—6


A PUBLIC SCHOOLS
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EPORT TO PARENTS
for
NTARY PUPILS
Intermediate - Advanced
ING OF TERM
Mc Laughlin
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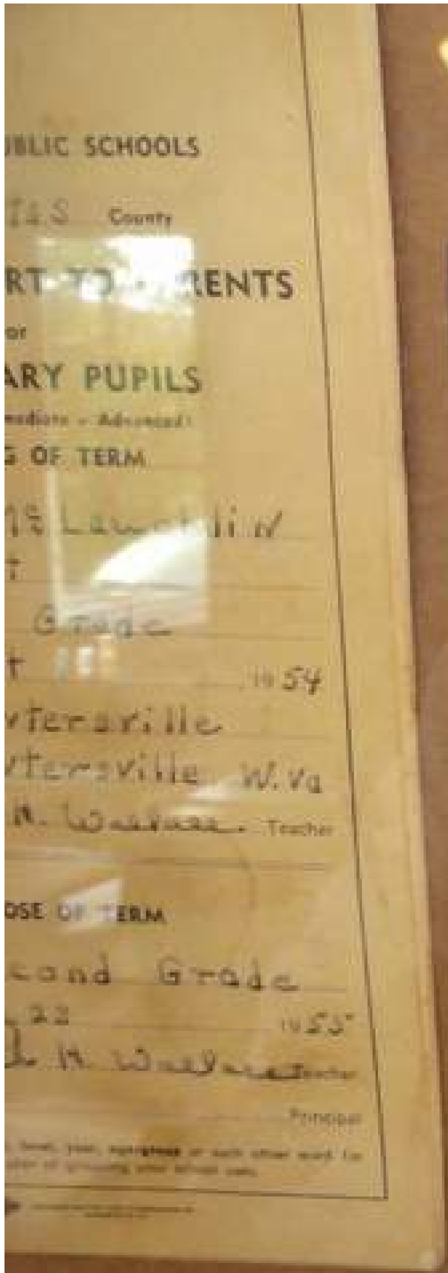


UBLIC SCHOOLS

tas County

RT TO RENTS

or

ARY PUPILS

mediate – Advanced)

G OF TERM

McLaughlin

t

Grade

t 1954

ntersville

ntersville W.Va

A. Wallace. Teacher

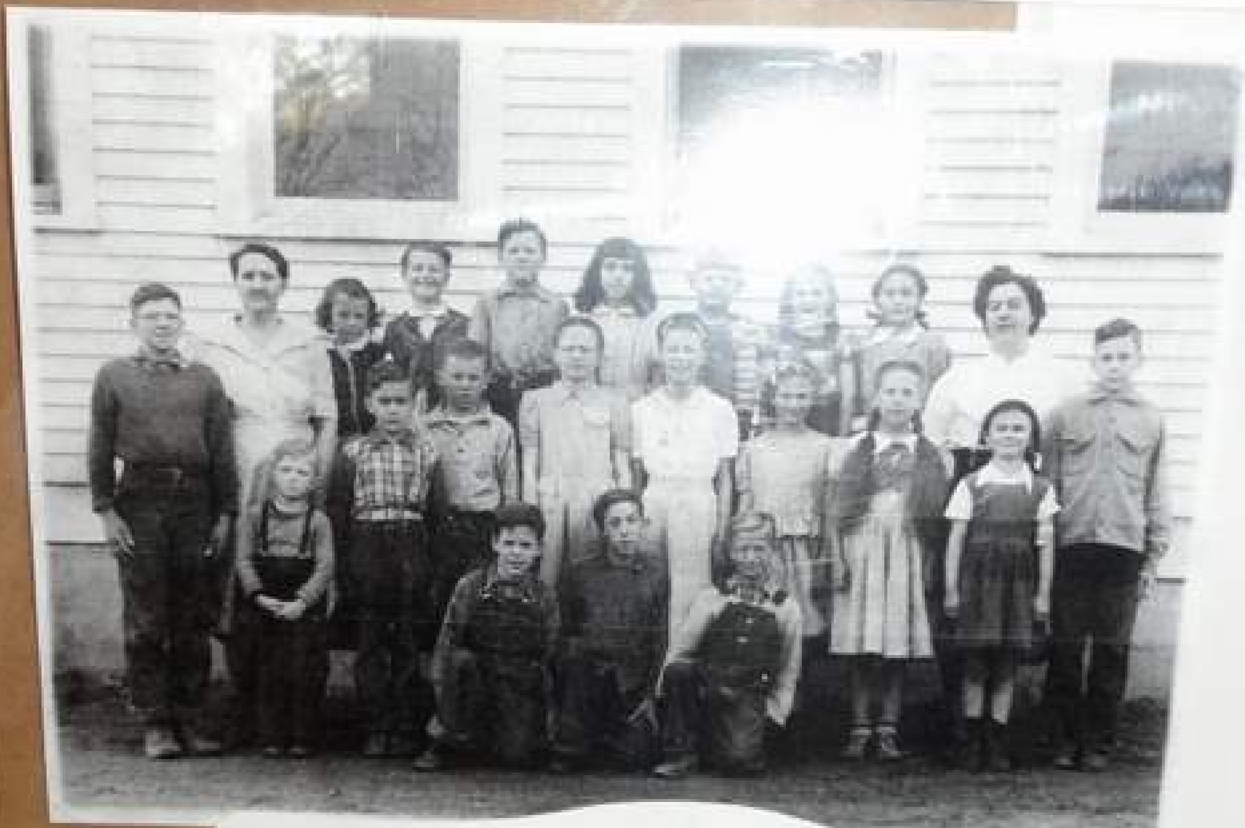
OSE OF TERM

cond Grade

22 1955

H. Wallace Teacher

Principal



Picture taken at Huntersville School 1947 or 1948

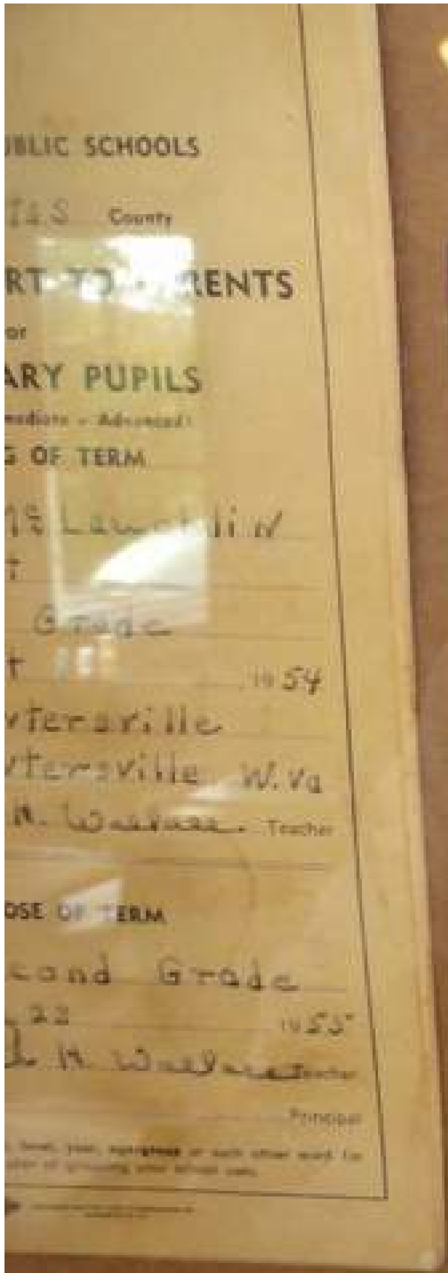
Back L-R Corky Kelly, Maude Wanless (cook), Joyce Buzzard, Ann Buzzard, Gale Buzzard, Wilma Wanless, Jay Pennybacker, Edna Wanless (Hiner), Barbara Palmer (McCarty), Eva McCarty (teacher) and Tom Lester

Middle L-R Larry Varner, Curtis Lester, Jerry Thomas, Margaret Ellen Buzzard, Rene Scott (White), Peggy Waugh (McCarty), Helen Wanless (Buzzard) and Linda Buzzard

Front L-R Charles Alderman, Fawn Waugh and Lee Waugh

West Virginia Public Schools

457-DSC00239.jpg



BLIC SCHOOLS

t&S County

RT TO PARENTS

or

ARY PUPILS

mediate – Advanced)

G OF TERM

McLaughlin

Grade

1954

ntersville

ntersville W.Va

R. Wallace. Teacher

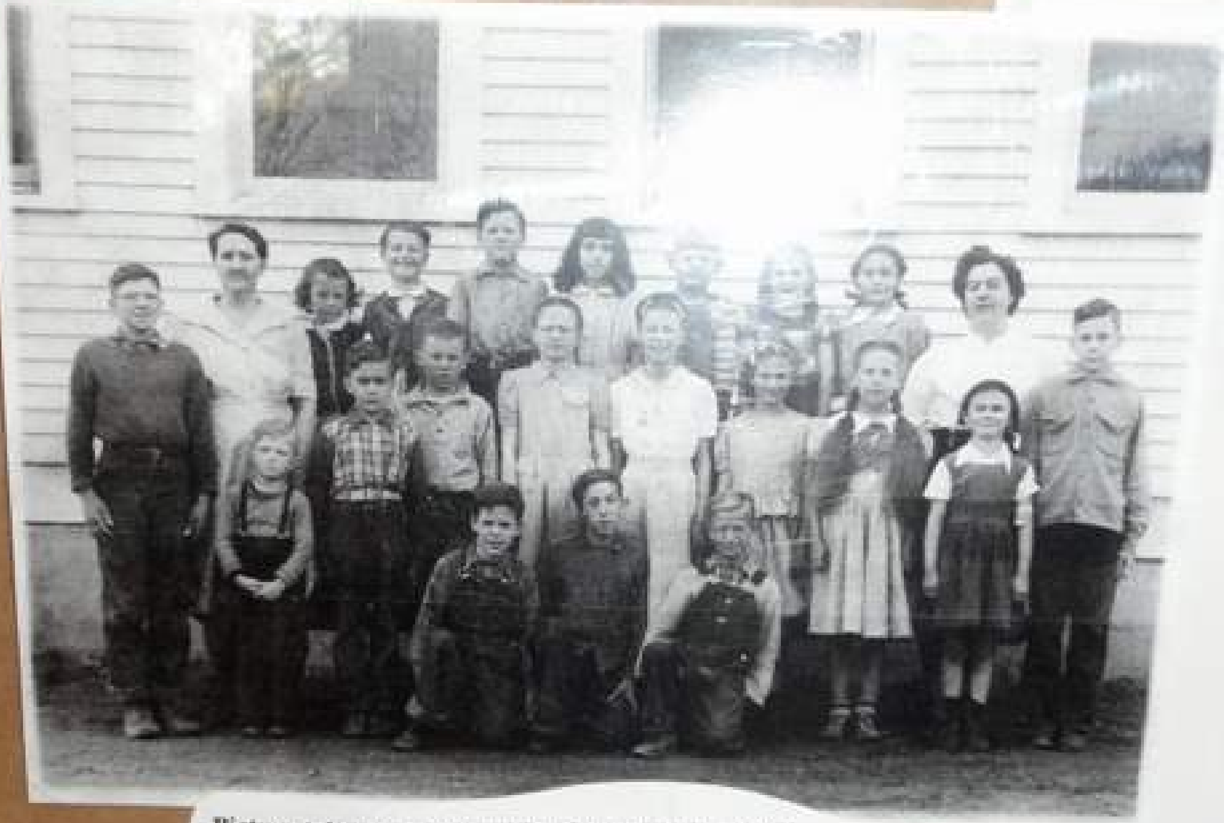
OSE OF TERM

cond Grade

22 1955

R. Wallace

Principal



Picture taken at Huntersville School 1947 or 1948

Back L-R Corky Kelly, Maude Wanless (cook), Joyce Buzzard, Ann Buzzard, Gale Buzzard, Wilma Wanless, Jay Pennybacker, Edna Wanless (Hiner), Barbara Palmer (McCarty), Eva McCarty (teacher) and Tom Lester

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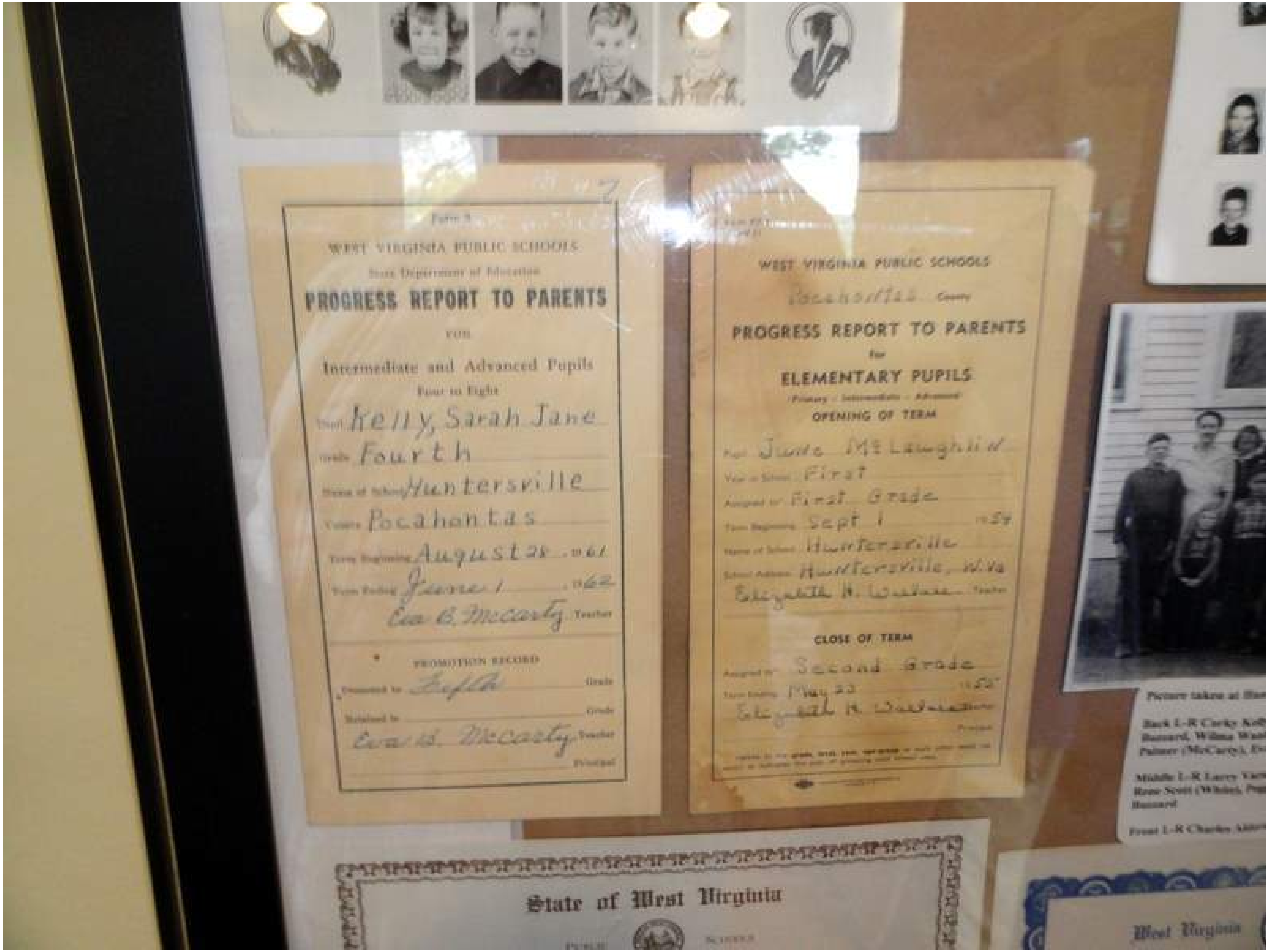
Front L-R Charles Alderman, Fawn Waugh and Lee Waugh

West Virginia Public Schools



Form 5

WEST VIRGINIA PUBLIC SCHOOLS

State Department of Education

PROGRESS REPORT TO PARENTS

FOR

Intermediate and Advanced Pupils

Four to Eight

Pupil Kelly, Sarah Jane

Grade Fourth

Name of School Huntersville

County Pocahontas

Term Beginning August 28 1961

Term Ending June 1 1962

Eva B. McCarty Teacher

PROMOTION RECORD

Promoted to Fifth Grade

Retained in Grade

Eva B. McCarty Teacher

Principal

WEST VIRGINIA PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Pocahontas County

PROGRESS REPORT TO PARENTS

for

ELEMENTARY PUPILS

(Primary - Intermediate - Advanced)

OPENING OF TERM

Pupil June McLaughlin

Year in School First

Assigned to First Grade

Term Beginning Sept 1 1954

Name of School Huntersville

School Address Huntersville, W.Va

Elizabeth H. Wallace Teacher

CLOSE OF TERM

Assigned to Second Grade

Term Ending May 23 1955

Elizabeth H. Wallace

Principal

Picture taken at Hun

Back L-R Corky Kelly

Buzzard, Wilma Wad

Palmer (McCarty), Ev

Middle L-R Larry Var

Rose Scott (White), Pegg

Buzzard

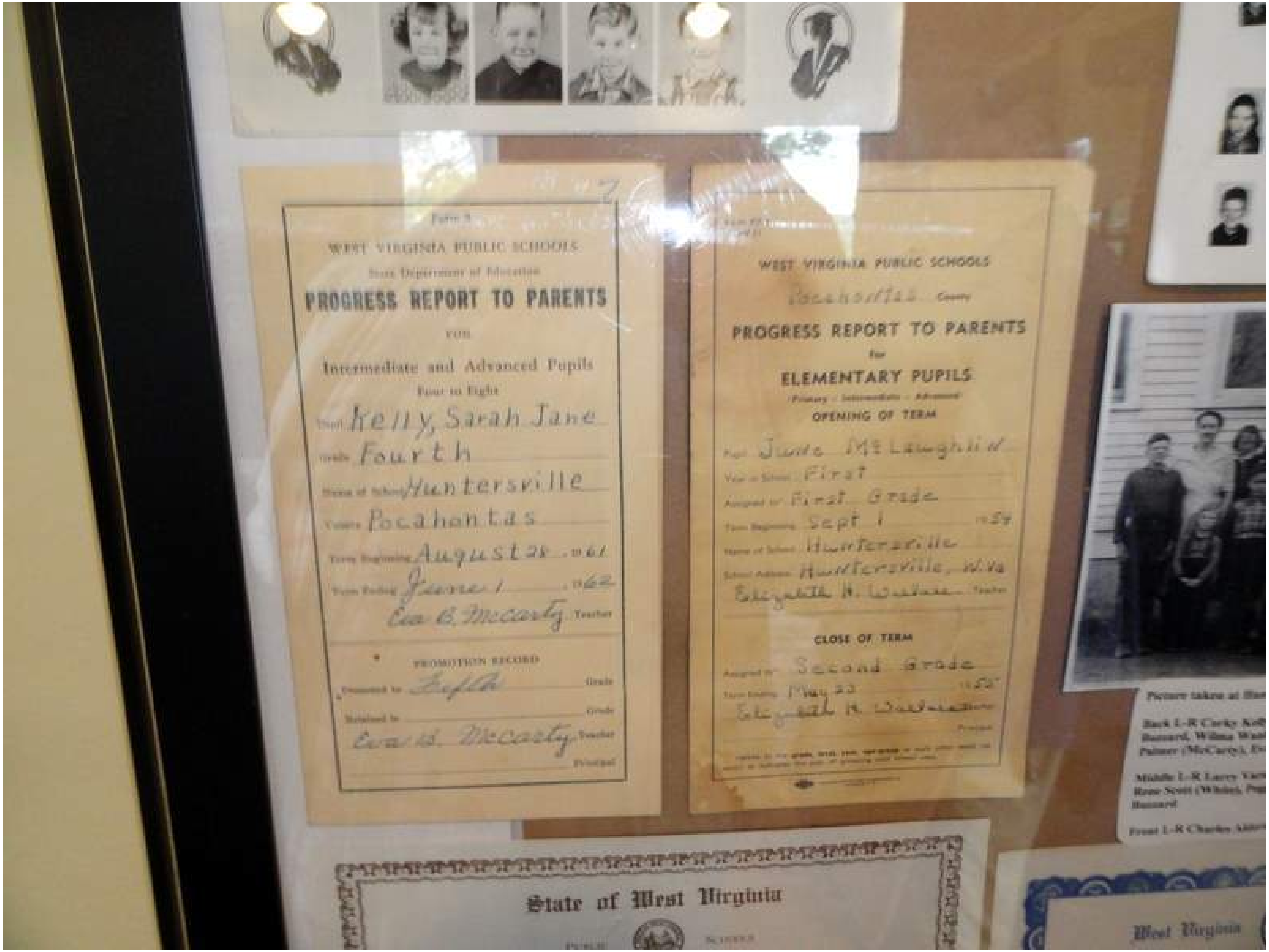
Front L-R Charles Alde

State of West Virginia

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

West Virginia

459-DSC00240.jpg



Form 5

WEST VIRGINIA PUBLIC SCHOOLS

State Department of Education

PROGRESS REPORT TO PARENTS

FOR

Intermediate and Advanced Pupils

Four to Eight

Pupil Kelly, Sarah Jane
Grade Fourth
Name of School Huntersville
County Pocahontas
Term Beginning August 28 1961
Term Ending June 1 1962
Eva B. McCarty Teacher

PROMOTION RECORD

Promoted to Fifth Grade
Retained in Grade
Eva B. McCarty Teacher
Principal

WEST VIRGINIA PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Pocahontas County

PROGRESS REPORT TO PARENTS

for

ELEMENTARY PUPILS

(Primary - Intermediate - Advanced)

OPENING OF TERM

Pupil June McLaughlin
Year in School First
Assigned to First Grade
Term Beginning Sept 1 1954
Name of School Huntersville
School Address Huntersville, W.Va
Elizabeth H. Wallace Teacher

CLOSE OF TERM

Assigned to Second Grade
Term Ending May 23 1955
Elizabeth H. Wallace
Principal

Picture taken at Hun

Back L-R Corky Kelly
Buzzard, Wilma Wad
Palmer (McCarty), Ev

Middle L-R Larry Va
Rose Scott (White), Pe
Buzzard

Front L-R Charles Ald

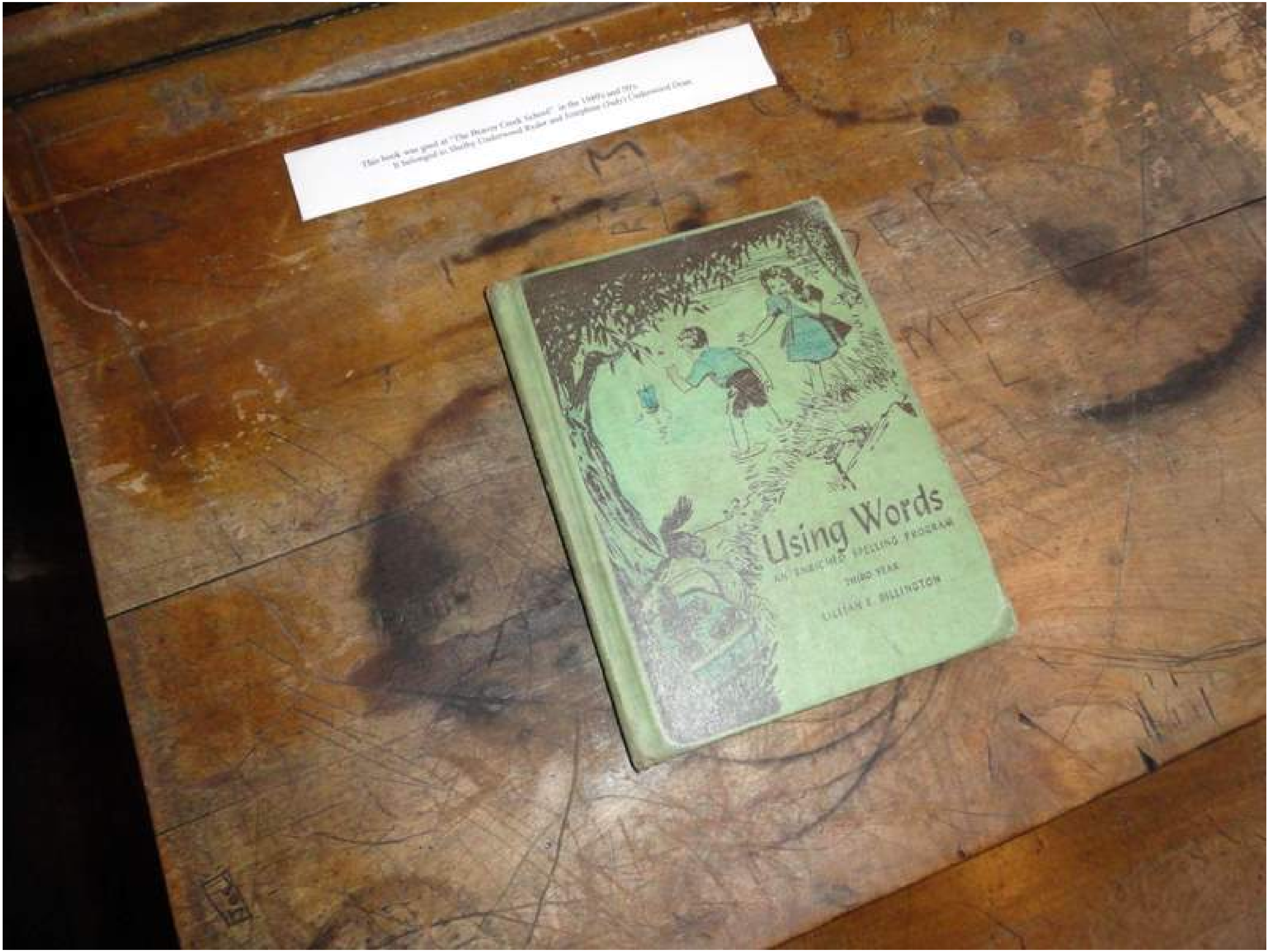
State of West Virginia

West Virginia

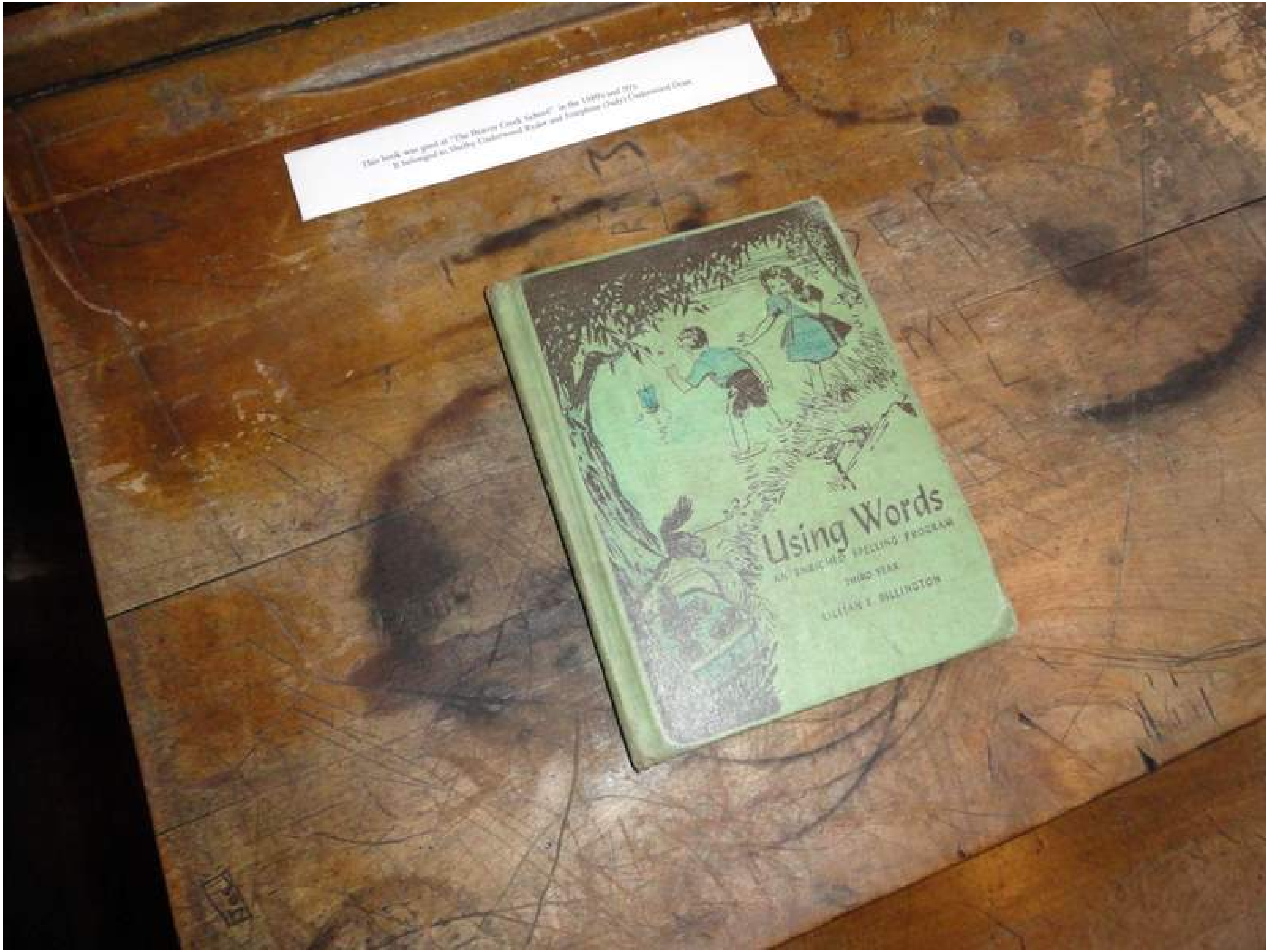
460-DSC00241-1.jpg

461-DSC00241.jpg

462-DSC00242-1.jpg


Using Words
AN ENRICHED SPELLING PROGRAM
THIRD YEAR
LILLIAN E. BILLINGTON

463-DSC00242.jpg


Using Words
An Enriched Spelling Program
Third Year
Lillian E. Billington

464-DSC00243-1.jpg

AMERICAN LANGUAGE SERIES
BOOK TWO
HOSIC-HOOPER

465-DSC00243.jpg

AMERICAN
LANGUAGE
SERIES
BOOK TWO
HOSIC-HOOPER

466-DSC00244-1.jpg

GRADED READERS
FOURTH READER

467-DSC00244.jpg

468-DSC00245-1.jpg

469-DSC00245.jpg

470-DSC00246-1.jpg

471-DSC00246.jpg

472-DSC00247-1.jpg

The Pocahontas Times
Serving Pocahontas County in the Endless Mountains of Appalachia
2008 Pioneer Days
1st
PLACE
Aa Bb

473-DSC00247.jpg

The Pocahontas Times
Serving Pocahontas County in the Endless Mountains of Appalachia
2008 Pioneer Days
1st
PLACE
Aa Bb

474-DSC00248-1.jpg

FREE
Have
clean - New

475-DSC00248.jpg

FREE
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clean— Ne

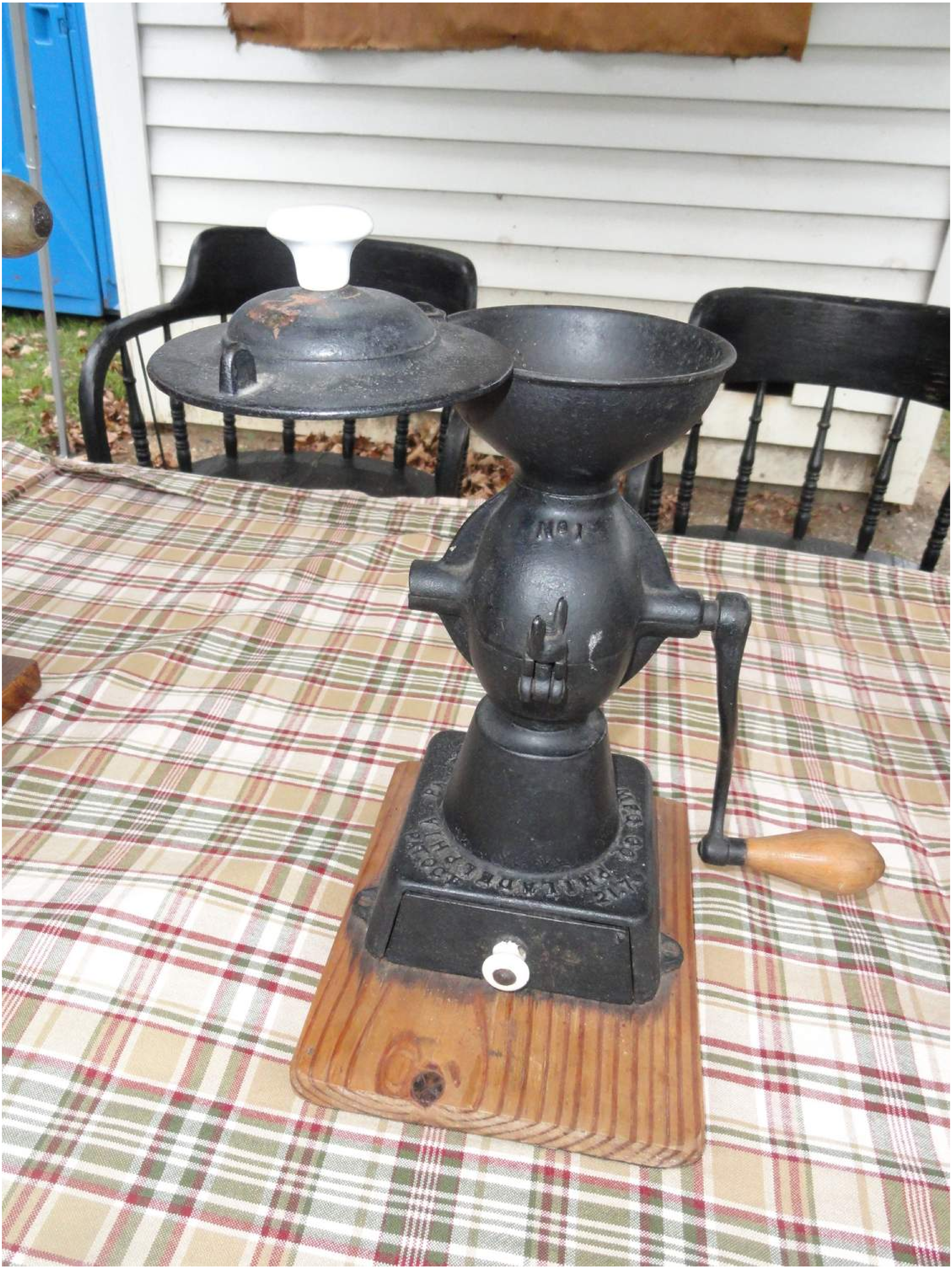
476-DSC00249.jpg

477-DSC00250.jpg

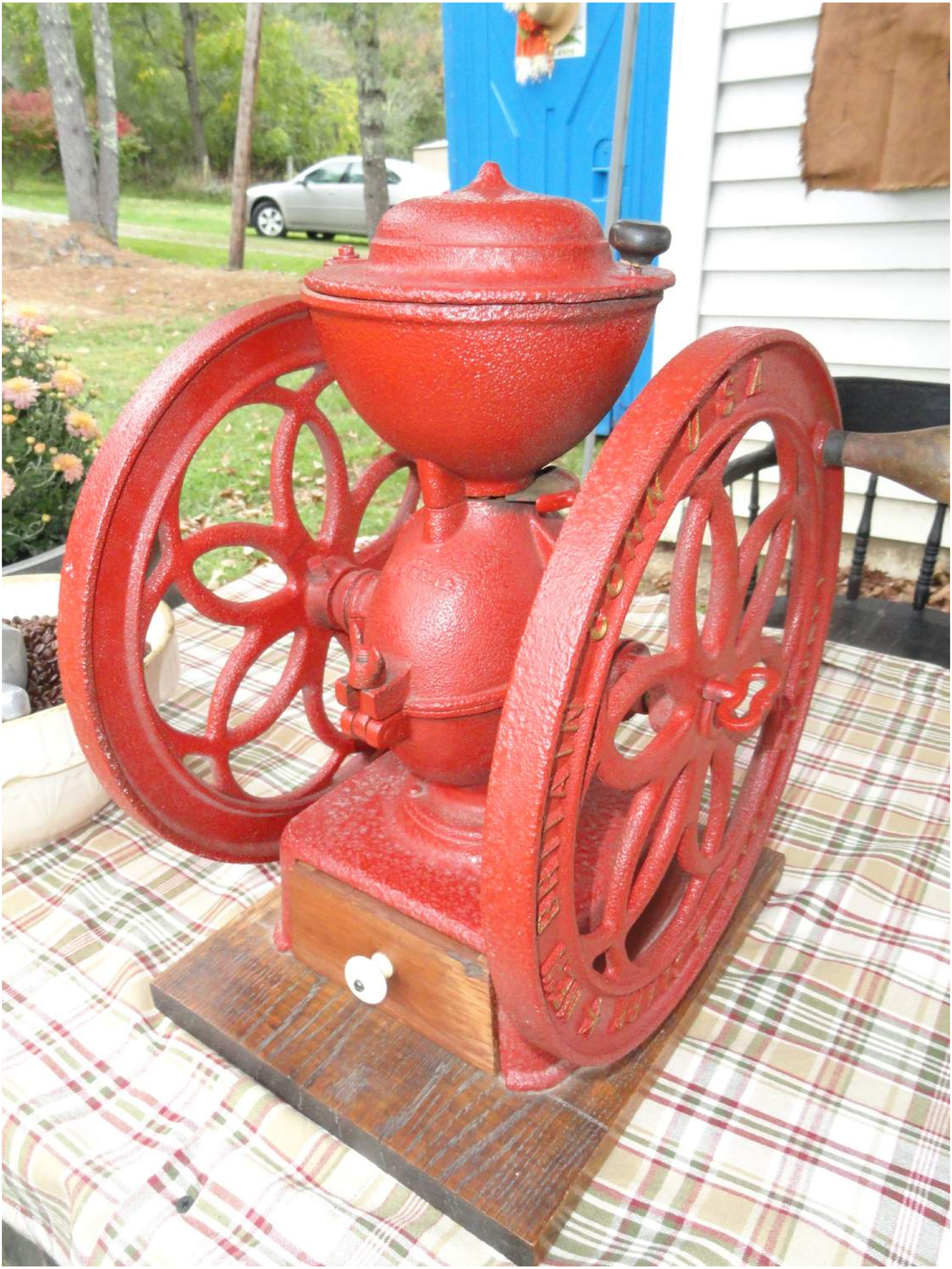
478-DSC00251.jpg

Coffee
Grinding
DONATIONS

479-DSC00252.jpg


Nº 1
MFG. CO. PHILADELPHIA PA.
PAT'D OCT 21

480-DSC00253.jpg


NEW BRITAIN CONN U S A

481-DSC00254.jpg

482-DSC00255.jpg

483-DSC00256.jpg

Dedication of
Civil War
Cemetery at
11:00 AM

484-DSC00257.jpg

485-DSC00258.jpg

486-DSC00259.jpg

487-DSC00262.jpg

488-DSC00263.jpg

489-DSC00264.jpg

490-DSC00265.jpg

491-DSC00266.jpg

POCAHONTAS COUNTY
VETERANS
HONOR CORPS

492-DSC00267.jpg

POCAHONTAS COUNTY
VETERANS
POCAHONTAS COUNTY
VETERANS

493-DSC00268.jpg

U.S.N.
POCAHONTAS COUNTY
VETERANS
HONOR CORPS

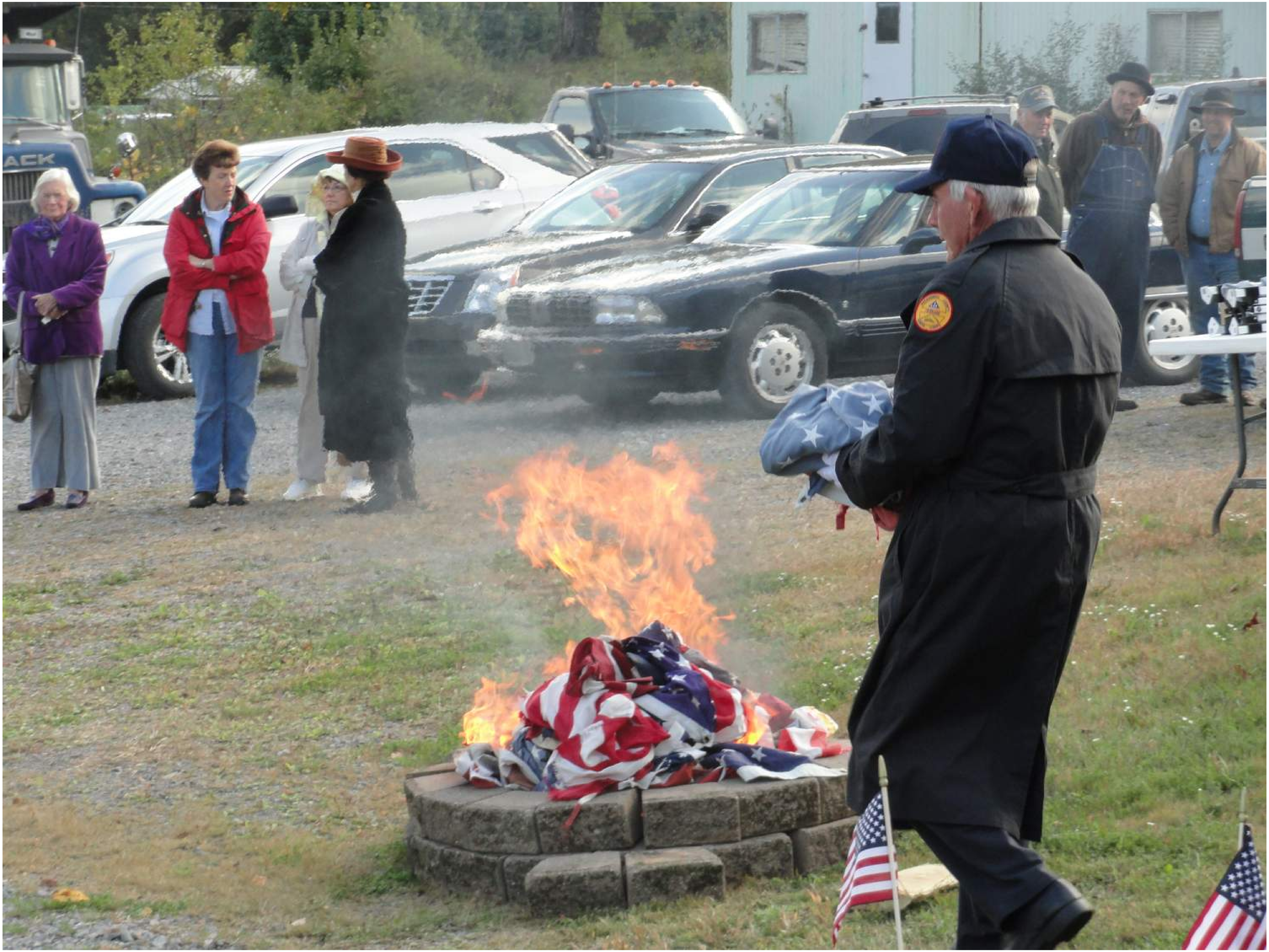
494-DSC00269.jpg

495-DSC00270.jpg

MACK
CHEVROLET

496-DSC00271.jpg

497-DSC00272.jpg



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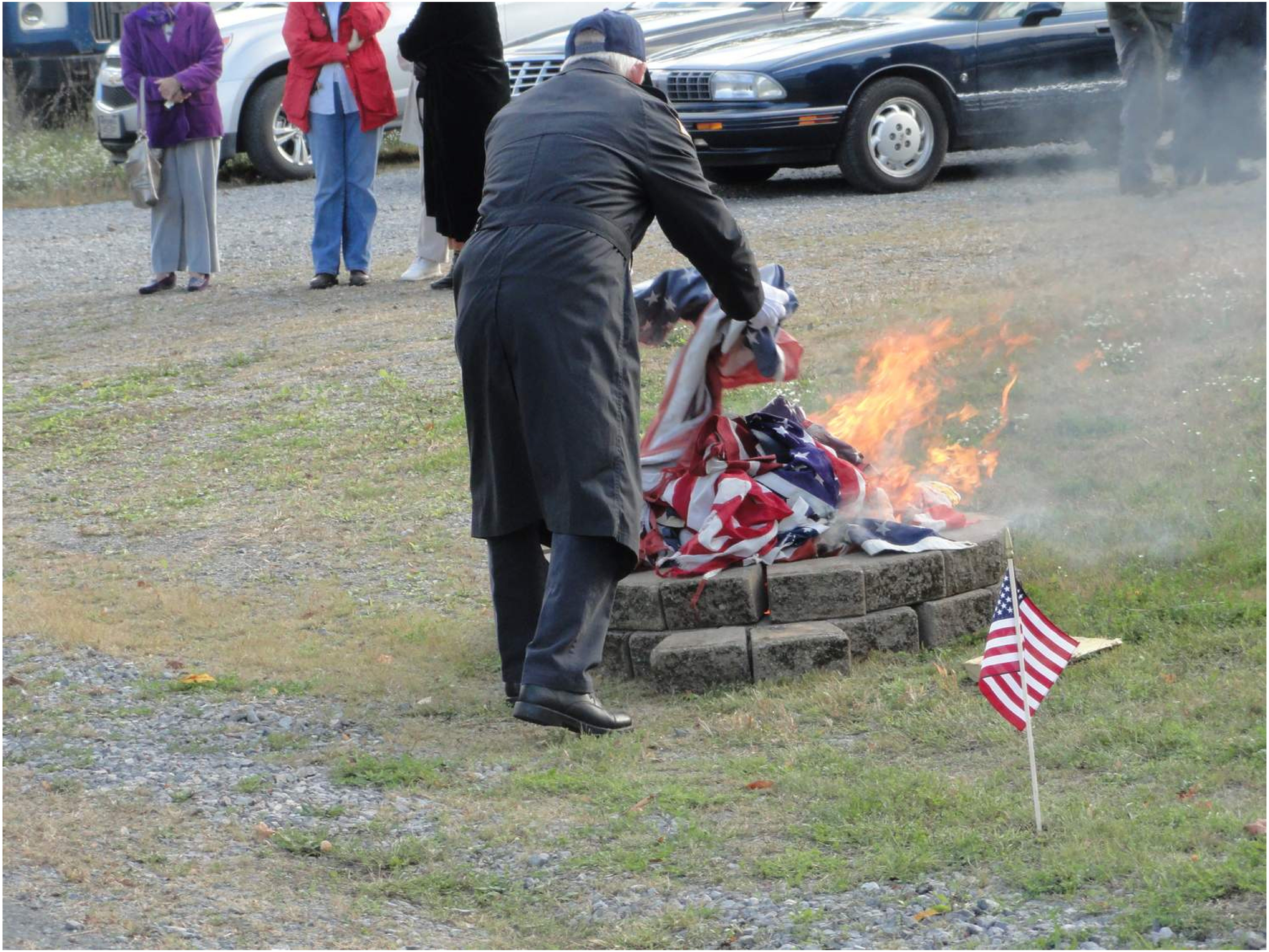


499-DSC00274.jpg

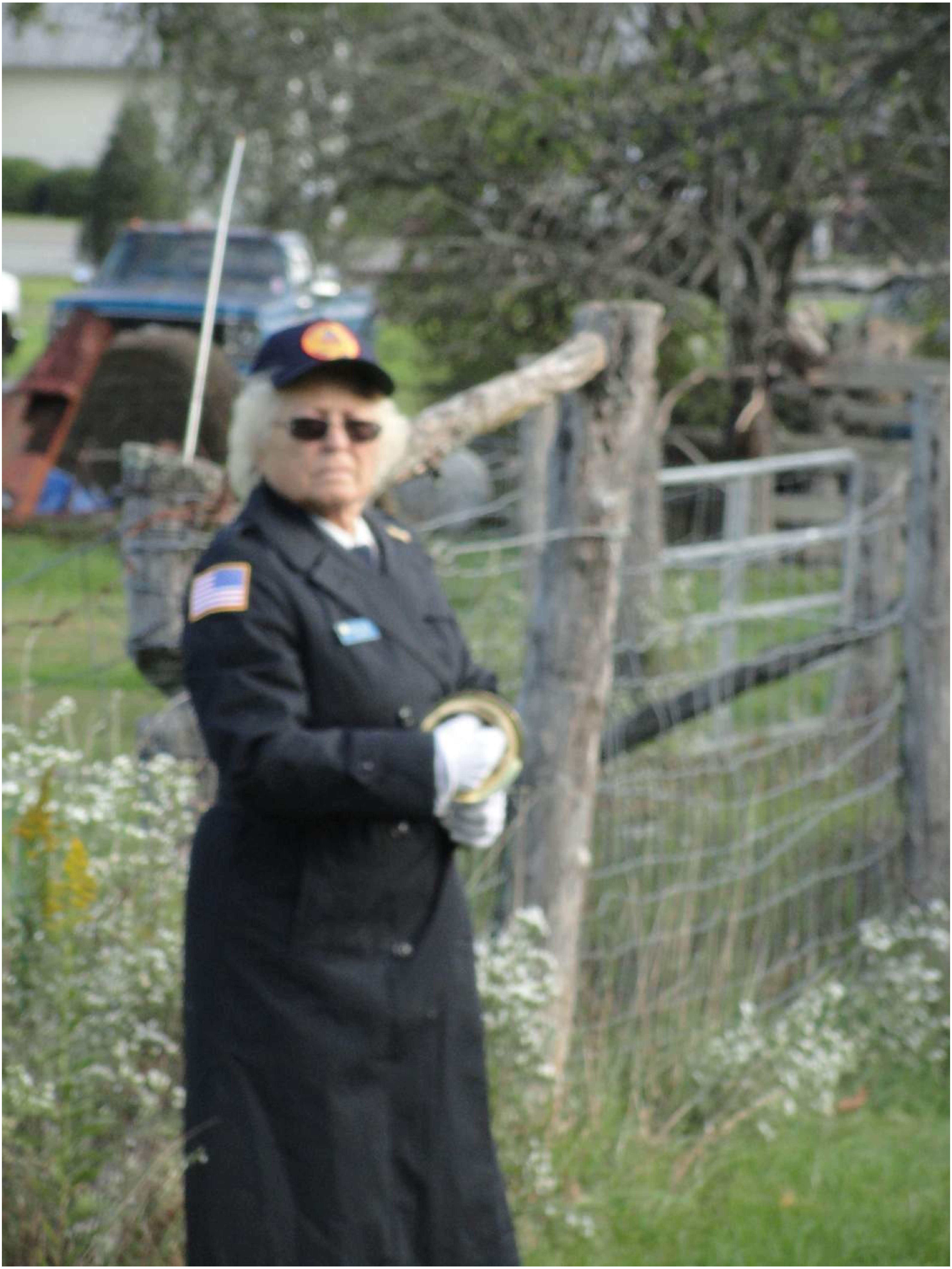
500-DSC00275.jpg

brake fluid

501-DSC00276.jpg

502-DSC00277.jpg

503-DSC00278.jpg



504-DSC00279.jpg

505-DSC00280.jpg

506-DSC00281.jpg

507-DSC00282.jpg

508-DSC00283.jpg

TOYOTA
DEAD END
ROAD CLOSED
1/4 MILES AHEAD
LOCAL TRAFFIC ONLY

510-DSC00285.jpg

511-DSC00286.jpg

512-DSC00287.jpg

513-DSC00288.jpg

514-DSC00289.jpg

515-DSC00290.jpg

West Virginia
8D 4358

516-DSC00291.jpg

A1 PUMPING
Durbin, WV
304-456-4505
304-456-4509

517-DSC00292.jpg

Hand
Crafted
Jewery
~~Wax~~
&
Cake
Jams
Jellys
Jewery
~~Dolls~~
MASON JARS

518-DSC00293.jpg

Hot Peppe Jelly 2.00
Contents Jelly of currant… sugar pectin
Contents, Jalopeno Peppers Green Pepper Vinegar, sugar salt pectin
Contents, sugar, crabapple, water
Grape Jelly
Contents
Grapes
water sugar.
8.

519-DSC00294.jpg

Business Cards
Ready to make an impression!
Apple Butter 4.00
Apple Butter 4.00
Pineapple Jelly
Contents Apples water Sugar cinnmon cloves
Contents Pineapple Sugar
Youlanda McCoy
RR 1 Box 502
Marlinton, WV
Youlanda McCoy
WV 24954 9701

520-DSC00295.jpg

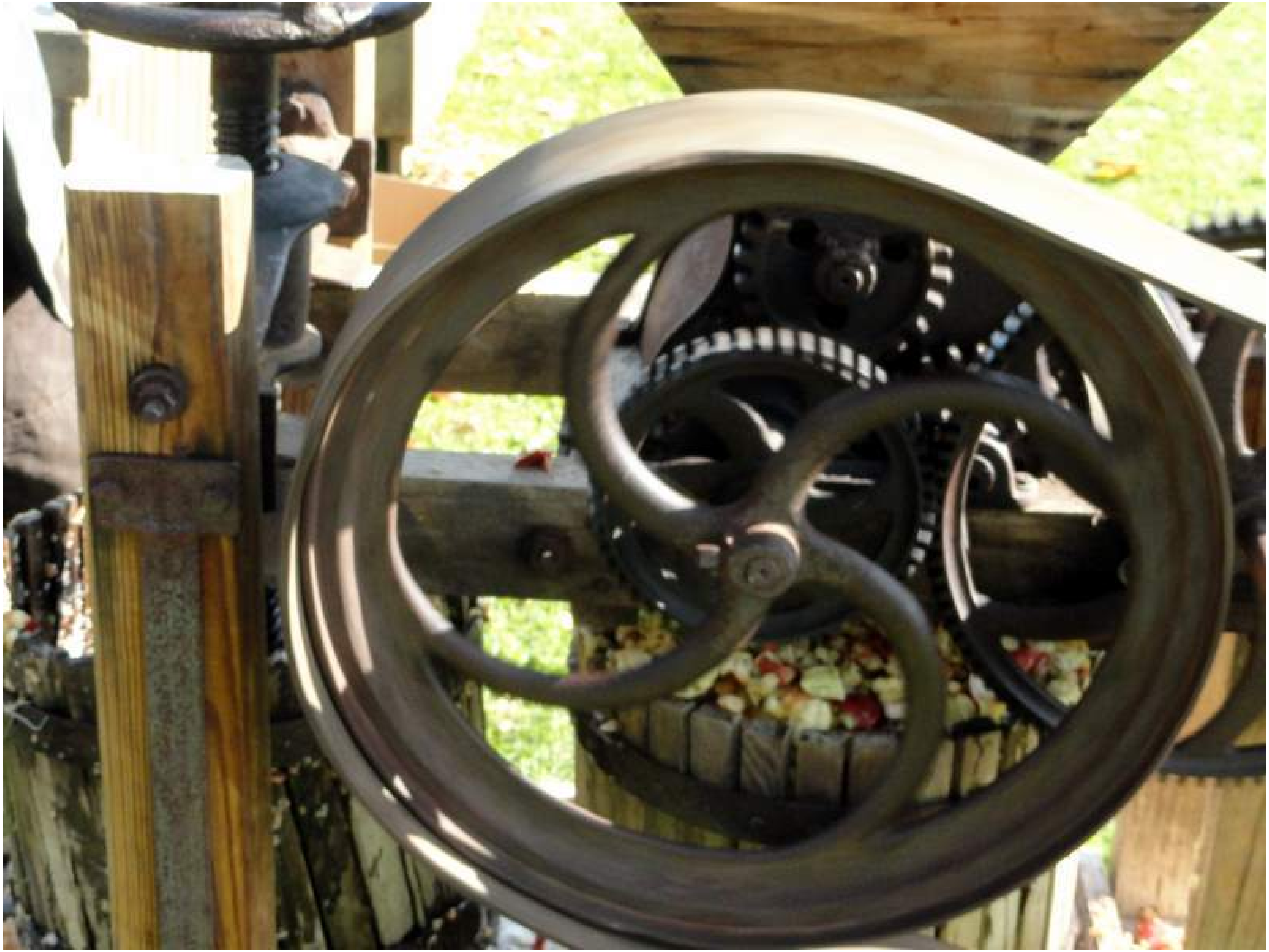
CAkes
8.00
Currant Jelly 5.00
Currant Jelly 5.00
Currant Jelly 5.00
Currant Jelly 5.00

521-DSC00296.jpg

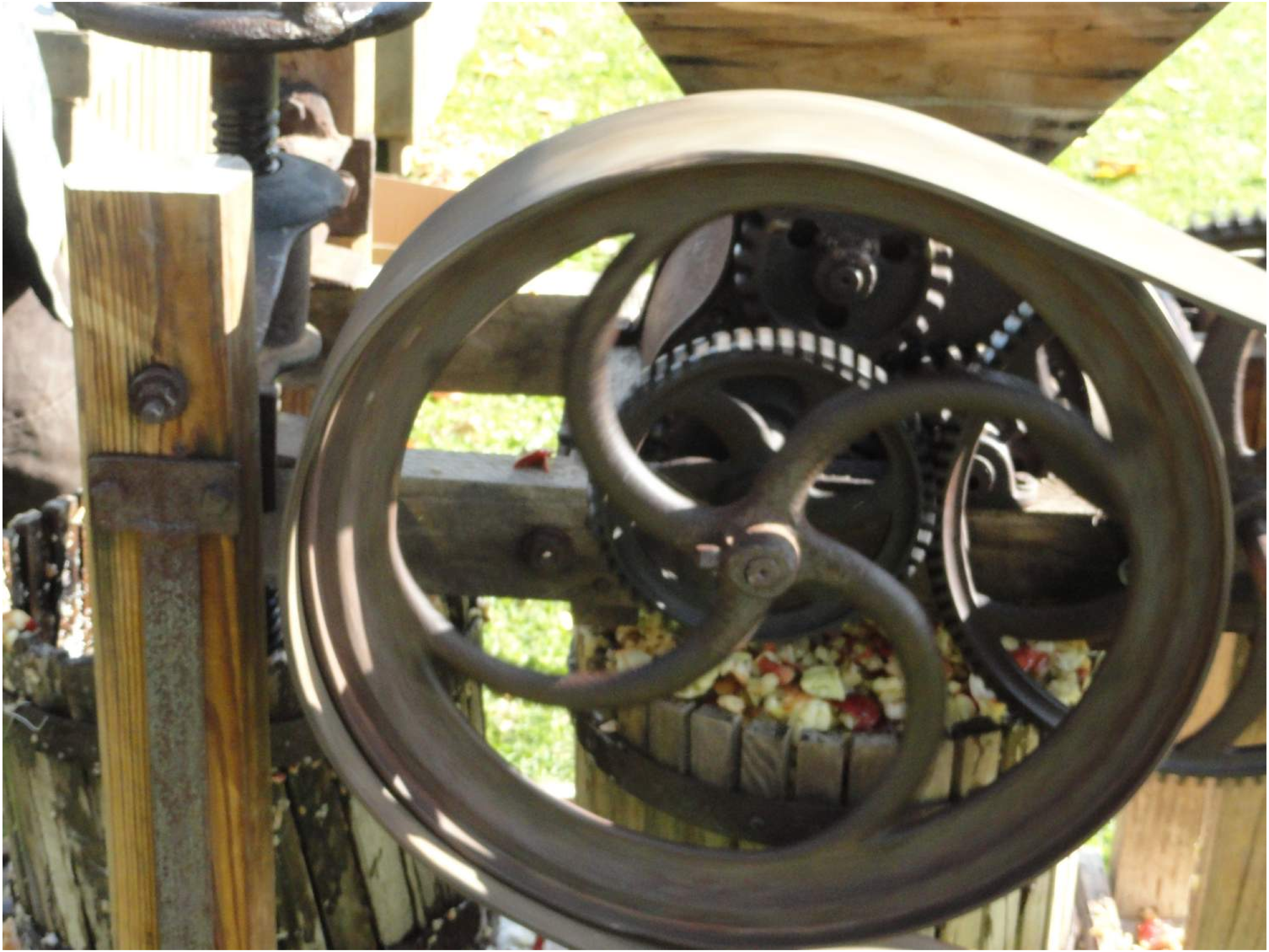
522-DSC00297-1.jpg

523-DSC00297.jpg

524-DSC00298-1.jpg



525-DSC00298.jpg



526-DSC00299-1.jpg

527-DSC00299.jpg

528-DSC00300-1.jpg

529-DSC00300.jpg

530-DSC00301-1.jpg

'61
CABELA'S
WORLD'S FOREMOST OUTFITTER

532-DSC00302-1.jpg

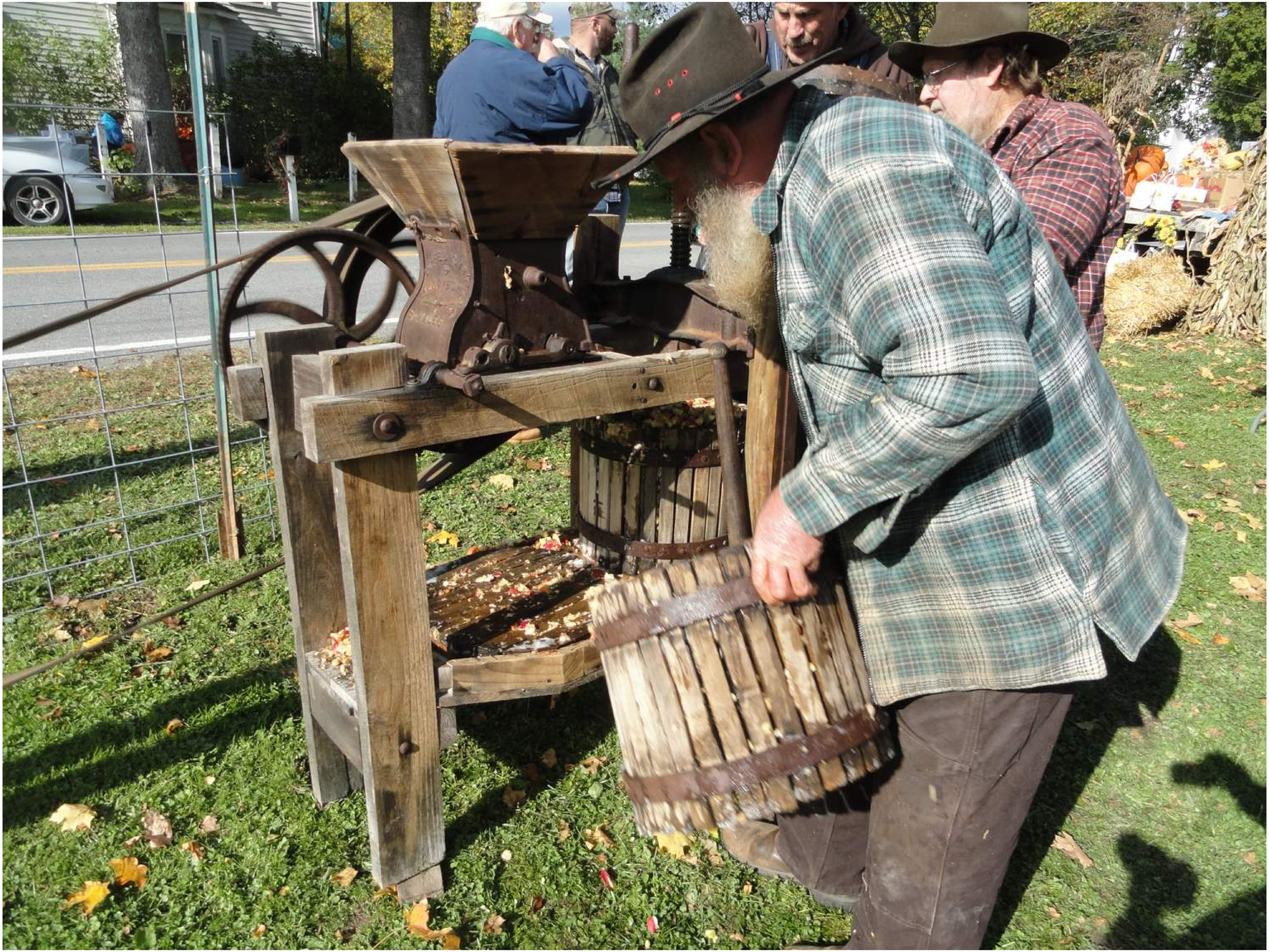
533-DSC00302.jpg

534-DSC00303-1.jpg

535-DSC00303.jpg

536-DSC00304-1.jpg

537-DSC00304.jpg



538-DSC00305-1.jpg

539-DSC00305.jpg

540-DSC00306-1.jpg

541-DSC00306.jpg

542-DSC00307-1.jpg

544-DSC00308-1.jpg

545-DSC00308.jpg

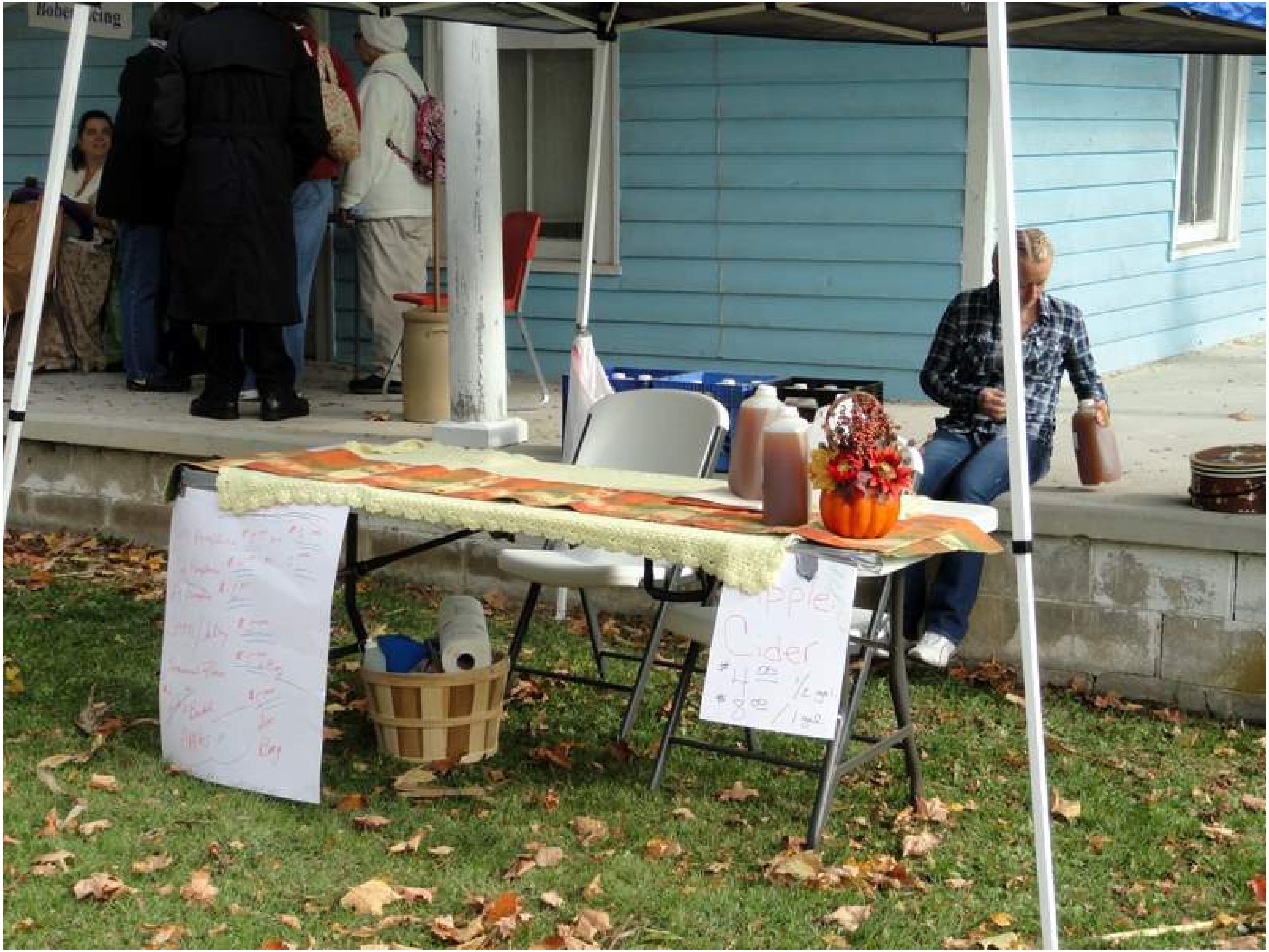
546-DSC00309-1.jpg

HUNTERSVILLE
TRADITIONS DAY

547-DSC00309.jpg

HUNTERSVILLE
TRADITIONS DAY
OCTOBER 1, 2011

548-DSC00310-1.jpg


Bober icing
pple
Cider
#4.00 / ½ gal
#8.00 / 1 gal

549-DSC00310.jpg

Pumpkins $2.00 or $3.00
Pumpkins $4.00 or 5.00
Pumpkins $6.00
Jam/Jelly $5.00
Seasoned Flour $5.00 a Bag
a Bushel Apples
$5.00 Sm Bag
Apple Cider
$4.00 1/2 gal.
$8.00 / 1 gal.

550-DSC00311-1.jpg

551-DSC00311.jpg

552-DSC00312-1.jpg

official sports drink of the Olympic Games

553-DSC00312.jpg

WADE FARM & FEED
BUCKEYE
GILDAN
The official sports drink of the Olympic Games

554-DSC00313-1.jpg

555-DSC00313.jpg

12 16 oz
12 16 oz
12 16 oz

556-DSC00314-1.jpg

557-DSC00314.jpg

Fresh Peaches

558-DSC00315.jpg

Home
Mud
Ol
S
ng
Bobenlacing

559-DSC00316.jpg

560-DSC00317.jpg

Harvest Baskets
KEN-MULCH

561-DSC00318.jpg

562-DSC00319.jpg

563-DSC00320.jpg

564-DSC00321.jpg

565-DSC00322.jpg

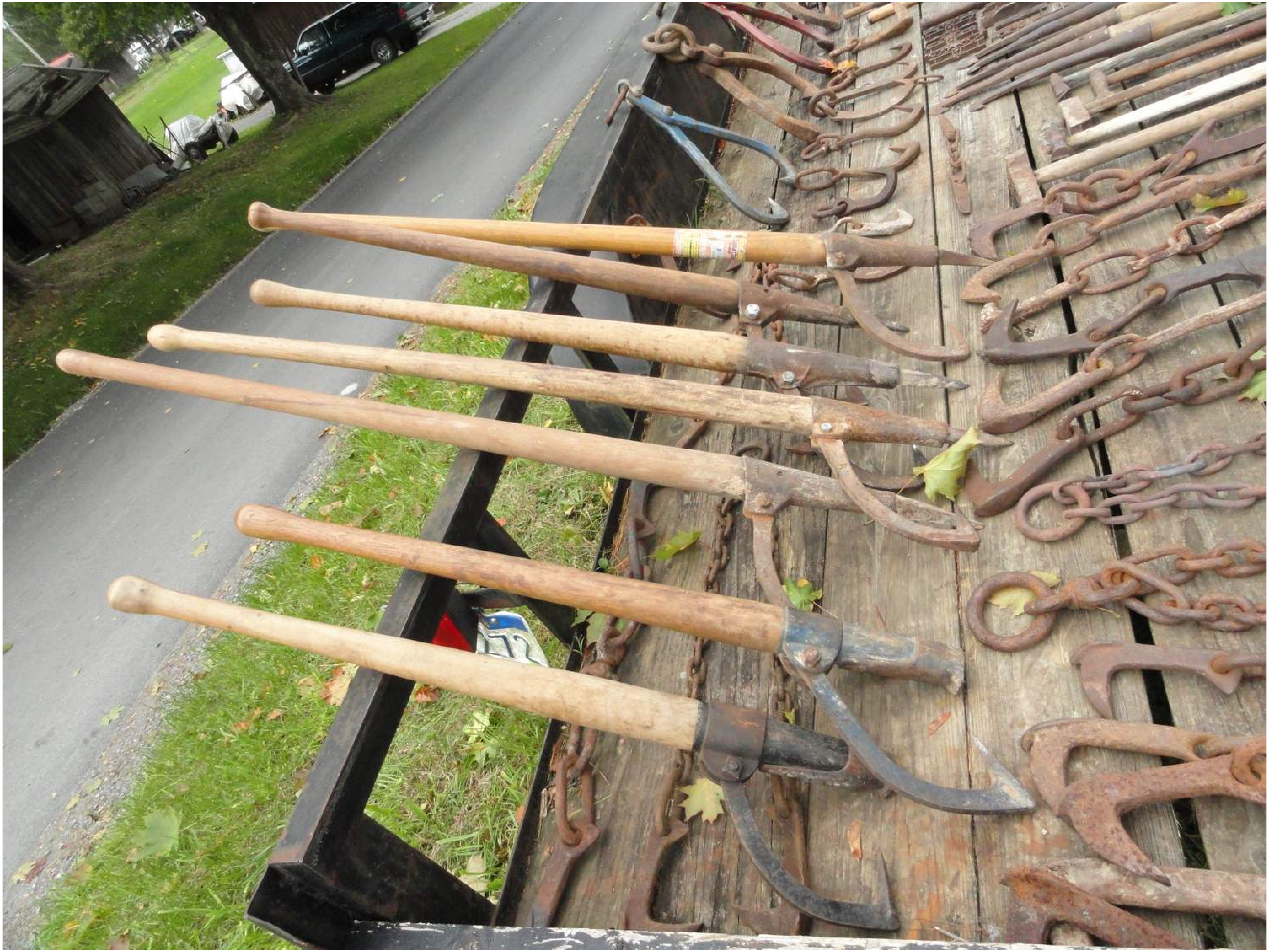
Milk Cow
&
Sheep

566-DSC00323.jpg

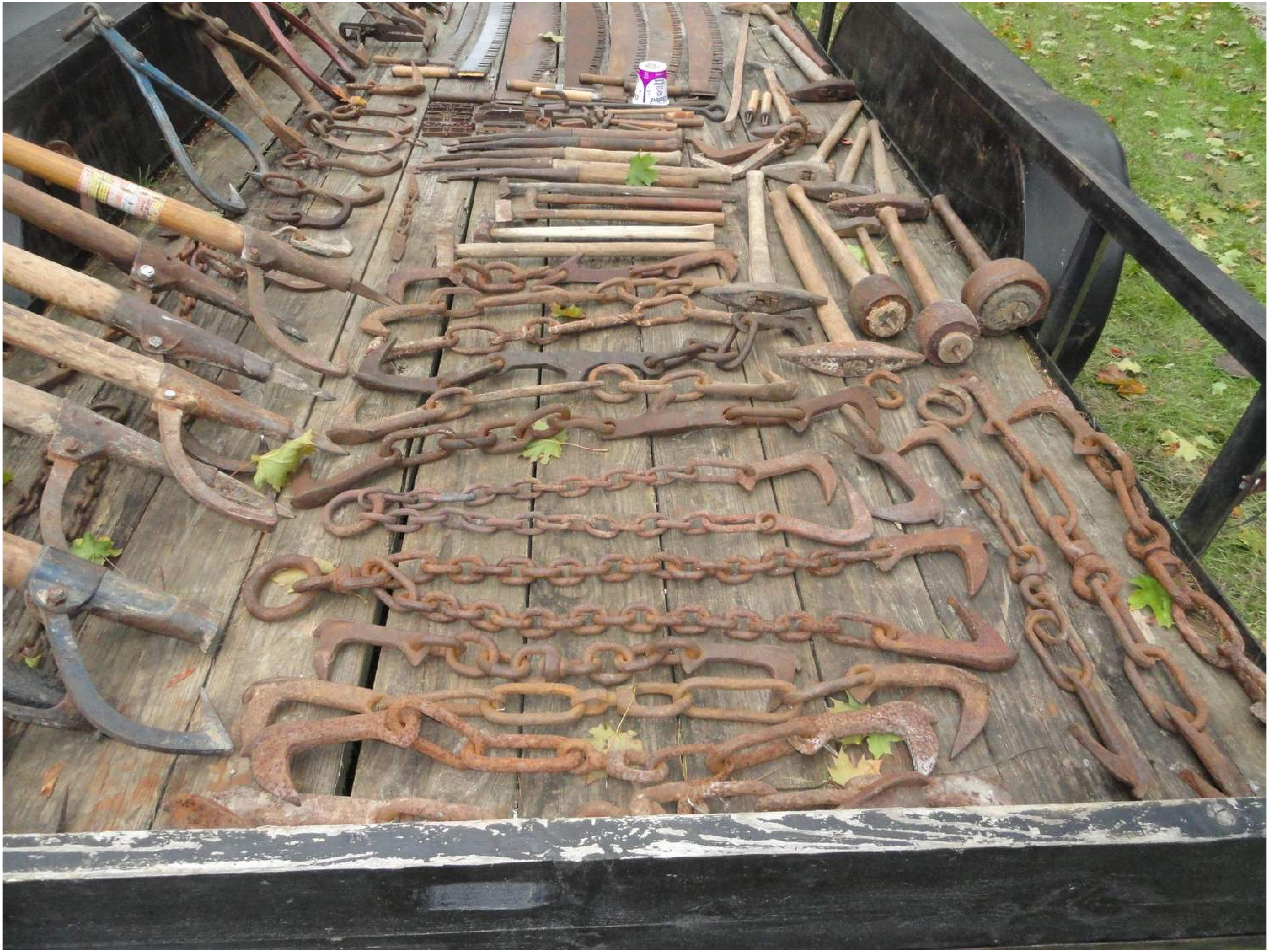
F&F
SERVICE CENTER

567-DSC00324.jpg

568-DSC00325.jpg



569-DSC00326.jpg

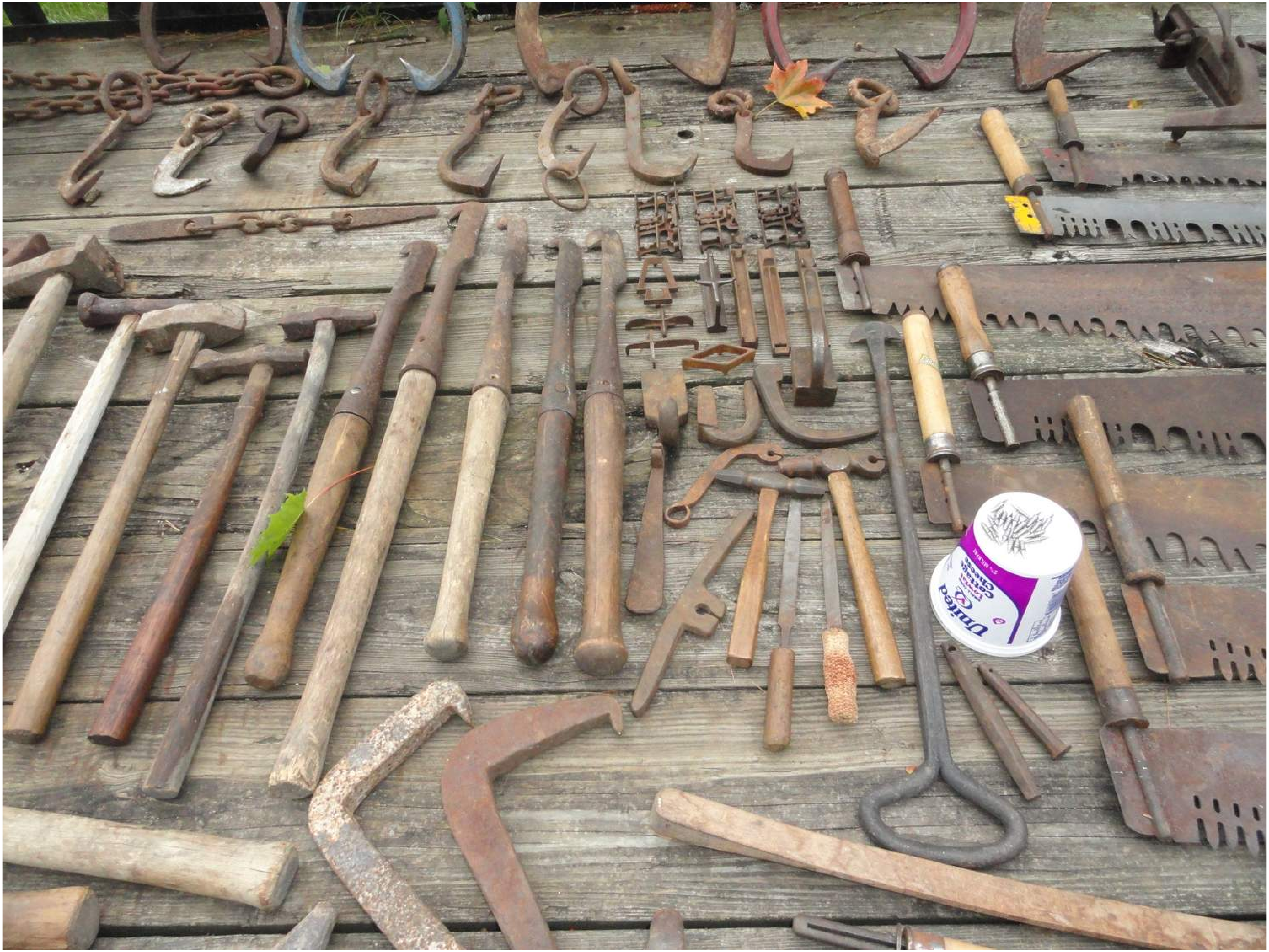


570-DSC00327.jpg

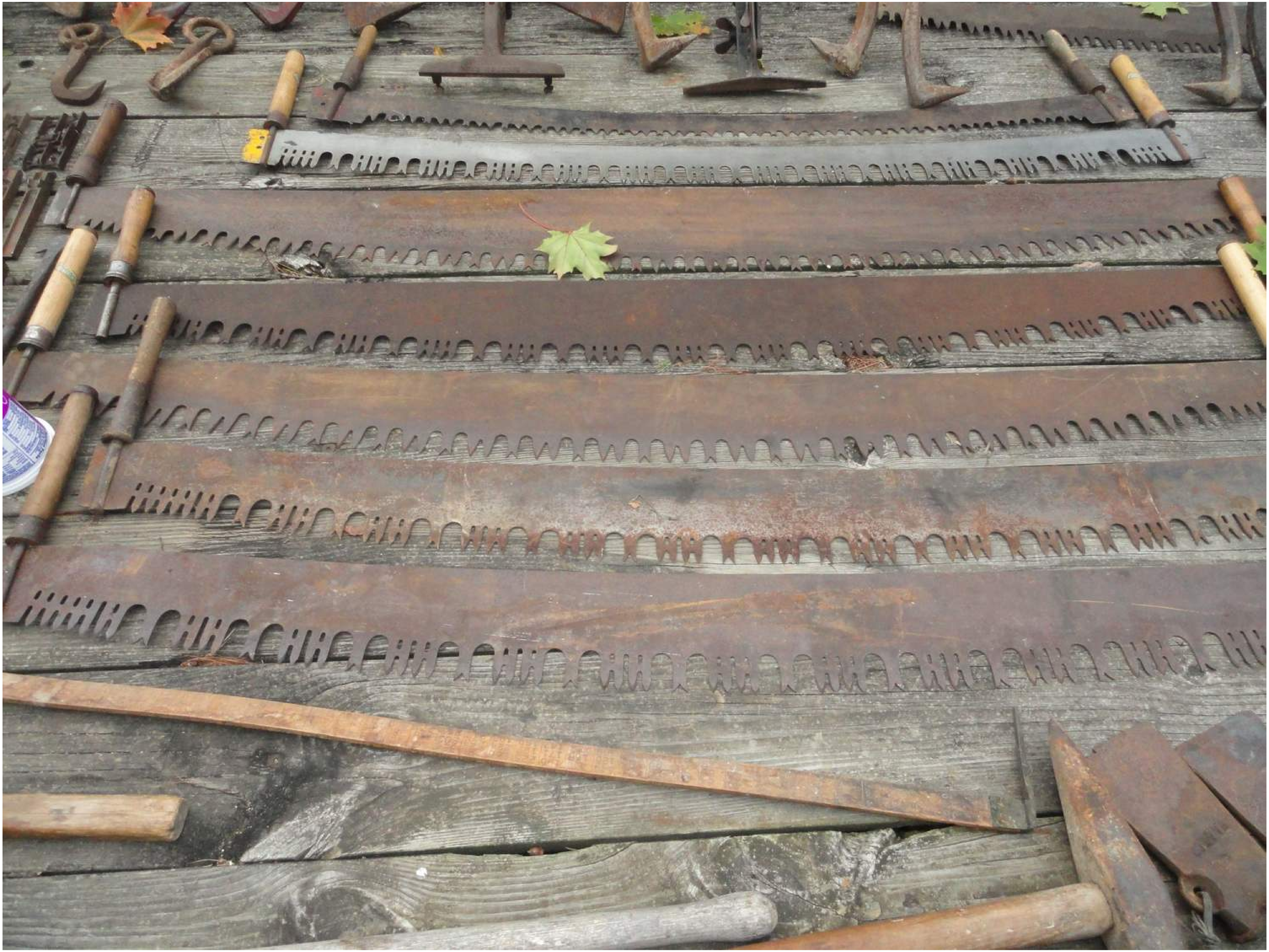
571-DSC00328.jpg

United
Lowfat
Cottage
Cheese

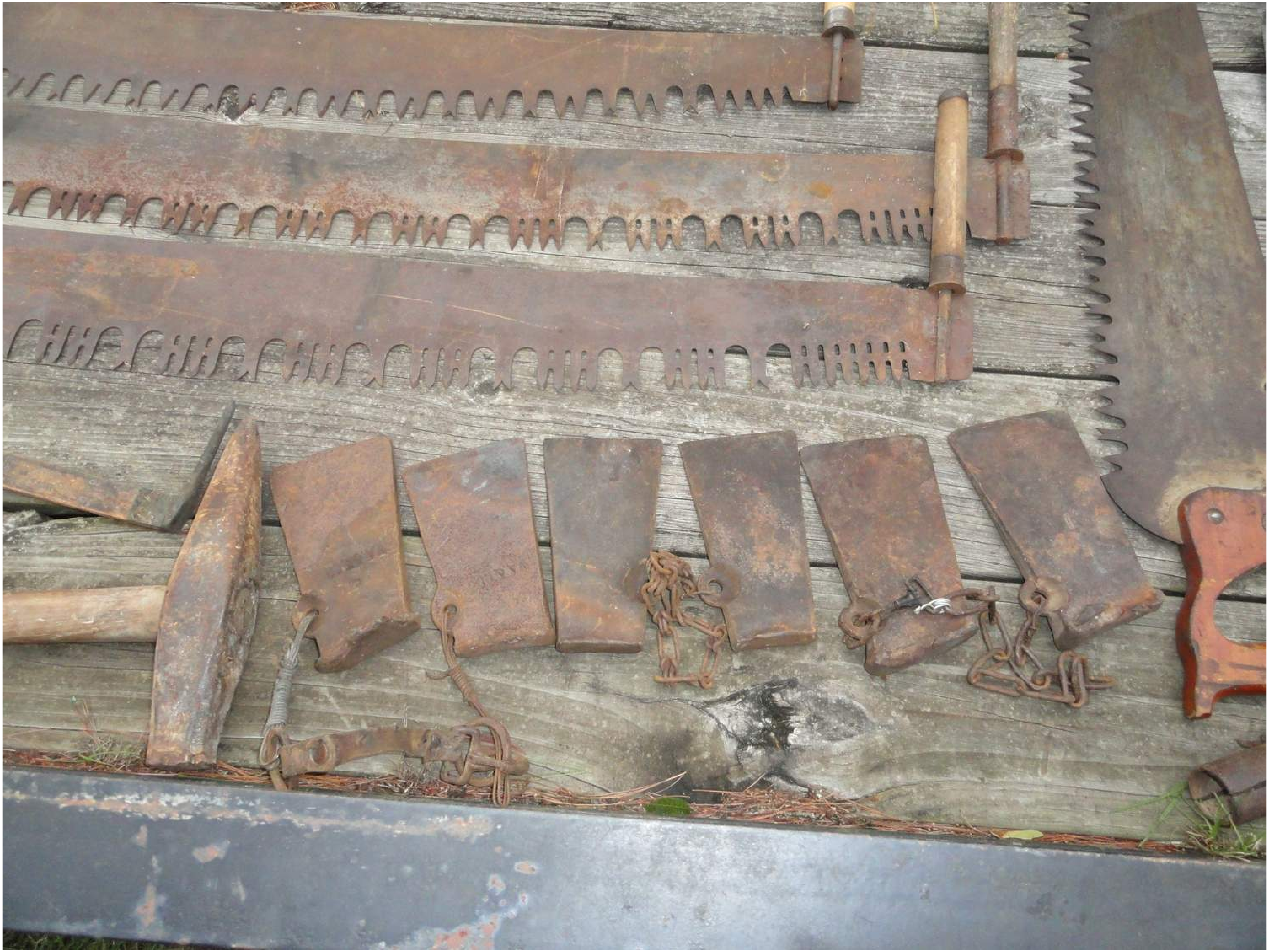
572-DSC00329.jpg


United
Cottage Cheese

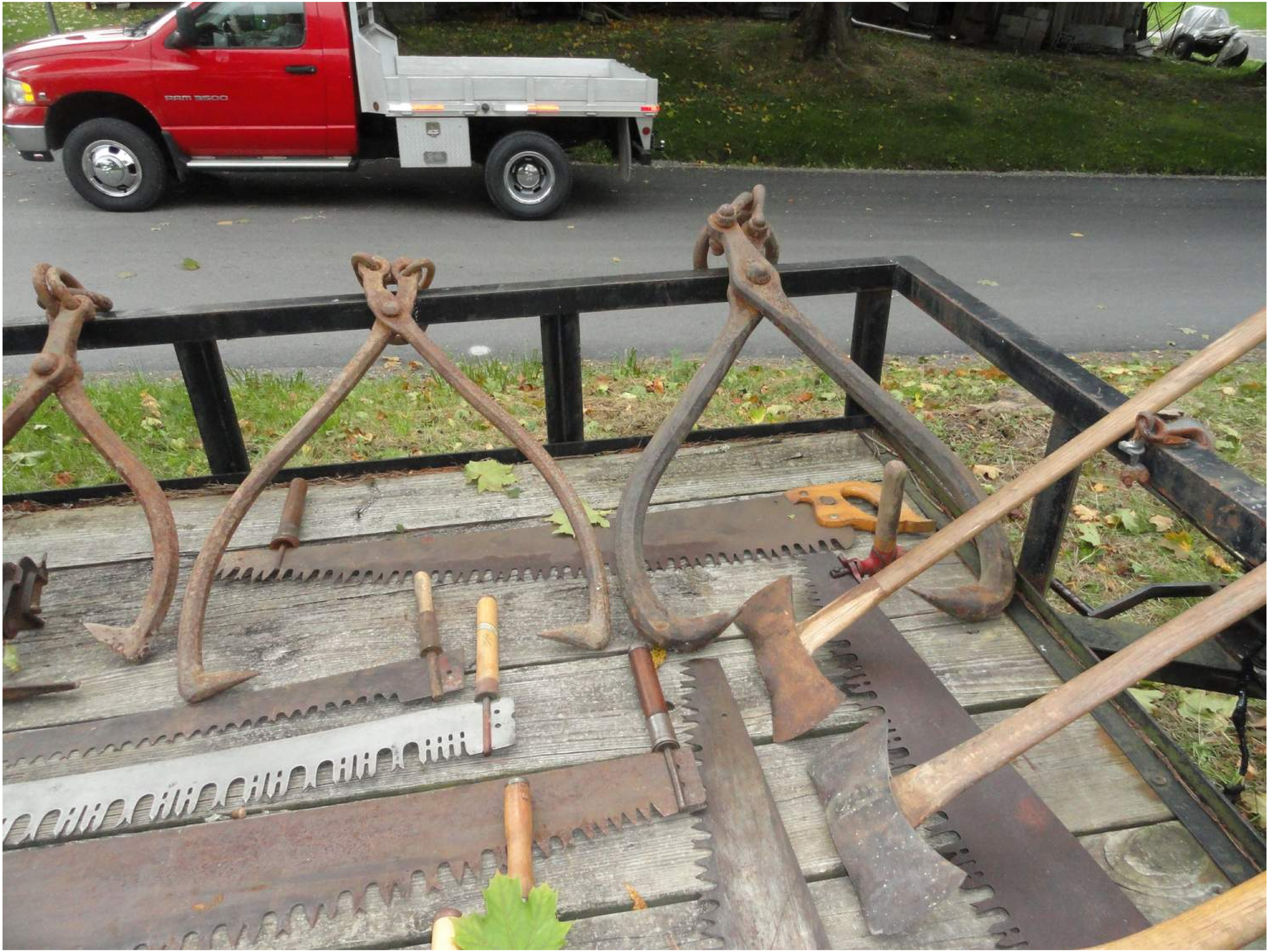
573-DSC00330.jpg



574-DSC00331.jpg



575-DSC00332.jpg



576-DSC00333.jpg

577-DSC00334.jpg

39
39
STATE PARK

578-DSC00335.jpg

PERSONALIZED
HORSE SHOES

579-DSC00336.jpg

PONY RIDES
TR

580-DSC00337.jpg

581-DSC00338.jpg

Spinning
Cider Making

582-DSC00339.jpg

583-DSC00340.jpg

584-DSC00341.jpg

HOUSE RECIPE
Coffee Creamer
Egg + Butter Rolls

585-DSC00342.jpg

Blackberry Cobbler

586-DSC00343.jpg

Blueberry Cobbler
Red Raspberry Cobbler

587-DSC00344.jpg

Homemade Traditions
Baked by:

Blackberry
Cobbler

589-DSC00346.jpg

Homemade
Traditions

590-DSC00347.jpg

Peach
Peach
Pumpkin Pie
Pumpkin Pie

591-DSC00348.jpg

Pumpkin Pie
Pumpkin Pie

592-DSC00349.jpg

Classic SYSCO
Vinyl Gloves
Bread Pudding

593-DSC00350.jpg

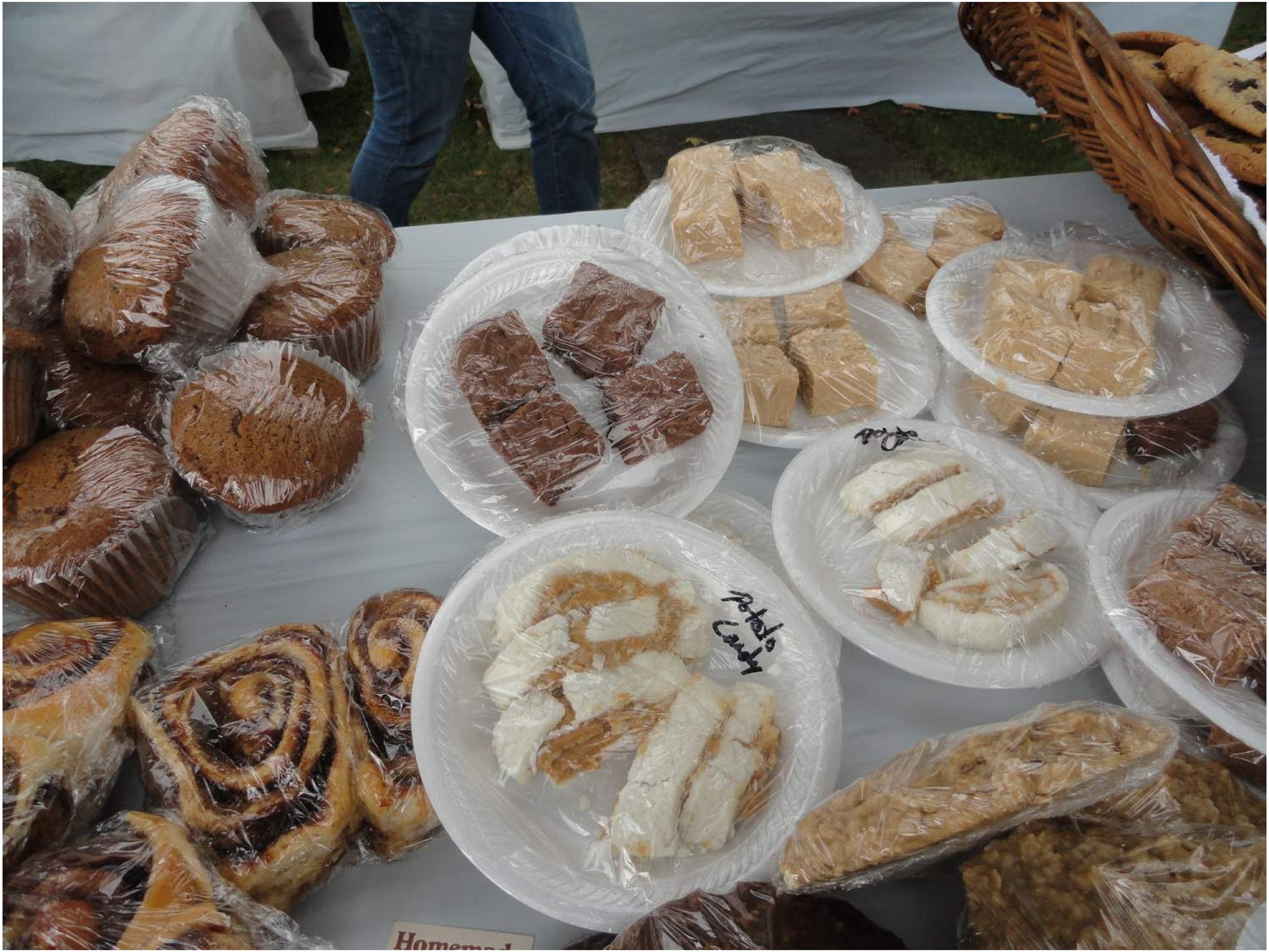
Bread pudding

594-DSC00351.jpg

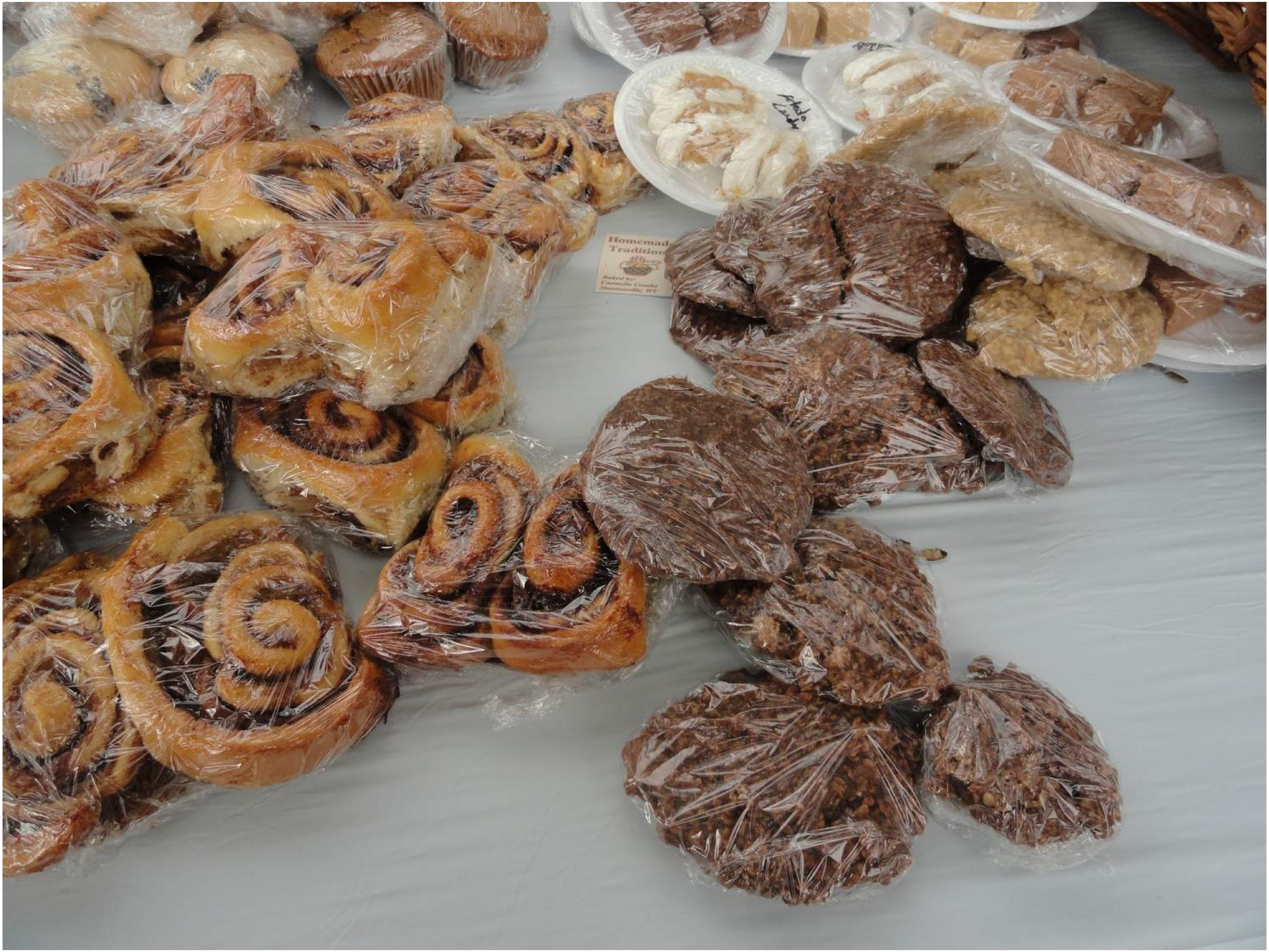
Classic SYSCO
Vinyl Gloves
Foodservice-Powdered
Large-Non-Sterile-Ambidextrous
Single Use Only-Wrist Length
100 CT

595-DSC00352.jpg

596-DSC00353.jpg

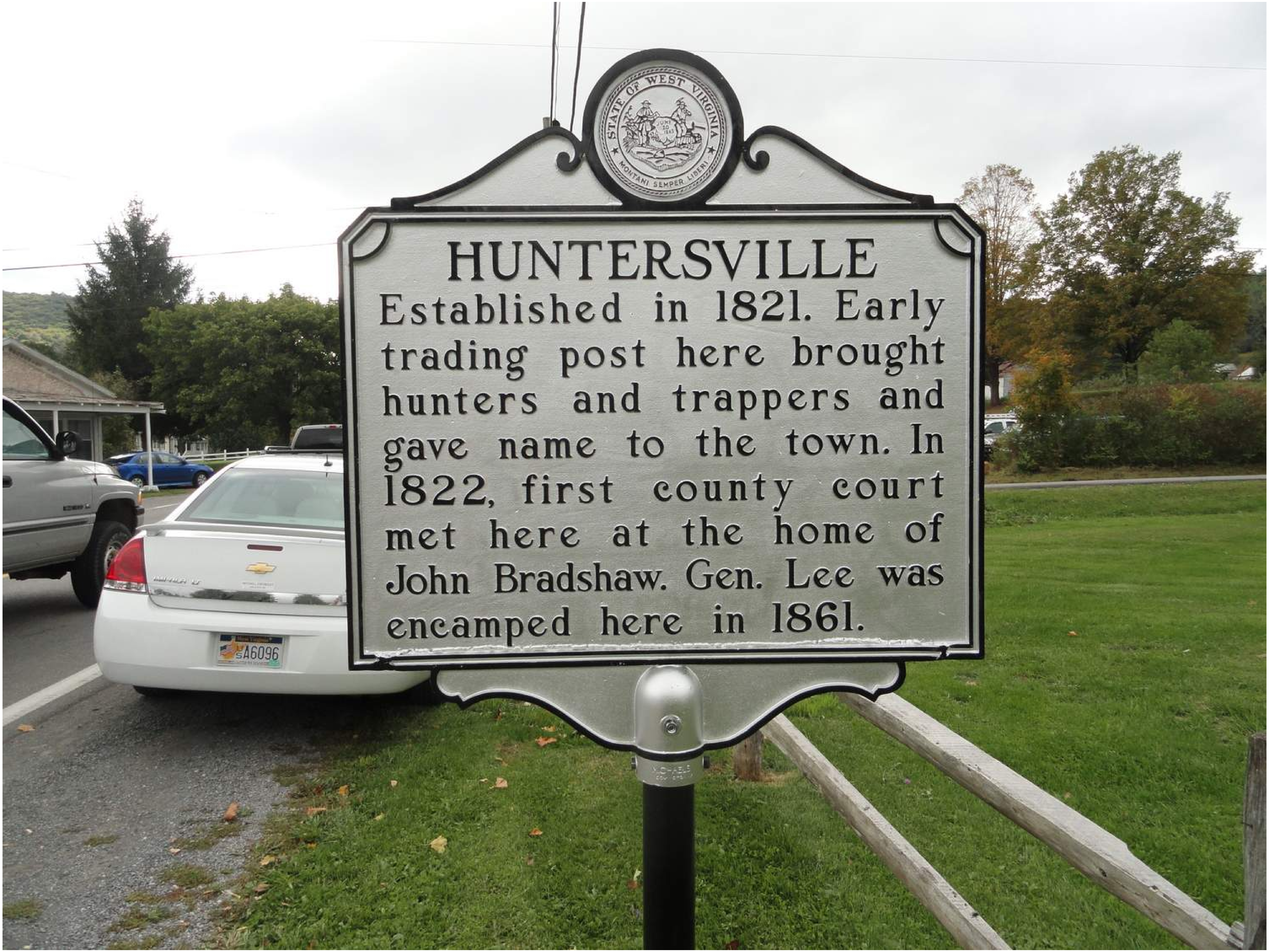

Potato
Potato Candy
Homemad

597-DSC00354.jpg


Homemad
Tradition
Baked by:
Carmella Combs

599-DSC00356.jpg

600-DSC00357.jpg



STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA
MONTANI SEMPER LIBERI
A6096

HUNTERSVILLE

Established in 1821. Early trading post here brought hunters and trappers and gave name to the town. In 1822, first county court met here at the home of John Bradshaw. Gen. Lee was encamped here in 1861.

601-DSC00358.jpg

602-DSC00359.jpg

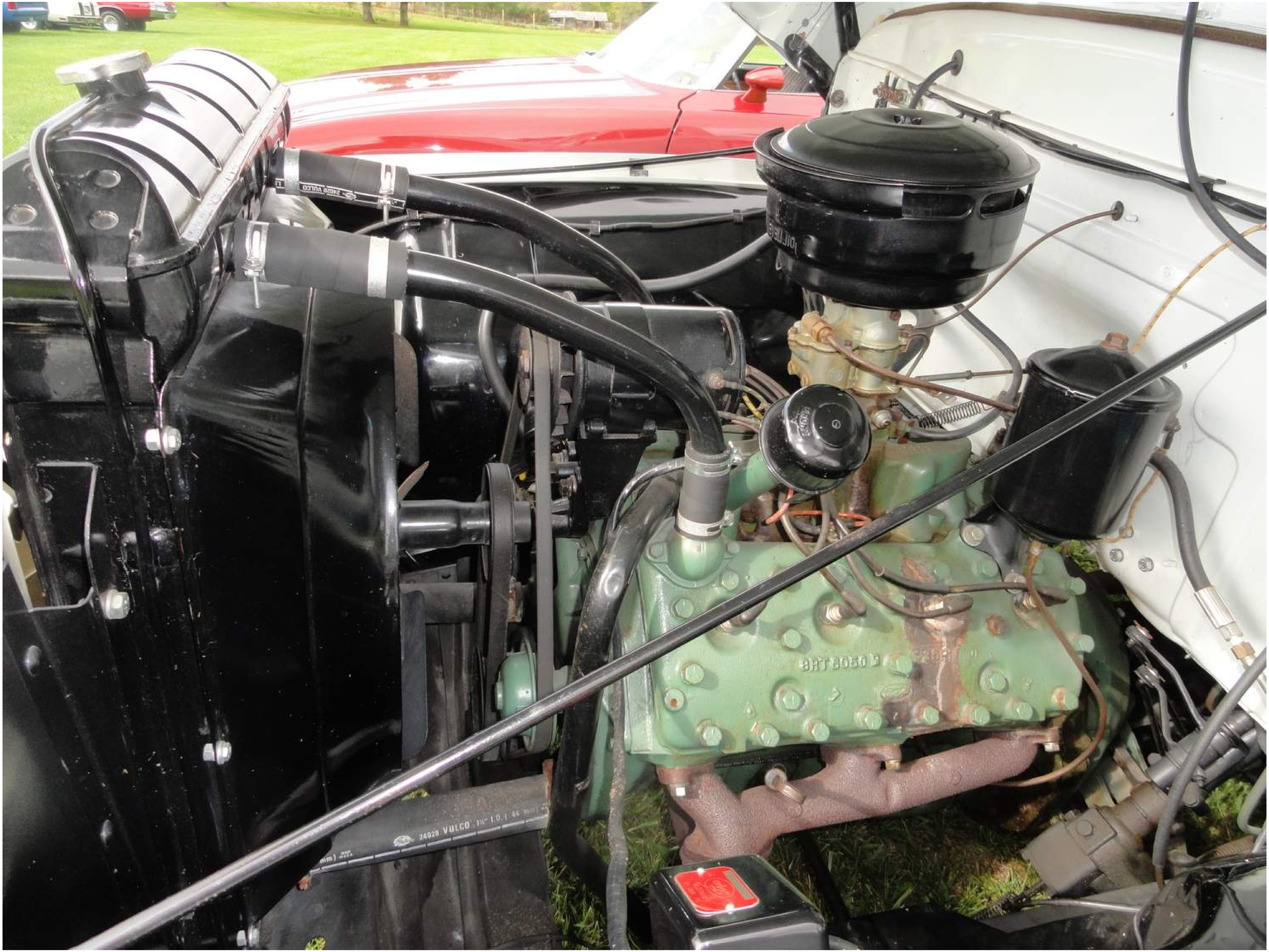
603-DSC00360.jpg

307
SPORT SR
CAVALIER

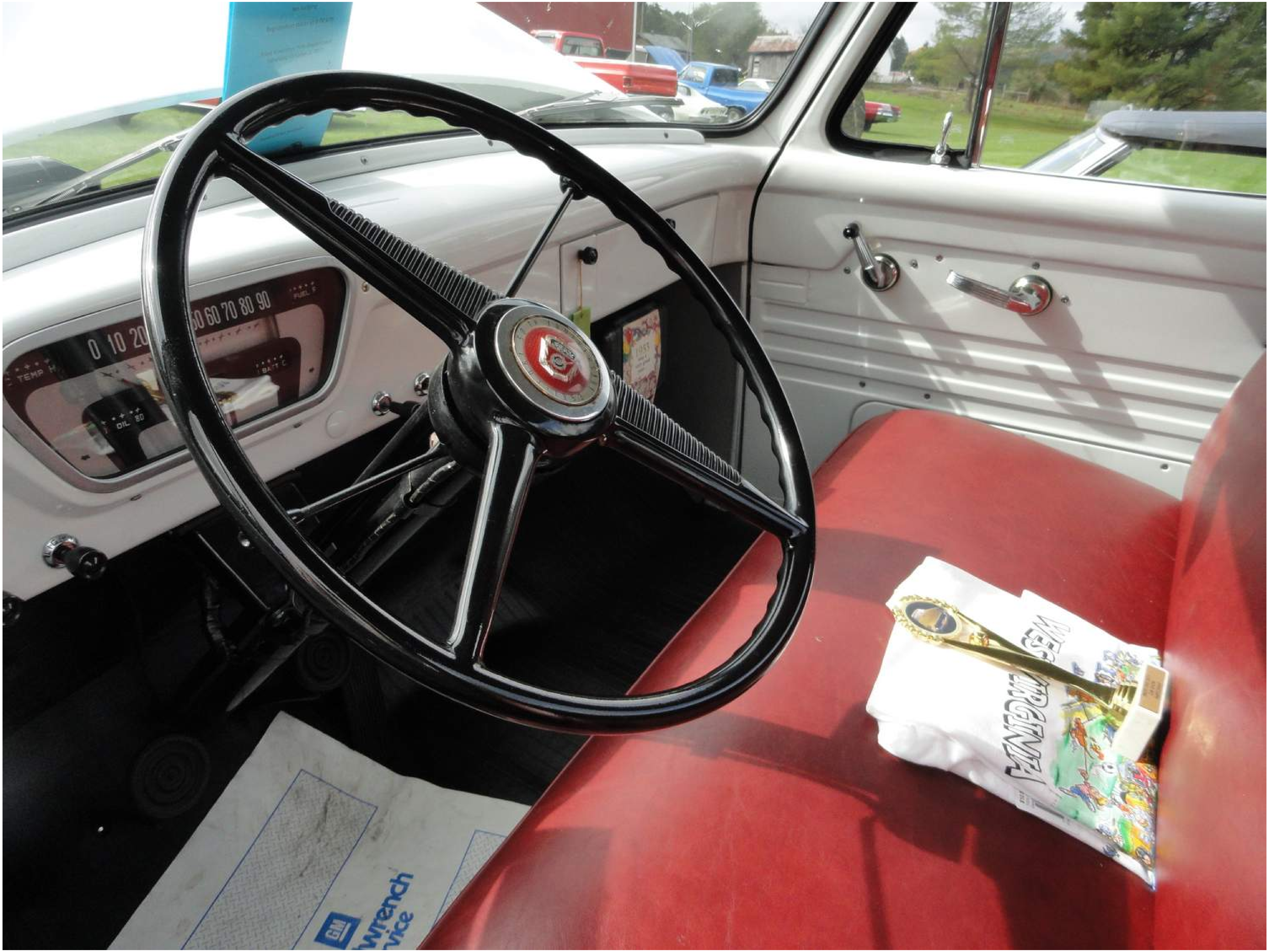
604-DSC00361.jpg

FORD F-100
2404

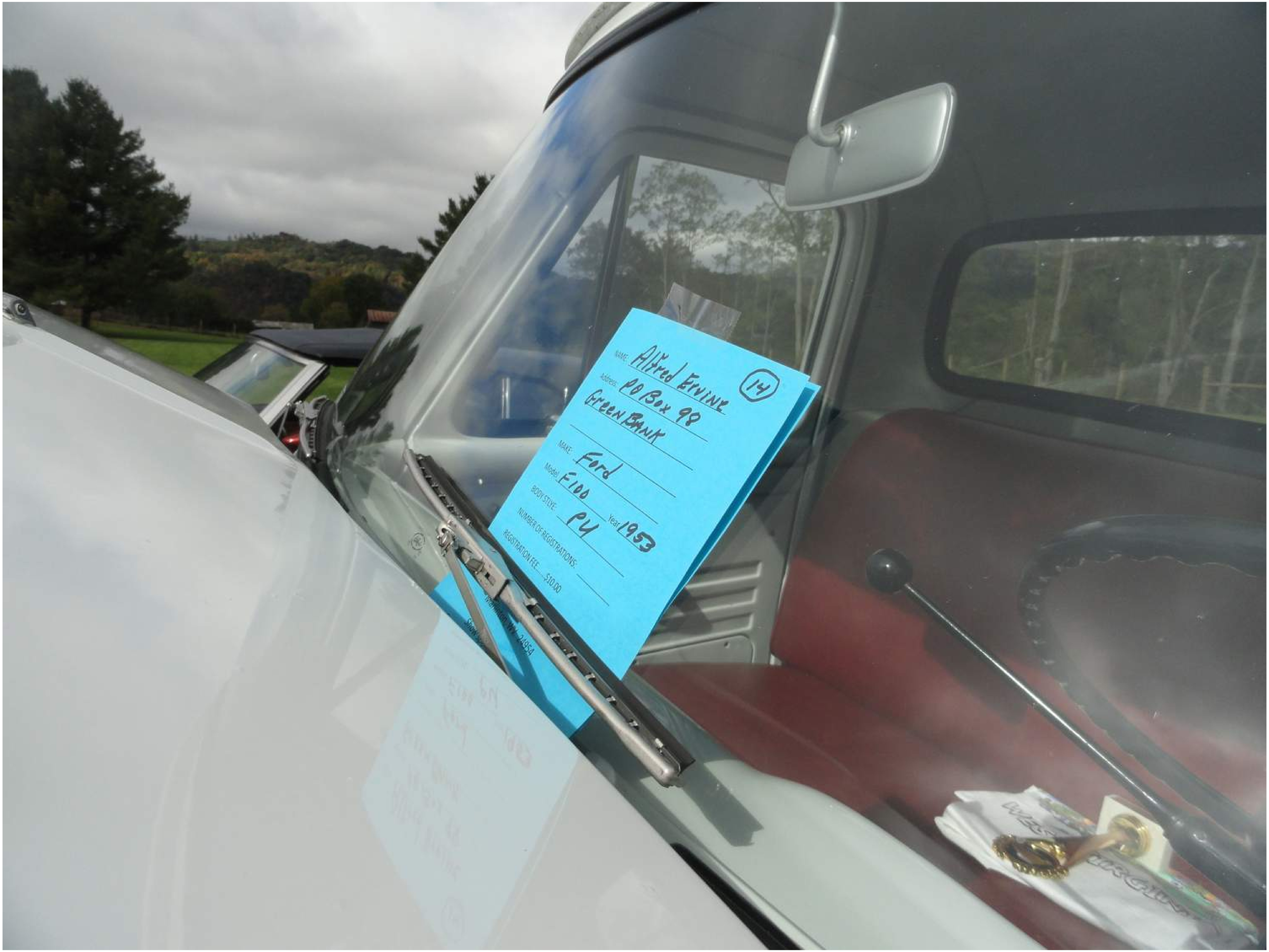
605-DSC00362.jpg


24028 VULCO
24028 VULCO 1¼" I.D. (44 mm)
8RT 6050 D

606-DSC00363.jpg


0 10 20
60 70 80 90
FUEL
TEMP
BATT
OIL
1953
WEST VIRGINIA
GM
Mr. Goodwrench Service

607-DSC00364.jpg



14

NAME: Alfred Ervine

Address: PO Box 98

Green Bank

MAKE: Ford

Model: F100 Year 1953

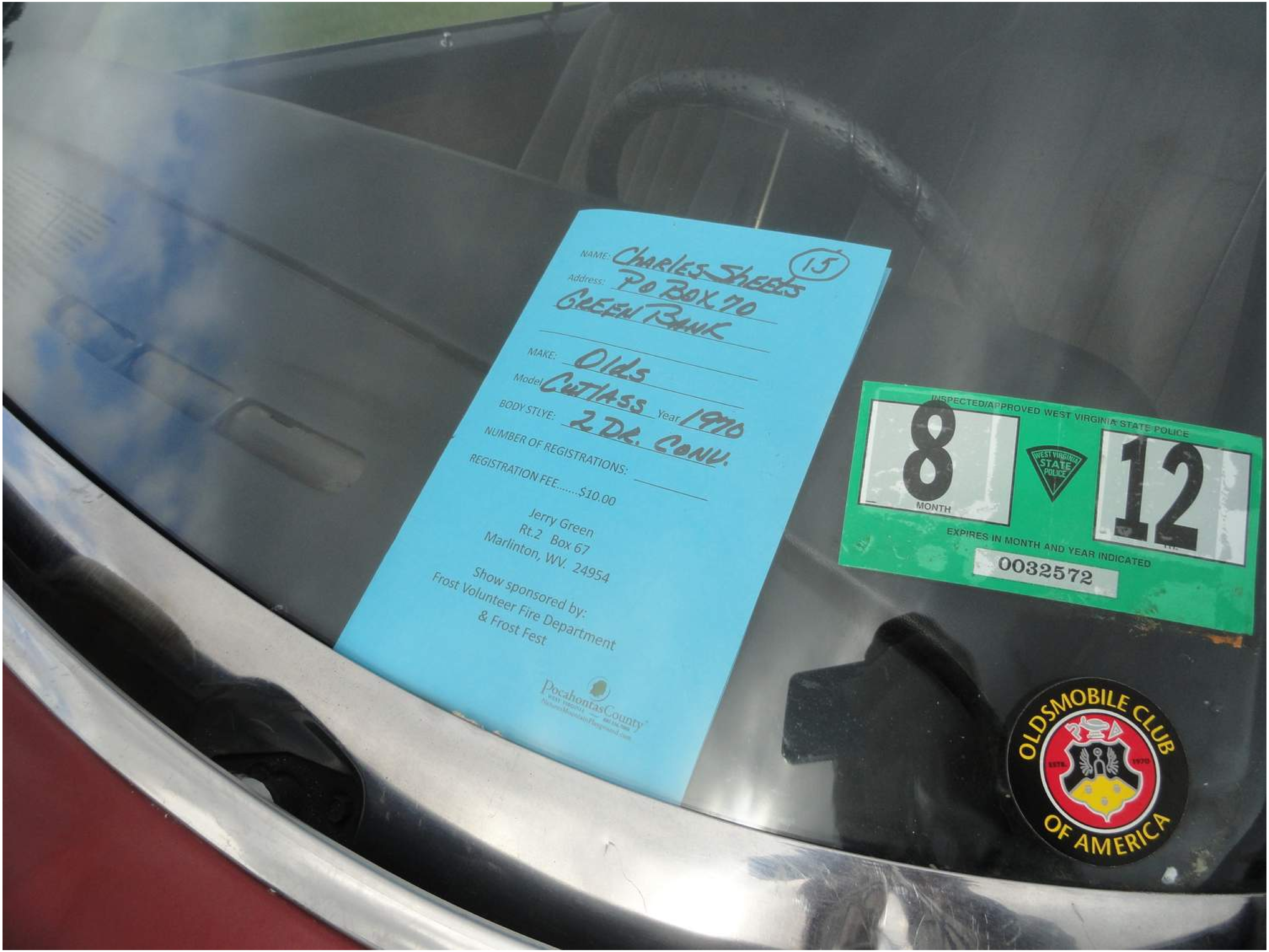
BODY STYLE: PU

NUMBER OF REGISTRATIONS:

REGISTRATION FEE.......$10.00

608-DSC00365.jpg

Cutlass
RADIAL GTS
STINGER
8
12



NAME: Charles Sheets 15

Address: PO BOX 70

GREEN BANK

MAKE: Olds

Model Cutlass Year 1970

BODY STLYE: 2 DR. CONV.

NUMBER OF REGISTRATIONS:

REGISTRATION FEE.......$10.00

Jerry Green
Rt.2 Box 67
Marlinton, WV. 24954

Show sponsored by:
Frost Volunteer Fire Department
& Frost Fest

Pocahontas County

INSPECTED/APPROVED WEST VIRGINIA STATE POLICE
8
MONTH
WEST VIRGINIA STATE POLICE
12
YR.
EXPIRES IN MONTH AND YEAR INDICATED
0032572
OLDSMOBILE CLUB OF AMERICA
ESTD. 1970

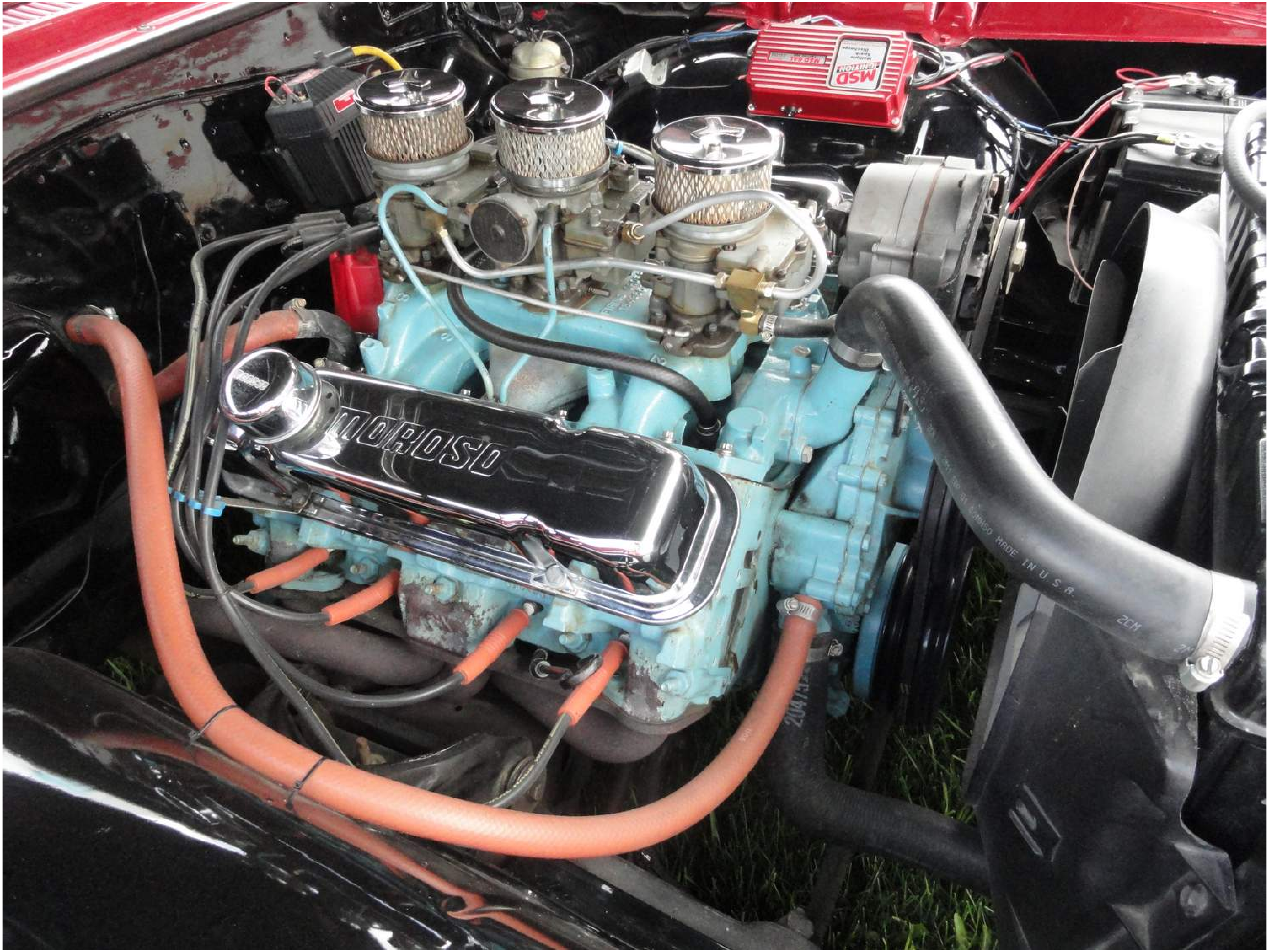
610-DSC00367.jpg

FUEL
We Take Pride In Your Vehicle!
SHEETS GMC
GMC

611-DSC00368.jpg

EL CAMINO SS
MSD
MOROSO

612-DSC00369.jpg


MSD
IGNITION
MOROSO
MADE IN U.S.A.

Chad Kinkle
Olive Grass
Pontiac
GTO
1965
EXPIRES
10

614-DSC00371.jpg

GT
AMPS
WATER

615-DSC00372.jpg

GTO
I BDNANY

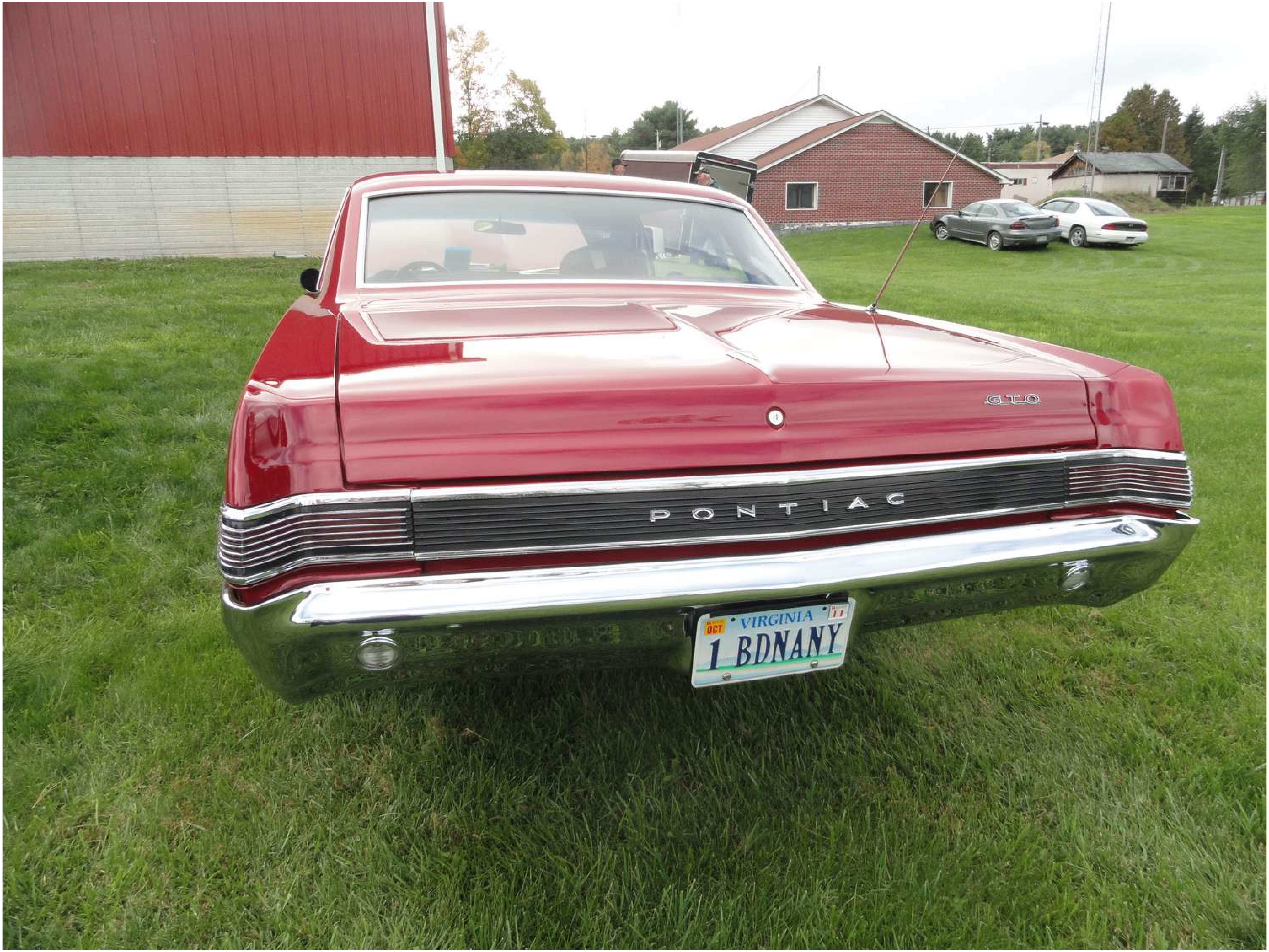
616-DSC00373.jpg

EL CAMINO
SS
VB-1854
VIRGINIA

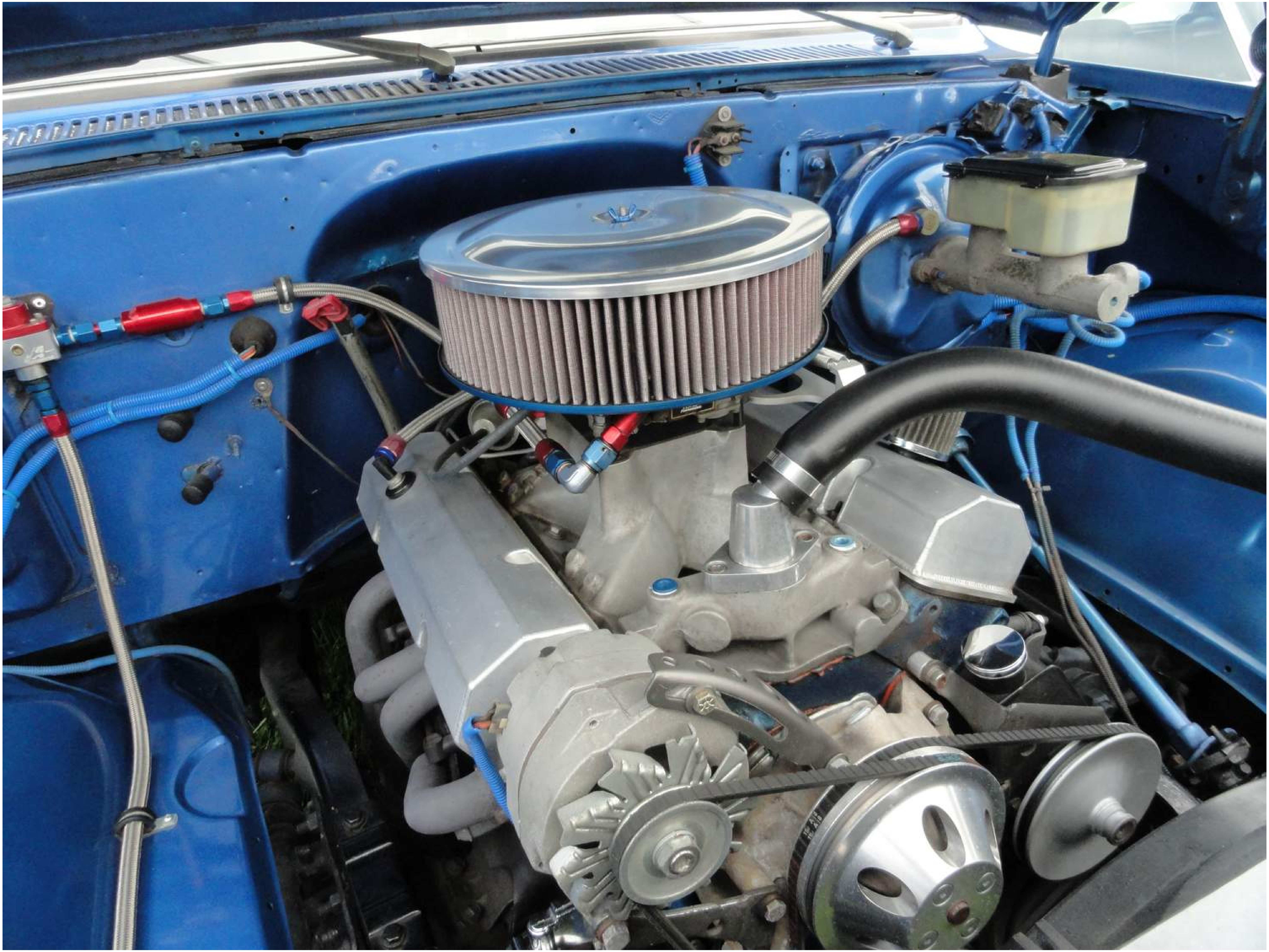
617-DSC00374.jpg

VB-1854
VIRGINIA
JAN
12
SS

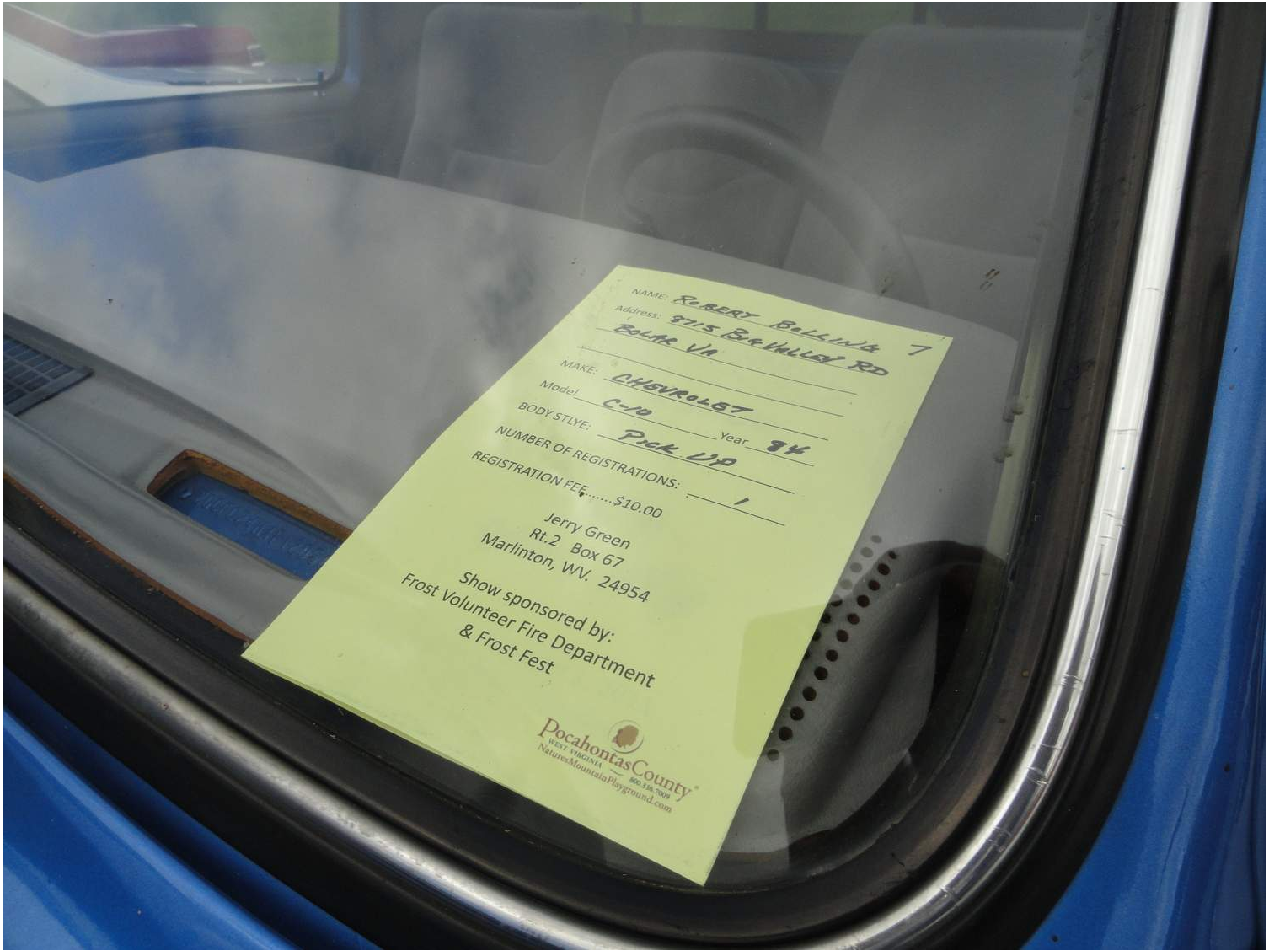
618-DSC00375.jpg


GTO
PONTIAC
OCT
11
VIRGINIA
1 BDNANY

619-DSC00376.jpg



620-DSC00377.jpg



NAME: ROBERT BOLLING 7

Address: 8715 BIG VALLEY RD

BOLAR VA

MAKE: CHEVROLET

Model C-10

BODY STLYE: PICK UP Year 84

NUMBER OF REGISTRATIONS: 1

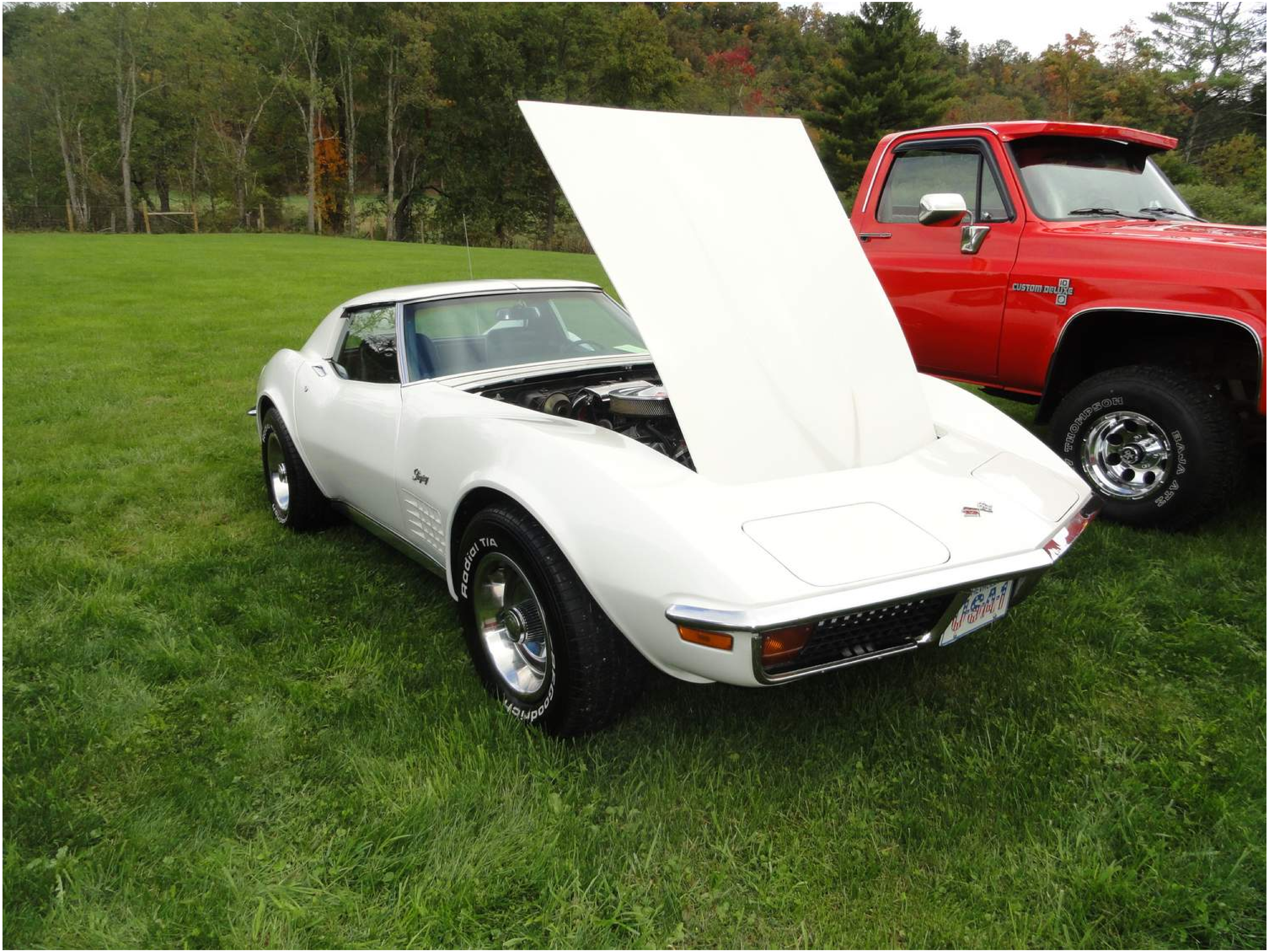
REGISTRATION FEE.......$10.00

Jerry Green
Rt.2 Box 67
Marlinton, WV. 24954

Show sponsored by:
Frost Volunteer Fire Department
& Frost Fest

PocahontasCounty
WEST VIRGINIA
800.336.7009
NaturesMountainPlayground.com

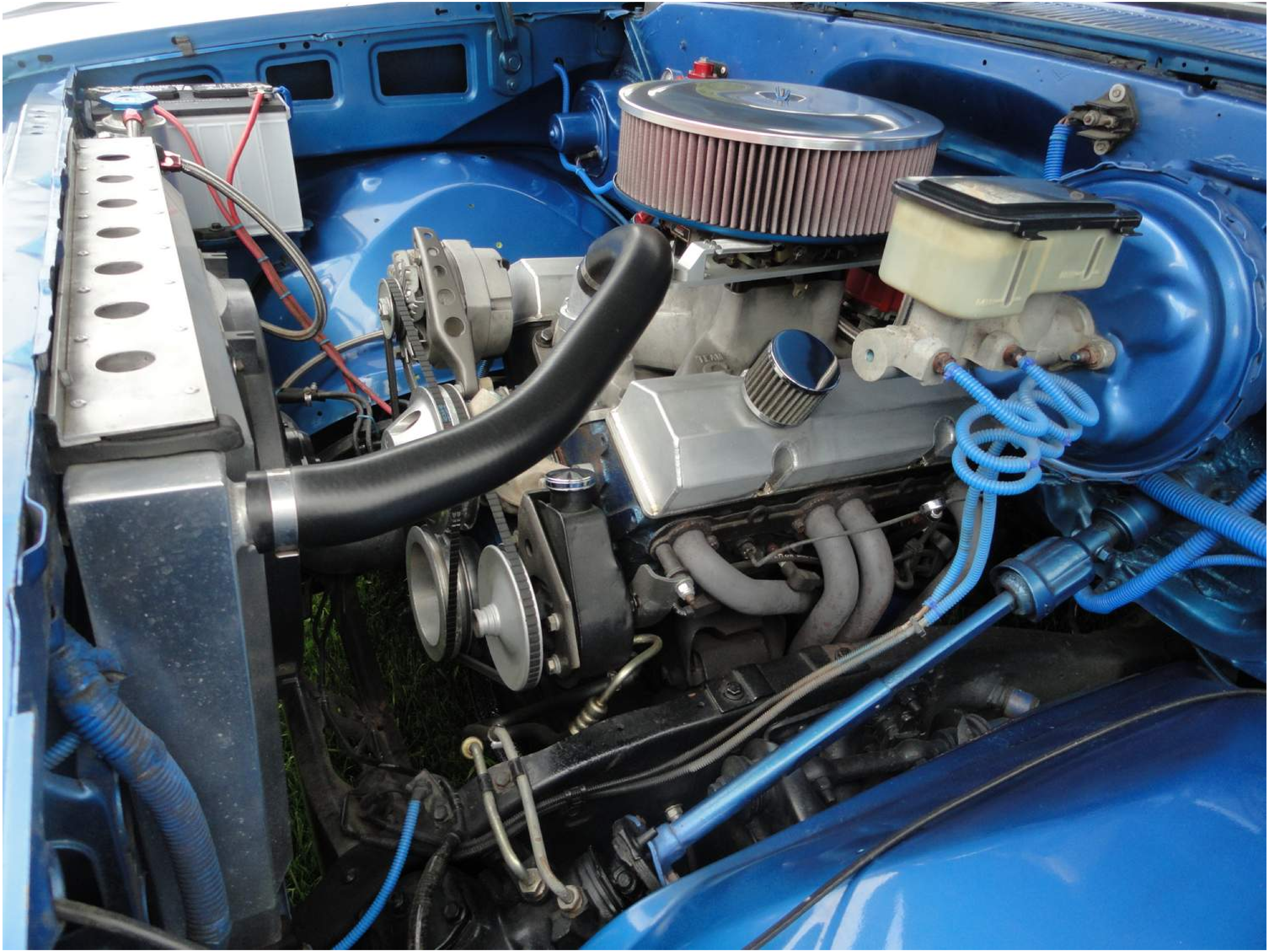
622-DSC00379.jpg


Stingray
CUSTOM DELUXE 10
Radial T/A
BFGoodrich
THOMPSON
BAJA ATZ

623-DSC00380.jpg

350
TURBO-FIRE
370 HORSEPOWER

624-DSC00381.jpg

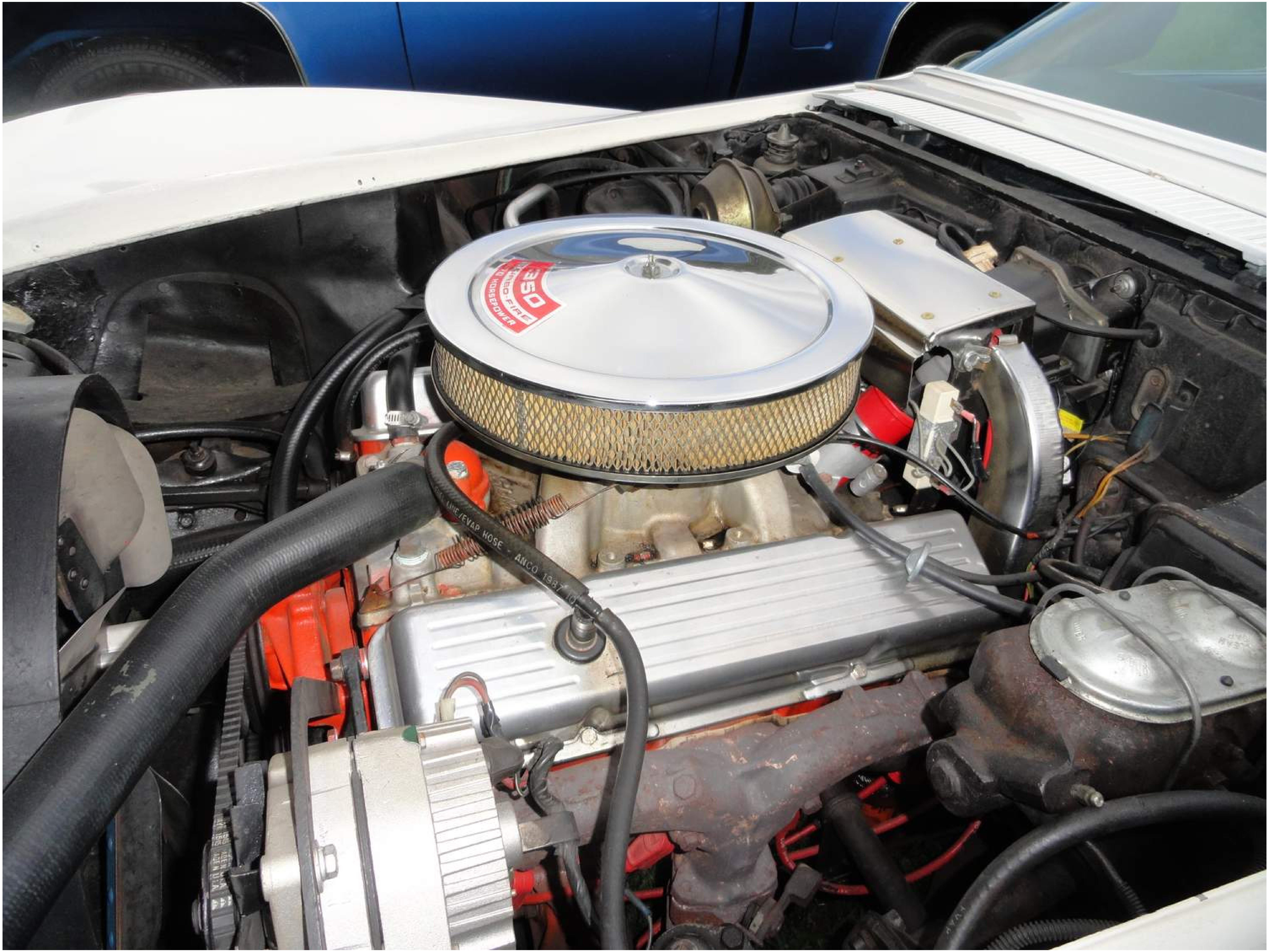


625-DSC00382.jpg

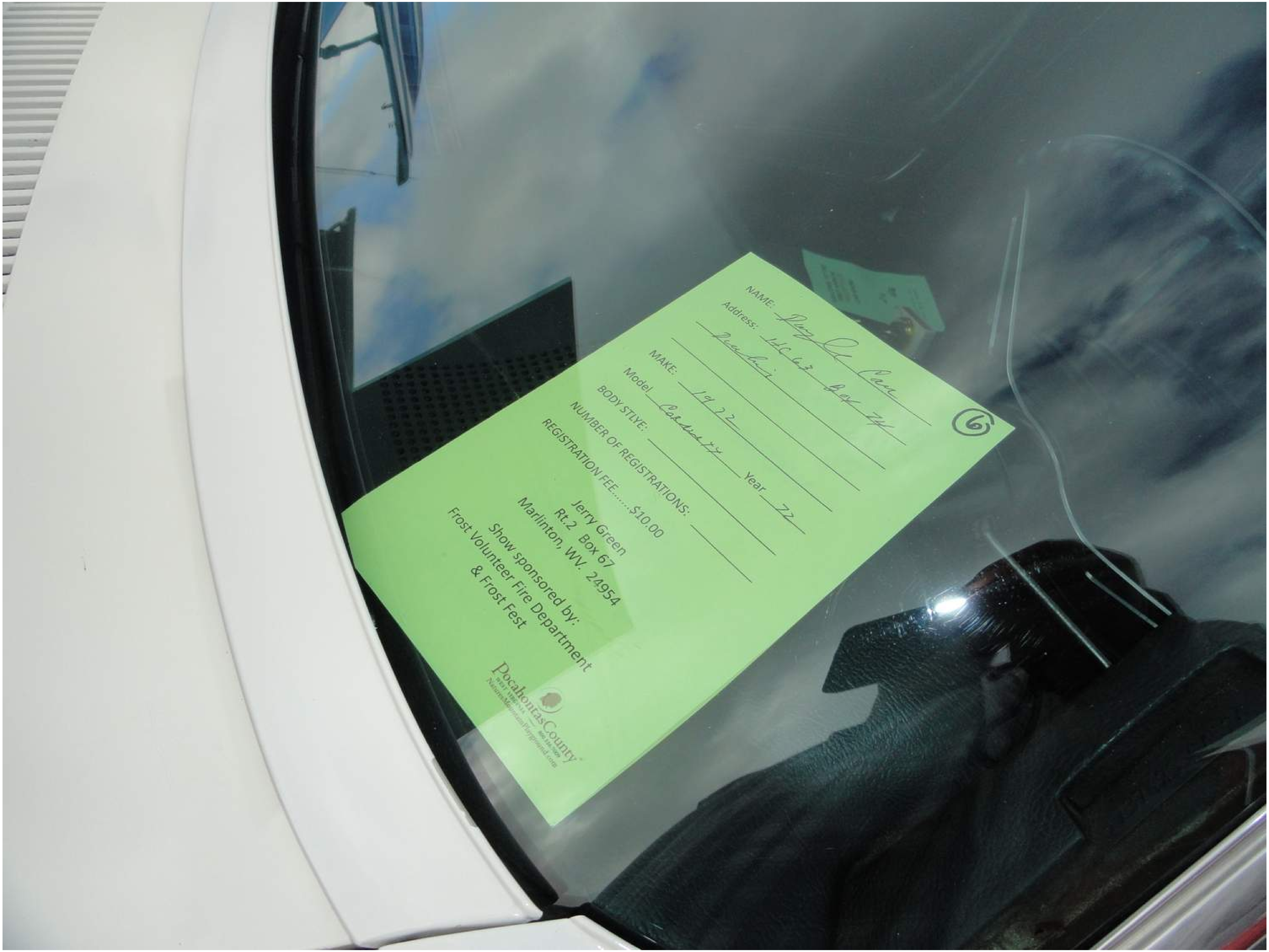
626-DSC00383.jpg

CHEVROLET
USA1
Goodrich

627-DSC00384.jpg


350
TURBO-FIRE
HORSEPOWER
LINE/EVAP HOSE · ANCO 1987

628-DSC00385.jpg



⑥

NAME: Darryl Carr

Address: HC 63 Box 74

Durbin

MAKE: 1972

Model [illegible]77 Year 72

BODY STLYE:

NUMBER OF REGISTRATIONS:

REGISTRATION FEE.......$10.00

Jerry Green
Rt.2 Box 67
Marlinton, WV. 24954
Show sponsored by:
Frost Volunteer Fire Department
& Frost Fest

PocahontasCounty

629-DSC00386.jpg

WELCOME TO THE
FIRST ANNUAL
CAR SHOW

630-DSC00387.jpg

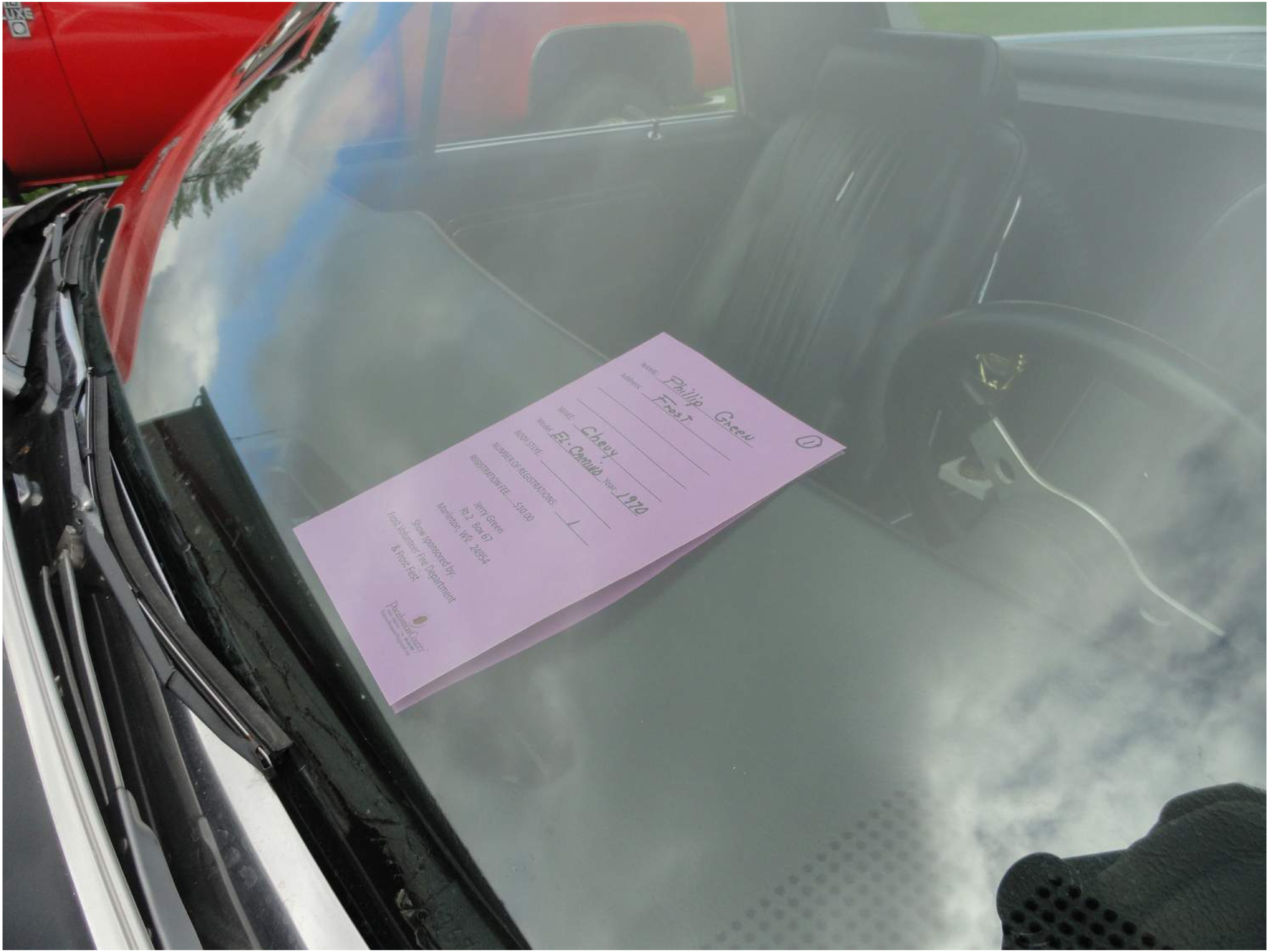
631-DSC00388.jpg

Jerry Green
Frost
Chevy
C10
Truck
1986

632-DSC00389.jpg

633-DSC00390.jpg

CUSTOM DELUXE



①

NAME: Phillip Green

Address: Frost

MAKE: Chevy

Model: El-Camino Year: 1970

BODY STYLE:

NUMBER OF REGISTRATIONS: 1

REGISTRATION FEE: $10.00

Jerry Green
Rt.2 Box 67
Marlinton, WV 24954

Show sponsored by:
Frost Volunteer Fire Department
& Frost Fest

635-DSC00392.jpg

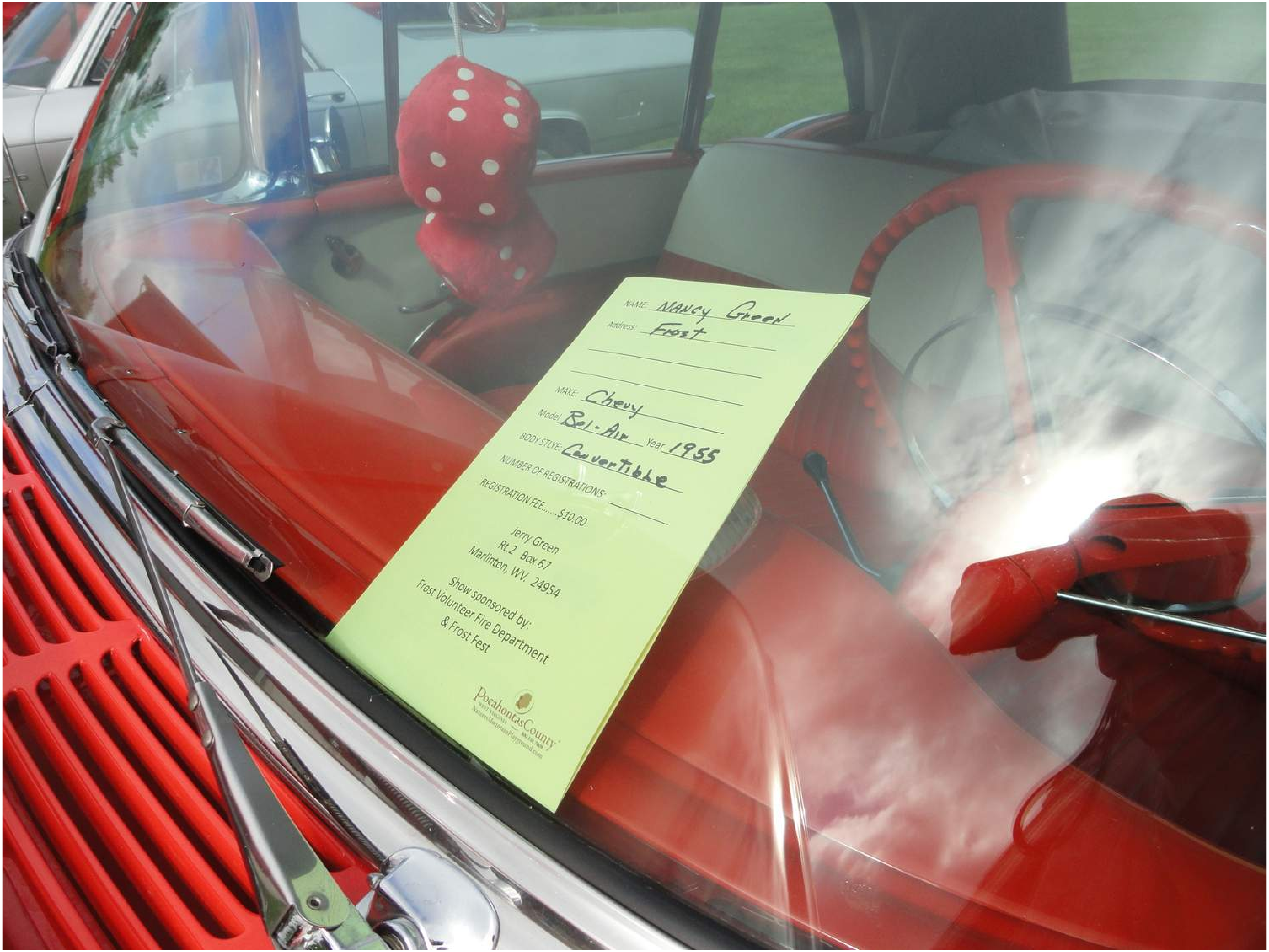
AV 5558
Antique Vehicle

636-DSC00393.jpg

637-DSC00394.jpg

Chevrolet
AC

638-DSC00395.jpg



NAME: NANCY Green

Address: Frost

MAKE: Chevy

Model: Bel-Air Year 1955

BODY STLYE: Convertibble

NUMBER OF REGISTRATIONS:

REGISTRATION FEE.......$10.00

Jerry Green
Rt.2 Box 67
Marlinton, WV. 24954

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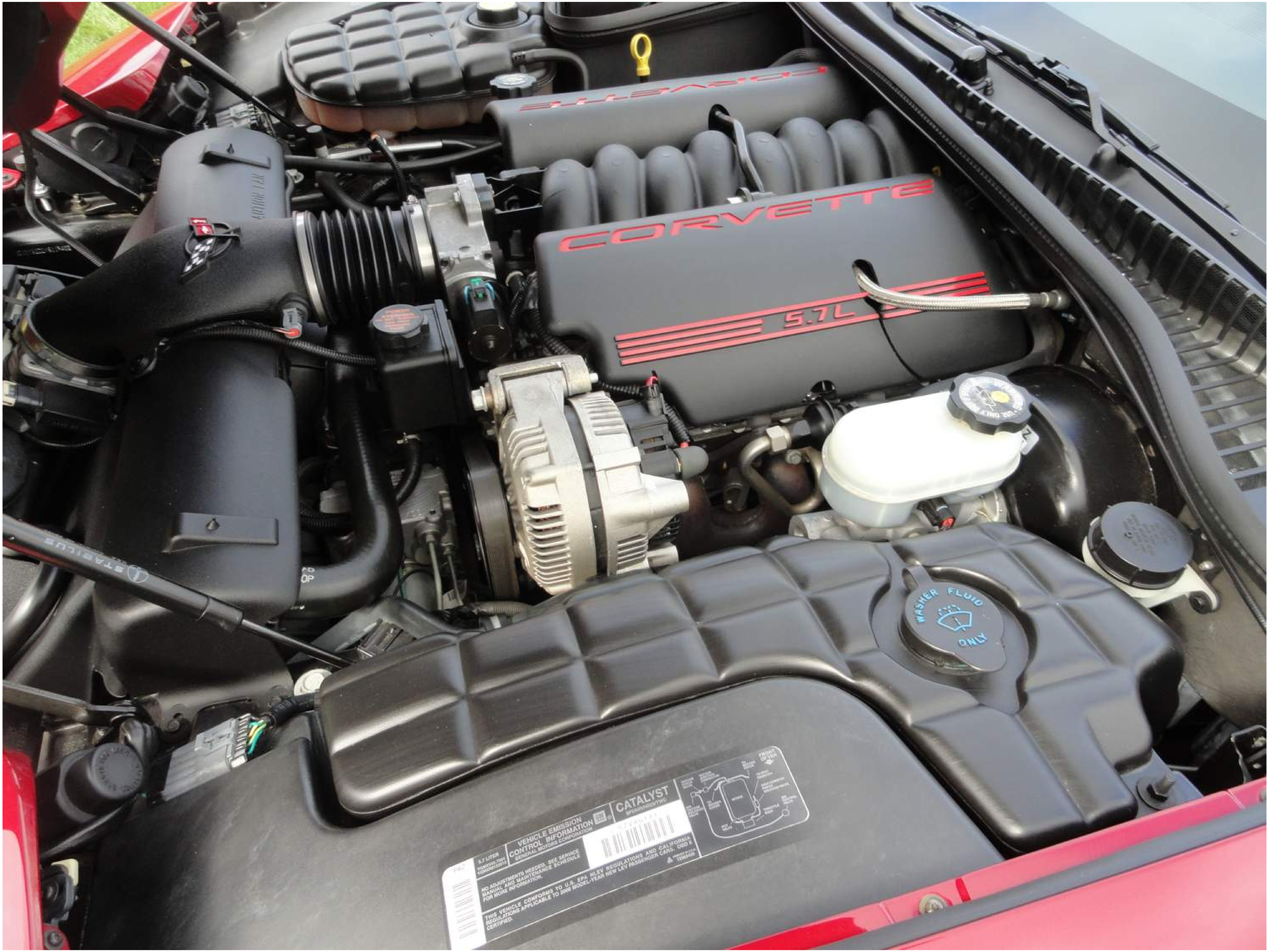
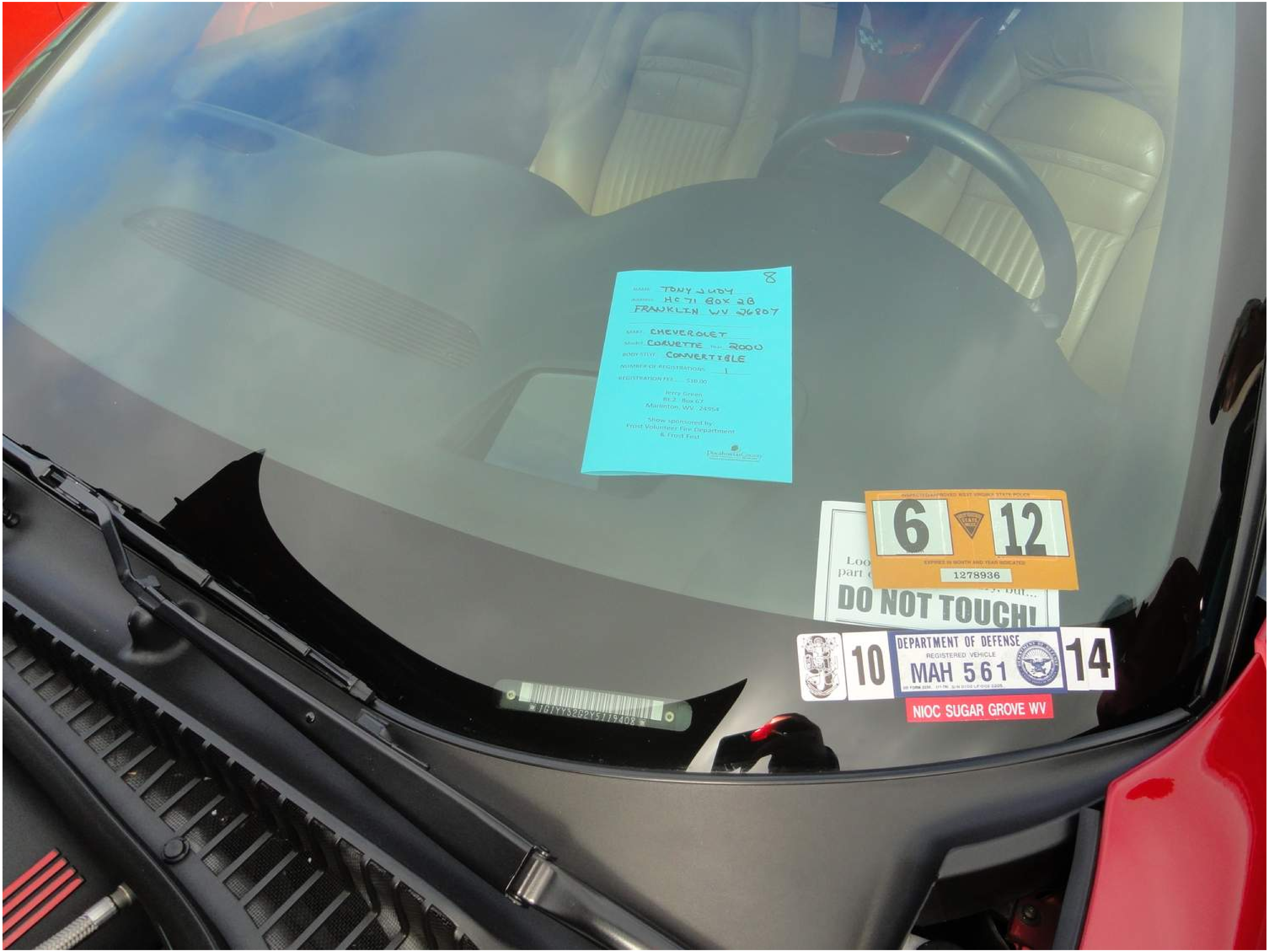
& Frost Fest

PocahontasCounty
WEST VIRGINIA
NaturesMountainPlayground.com

639-DSC00396.jpg


CORVETTE
CORVETTE
5.7L
STABILUS
WASHER FLUID ONLY
VEHICLE EMISSION CONTROL INFORMATION
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
CATALYST
5.7 LITER
NO ADJUSTMENTS NEEDED. SEE SERVICE MANUAL AND MAINTENANCE SCHEDULE FOR MORE INFORMATION.
THIS VEHICLE CONFORMS TO U.S. EPA NLEV REGULATIONS AND CALIFORNIA REGULATIONS APPLICABLE TO 2000 MODEL-YEAR NEW LEV PASSENGER CARS. OBD II CERTIFIED.
FRONT OF VEH



8

NAME TONY JUDY
ADDRESS HC 71 BOX 2B
FRANKLIN WV 26807

MAKE CHEVEROLET
MODEL CORVETTE YEAR 2000
BODY STYLE CONVERTIBLE
NUMBER OF REGISTRATIONS 1
REGISTRATION FEE $10.00

Jerry Green
Rt 2 Box 67
Marlinton, WV 24954

Show sponsored by:
Frost Volunteer Fire Department
& Frost Fest

PocahontasCounty
INSPECTED/APPROVED WEST VIRGINIA STATE POLICE
6
12
EXPIRES IN MONTH AND YEAR INDICATED
1278936
DO NOT TOUCH!
10
DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE
REGISTERED VEHICLE
MAH 561
14
NIOC SUGAR GROVE WV
1G1YY32G2Y5119408

641-DSC00398.jpg

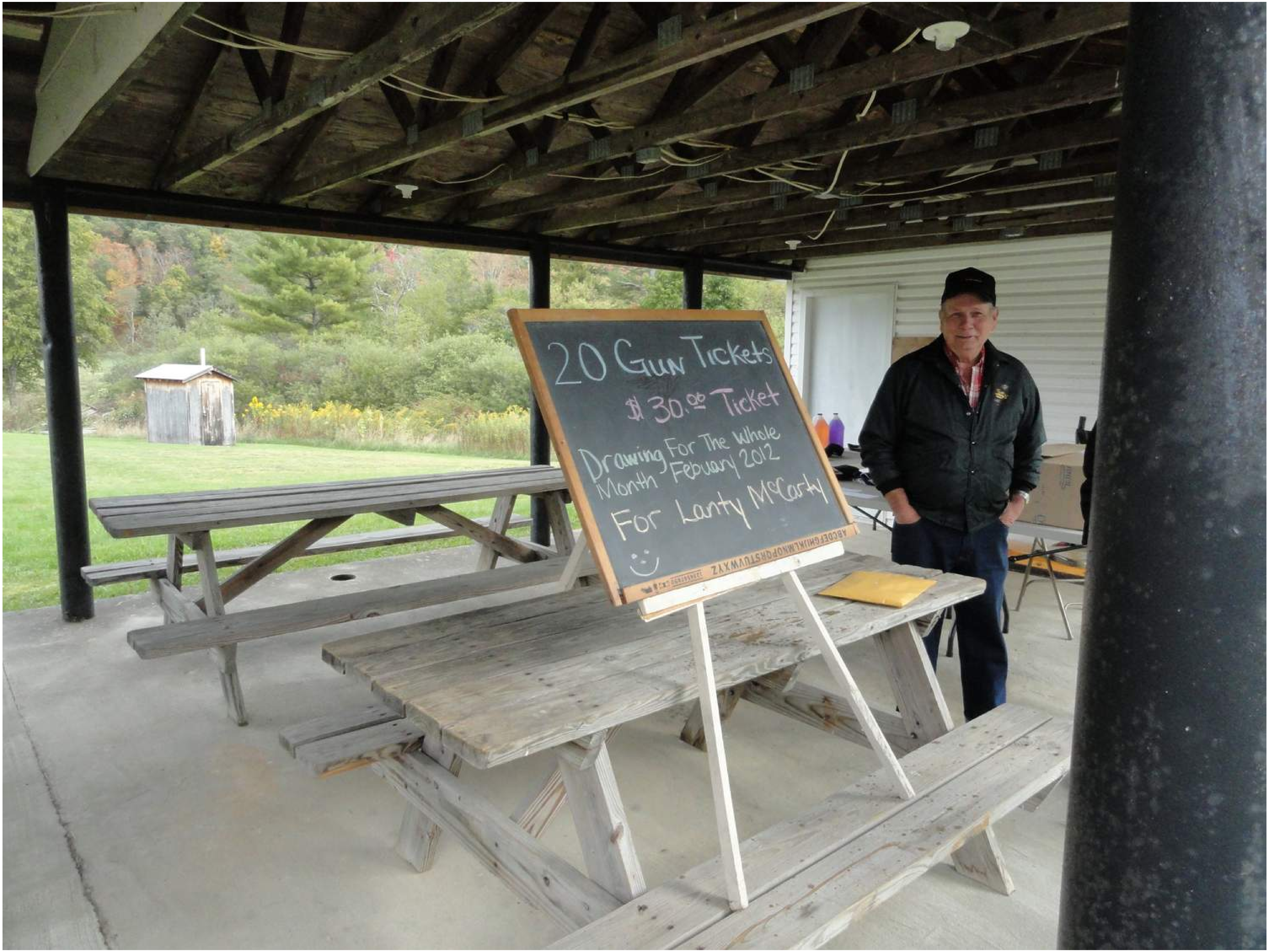
Chevrolet
850AUVA

642-DSC00399.jpg

Chevelle
307
SPORT SR
CAVALIER

643-DSC00400.jpg

644-DSC00401.jpg


20 Gun Tickets
$30.00 Ticket
Drawing For The Whole Month February 2012
For Lanty McCarty

645-DSC00402.jpg

646-DSC00403.jpg

AIR PRESSURE CONTROL
OUTLET
INCREASE
DECREASE

647-DSC00404.jpg

GARMIN
zūmo
SETUP
INFO
TRIP
DIM
VOLUME
TUNE/CH
MUTE
ON OFF
RESUME/ACCEL
CRUISE CONTROL
SET/DECEL
RVS
HEAD LIGHT ADJUST
PRELOAD ADJUST
UP
DOWN
MEMO 1
MEMO 2
Honda
1800
Motor Cycle
2010

648-DSC00405.jpg

649-DSC00406.jpg

650-DSC00407.jpg

651-DSC00408.jpg

652-DSC00409.jpg

653-DSC00410.jpg

Sale
Support 4th grade
for Washington D.C.

654-DSC00411.jpg

Bake Sale
Support 4th grade trip
to Wasinton D
2-12/12 FL. OZ. BOTTLES
Quill.com
pepsi
Dr Pepper
Coca-Cola

655-DSC00412.jpg

Quill.com
Multi-Purpose Paper
LETTER 8½" x 11" WHITE
720700
BOTTLES
pepsi

656-DSC00413.jpg

ale
the
de t
12

657-DSC00414.jpg

urpose Paper
720700
WHITE
5000

658-DSC00415.jpg

$5.00
Bake Sale

659-DSC00416.jpg

Whitman's
SUGAR FREE
Sampler
Sprite
Coke
Dew
Sharpie KING

660-DSC00417.jpg

Whitman's
SUGAR FREE
Sampler
Sprite

661-DSC00418.jpg

Sharp Genealogy and Stories
Book Signing Authors are in Conference Room
HAROLD

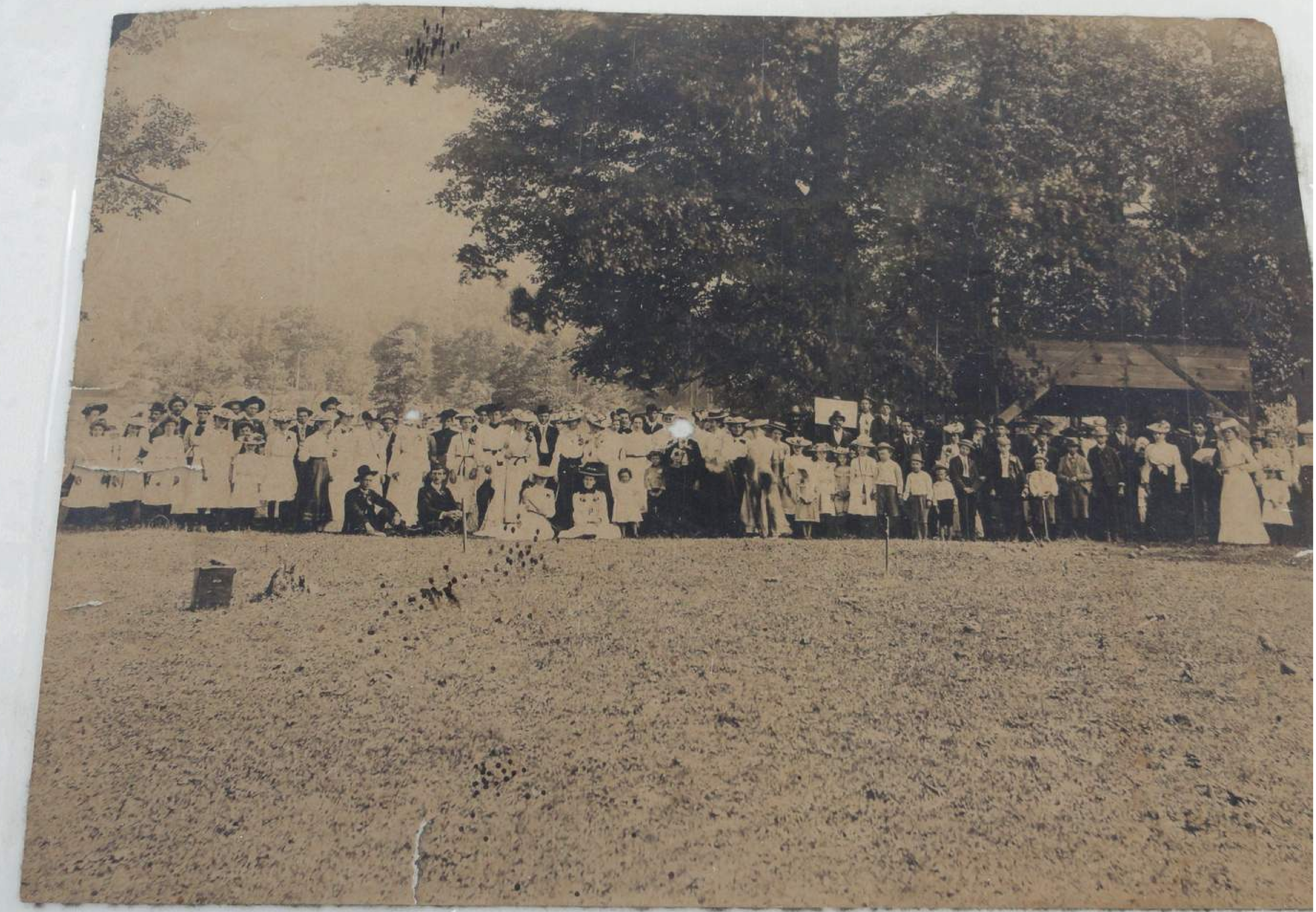
662-DSC00419.jpg

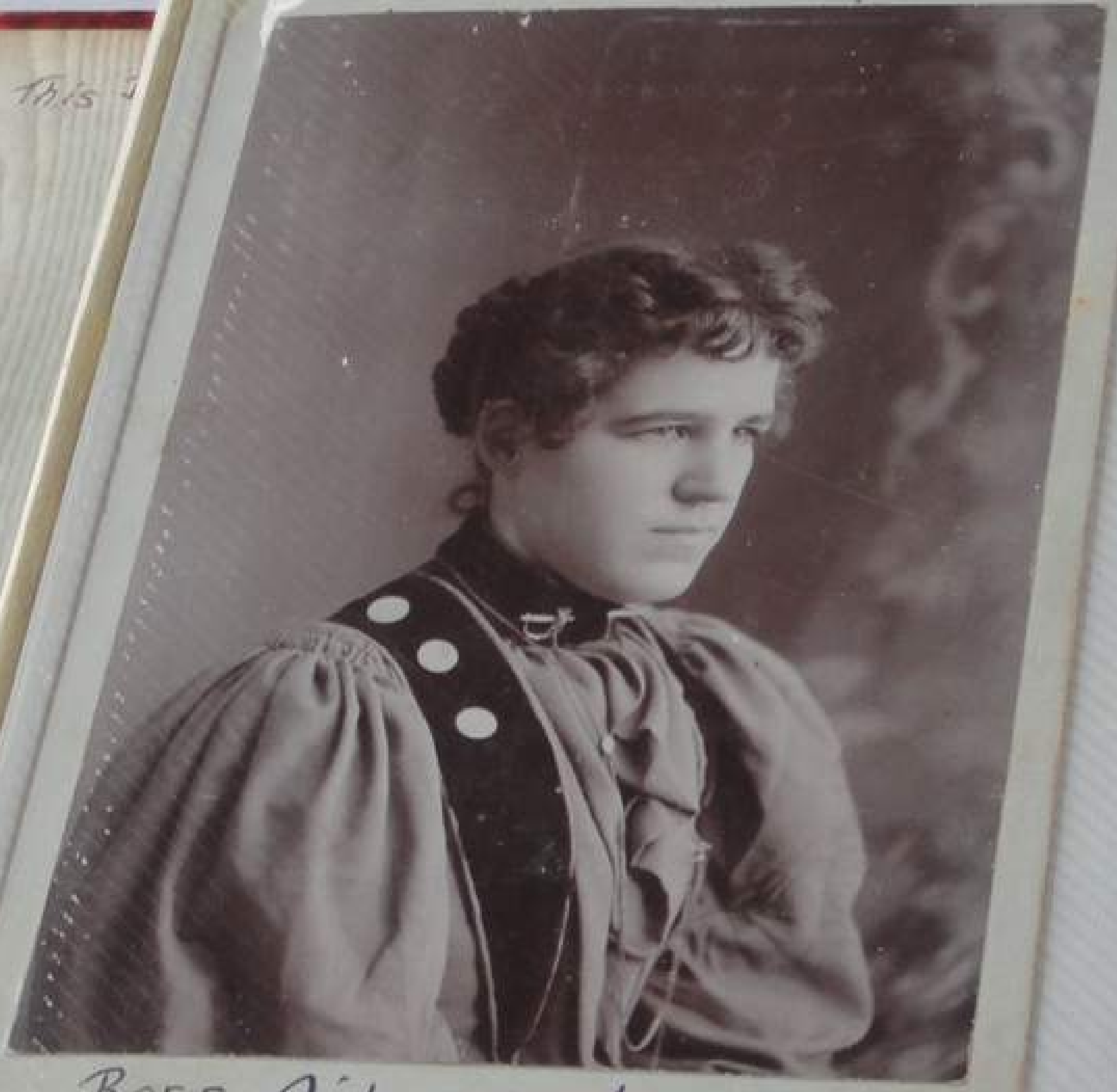
God Bless You!

663-DSC00420.jpg

Merry Christmas
NOEL
Frost
HISTORIAN

664-DSC00421.jpg





Bess Gibson Thomas
sister of Lula Gibson

DARPER G. THOMAS

Harper G Thomas died on Wednesday morning, April 4, 1928, after a few days illness of peritonitis. His age was 34 years. Funeral on Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock from the Methodist Church; burial in Mt View Cemetery, under the auspices of the Masonic Order.

Thus we note the passing of one of the prominent young business men of the town of Marlinton.

Harper G Thomas was the only son of Mr and Mrs Ellsworth Thomas Springs, of Hot Springs, Virginia. Soon after attaining his majority he came to Marlinton to work in the hardware store of his uncle, C. J. Richardson. At the outbreak of the World War he was among the first of the soldiers to go out from Pocahontas county. He saw much service in France, as Corporal of headquarters Company 313 Field Artillery, 80th Division A. E. F. He received a citation in order for bravery in action. While in France he was gassed and this was the beginning of stomach trouble which finally resulted in his death.

Upon his return from the war, Mr Thomas first worked in the Marlinton postoffice. For the past several years he has been in the grocery business. Two years ago he was his party's nominee for Clerk of the County Court and this year he was on theassessor'sticket for office deputy

Mr Thomas is survived by his wife, who was Miss Anna Armentrout, and their little son, Tappan. He is also survived by his parents and four sisters, Miss Edgar Thomas, Mrs G S Callison, Maxine and Paralee.

In matters of religion, Mr Thomas was a professing christian, a member of the Methodist church

Soldier rest, thy warfare o'er.

Jacob A. Shrader was born July 23, 1855, died October 14, 1936, aged 81 years two months and 22 days. He leave to mourn his loss, his wife Belle Kincaid Shrader, three sons, Amos, of Goshen, Va; Lemma of Rainelle; Harry, of Dunmore; one daughter, Mrs Icie Sharp, of Frost. One son, Hanson, preceded him to the grave a number of years ago. He is the last one of a family of eleven children. Funeral was conducted by Rev J M Hypes, and burial in the Bethel Church Cemetery.

Quay Grimes

Quay Grimes, 56, of near Frost, died on Tuesday, May 10, 1960.

He was born at Huntersville March 20, 1904, the son of the late John Wesley and Lura Moore Grimes.

Surviving him are two brothers, Dale Grimes, of near Frost, and Herbert Grimes, of Akron, Ohio, and a sister, Mrs. Page Smith, of Gum Springs, Virginia.

Graveside services were held Saturday afternoon by the Rev. L. E. Saville at the Mount Zion Cemetery.

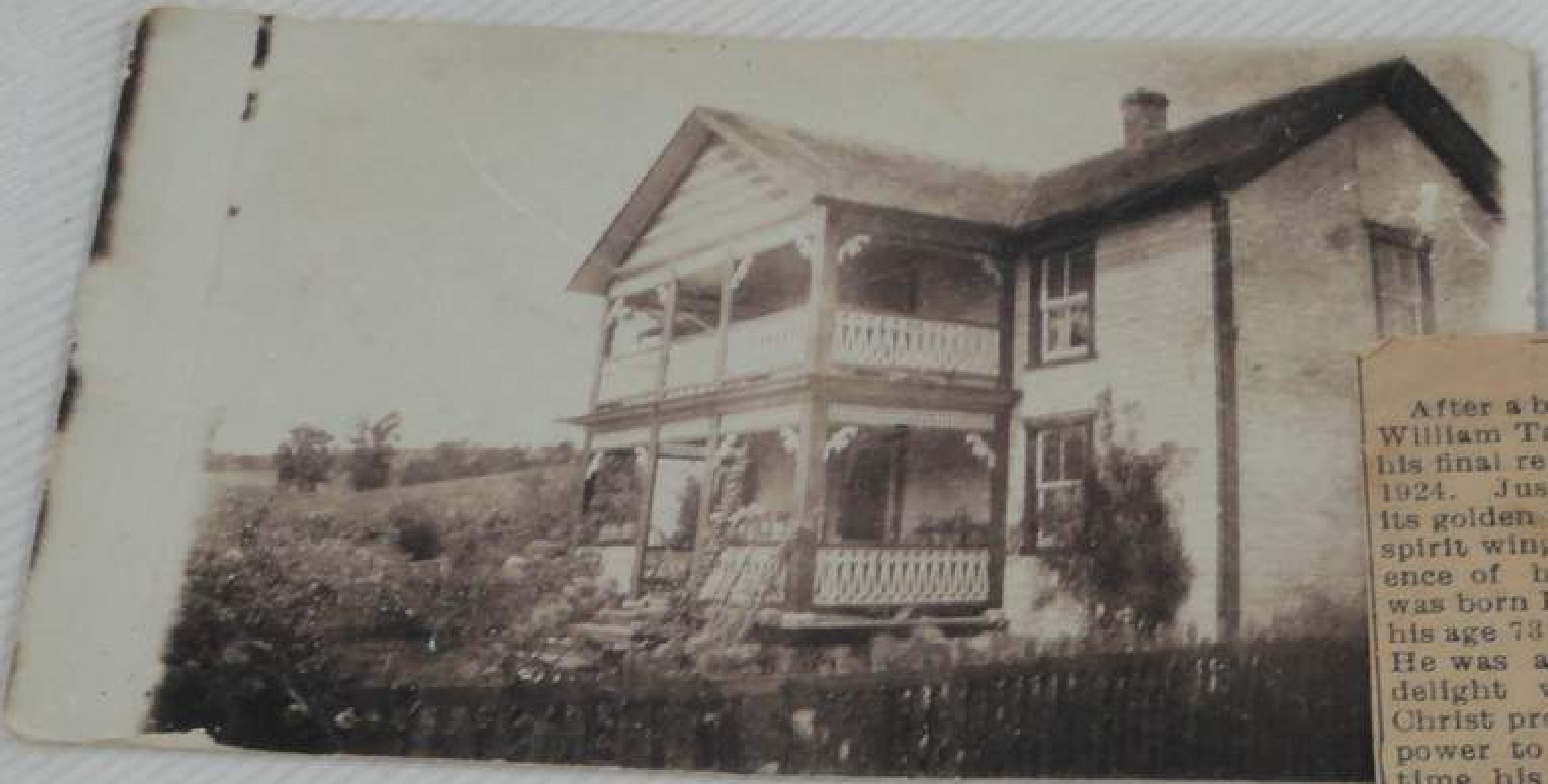
Samuel Sharp

Samuel Paul Sharp, 62, of Dunmore, died of a heart attack Monday, May 16, 1960, while at work in the woods on Elk Mountain.

Surviving him are his wife, Mrs. Icie Buterbaugh Sharp, two stepdaughters, Mrs. Anna Mary Gum and Mrs. Mabel Vandevender, and a stepson, Vernon Ray, all of Dunmore; three sisters, Mrs. Goldie Harris of Marlinton, and Mrs. Cora Beverage and Mrs. Icie Hannah, both of Loudenville, Ohio.

Services were held Wednesday afternoon at the Dunmore Methodist Church by the Rev C. E. Potts, with burial in the Arbovale Cemetery.

36

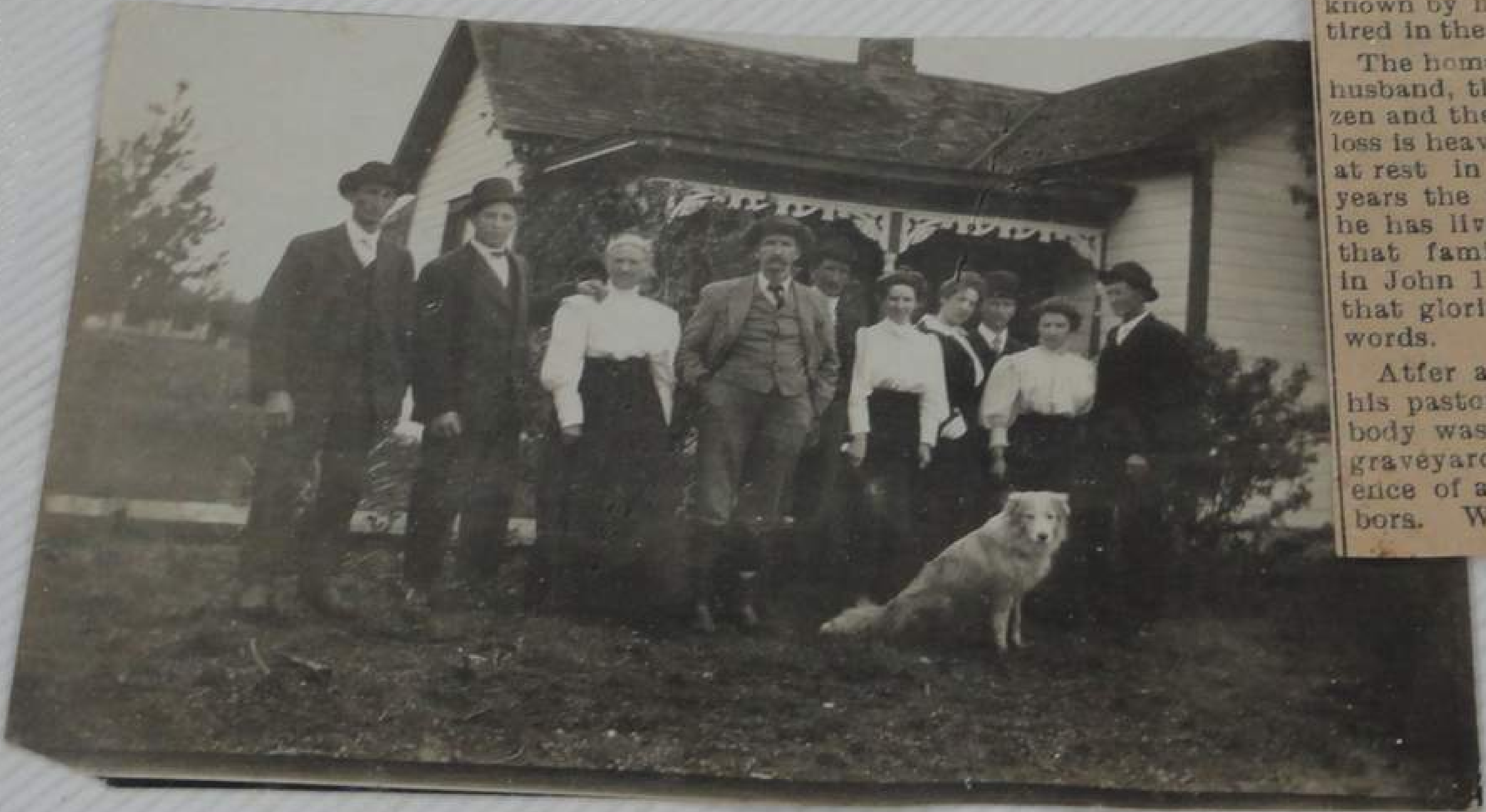


AT REST

After a brief illness of eight days, William Taylor Townsend passed to his final reward on Sunday, March 30, 1924. Just as the sun was sending its golden rays into the new day, his spirit winged its way into the presence of his Master. Mr Townsend was born February 10, 1851, making his age 73 years, 1 month and 20 days. He was a loyal Christian. His one delight was to see the church of Christ prosper, and he did all in his power to make it so—giving of his time, his substance and his earnest prayer. Such loyalty I have never known. Uncle Taylor, as he was known by his host of friends, never tired in the work of his Master.

The home has lost a kind and fond husband, the community a good citizen and the church a good friend. Our loss is heaven's gain. This saint is at rest in the Lord. In the three years the writer has been with him he has lived in the hope of joining that family in the home described in John 14. "I am going to join that glorious band" were his last words.

Atfer a brief service conducted by his pastor Rev Palmer Eubank, the body was laid to rest in the family graveyard on Monday, in the presence of a host of friends and neighbors. We will miss him. P. E.



Taylor Townsend House at Frost
Front & Back-

Wickline Sharp

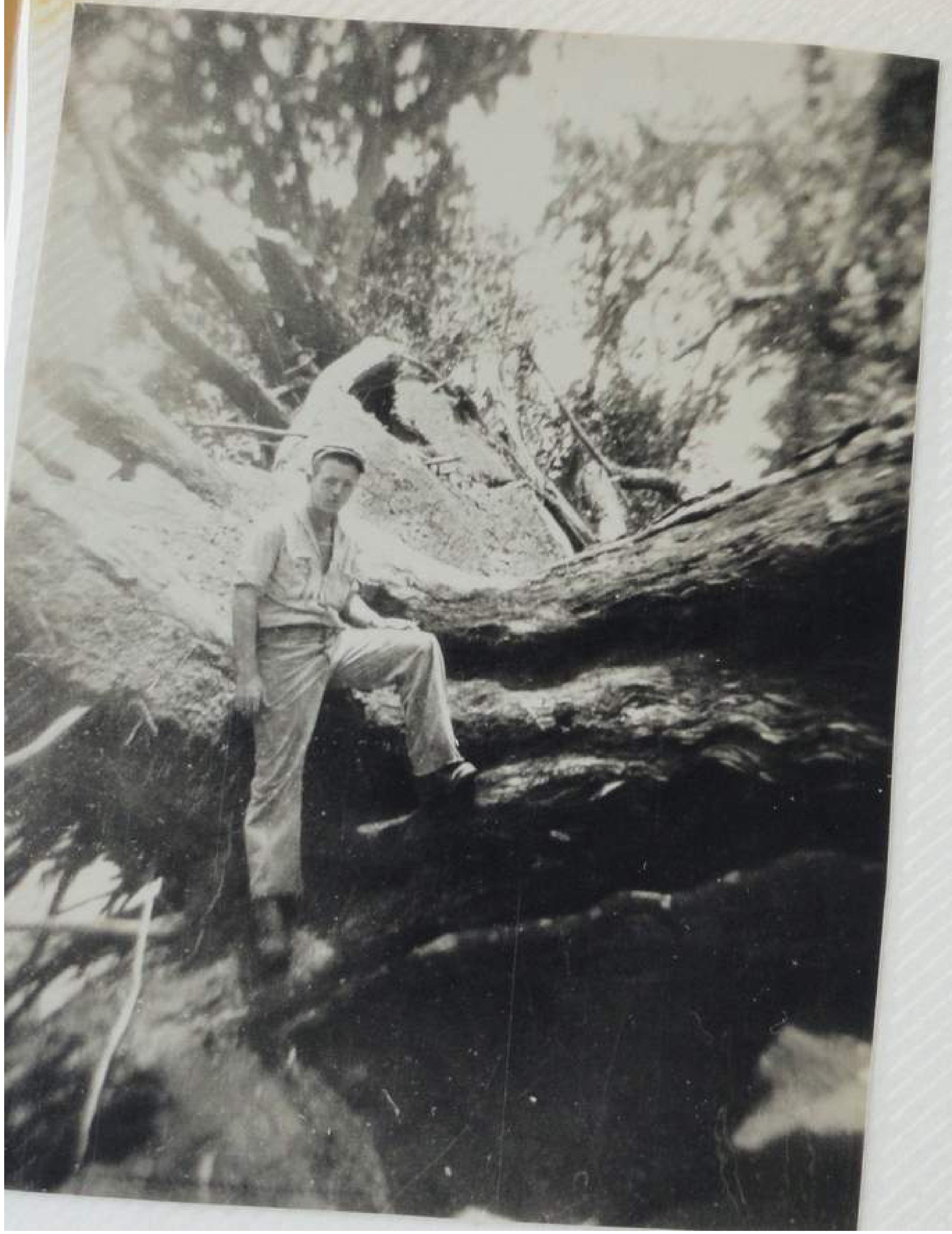
ar II Memories

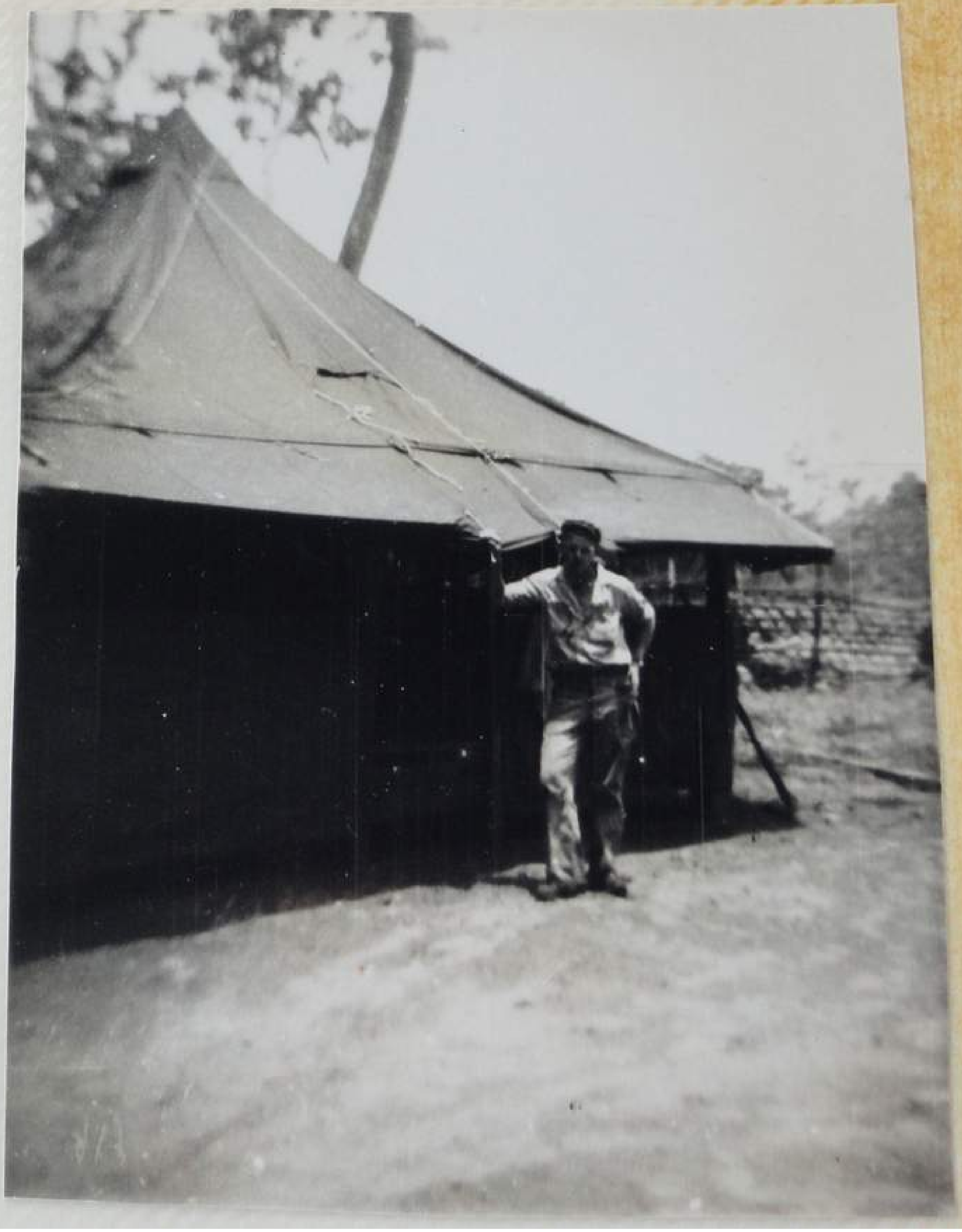
World War II

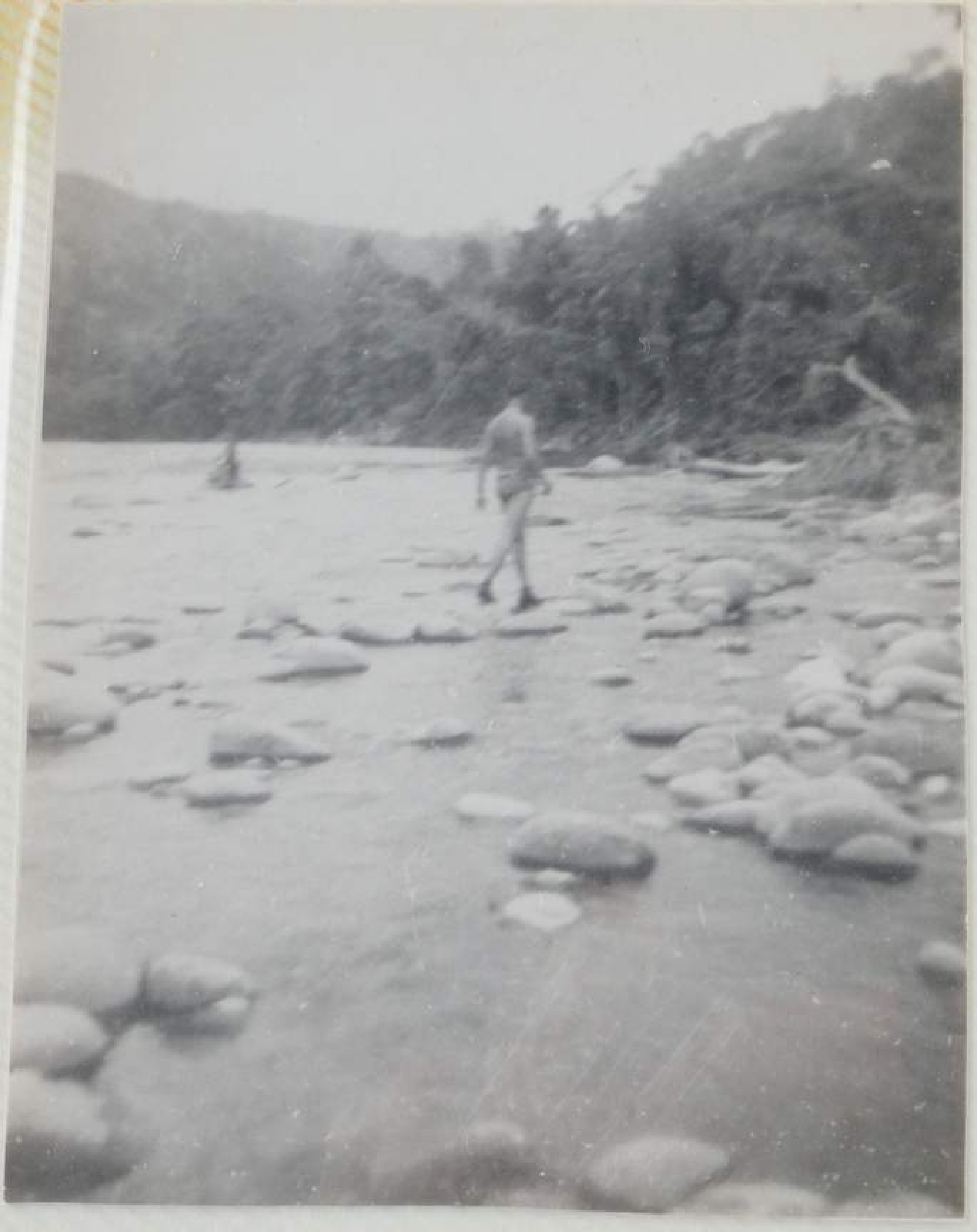
Men and Women

Pocahontas
County

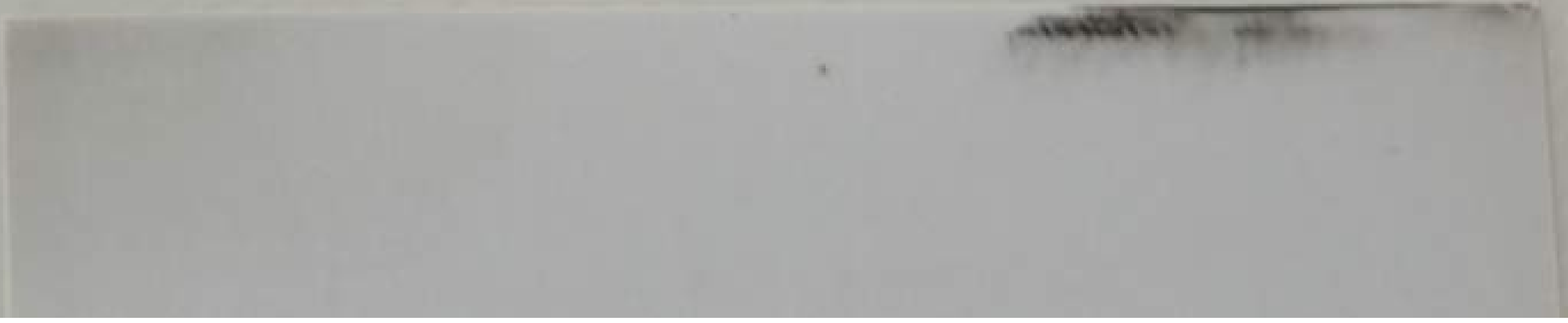
West Virginia

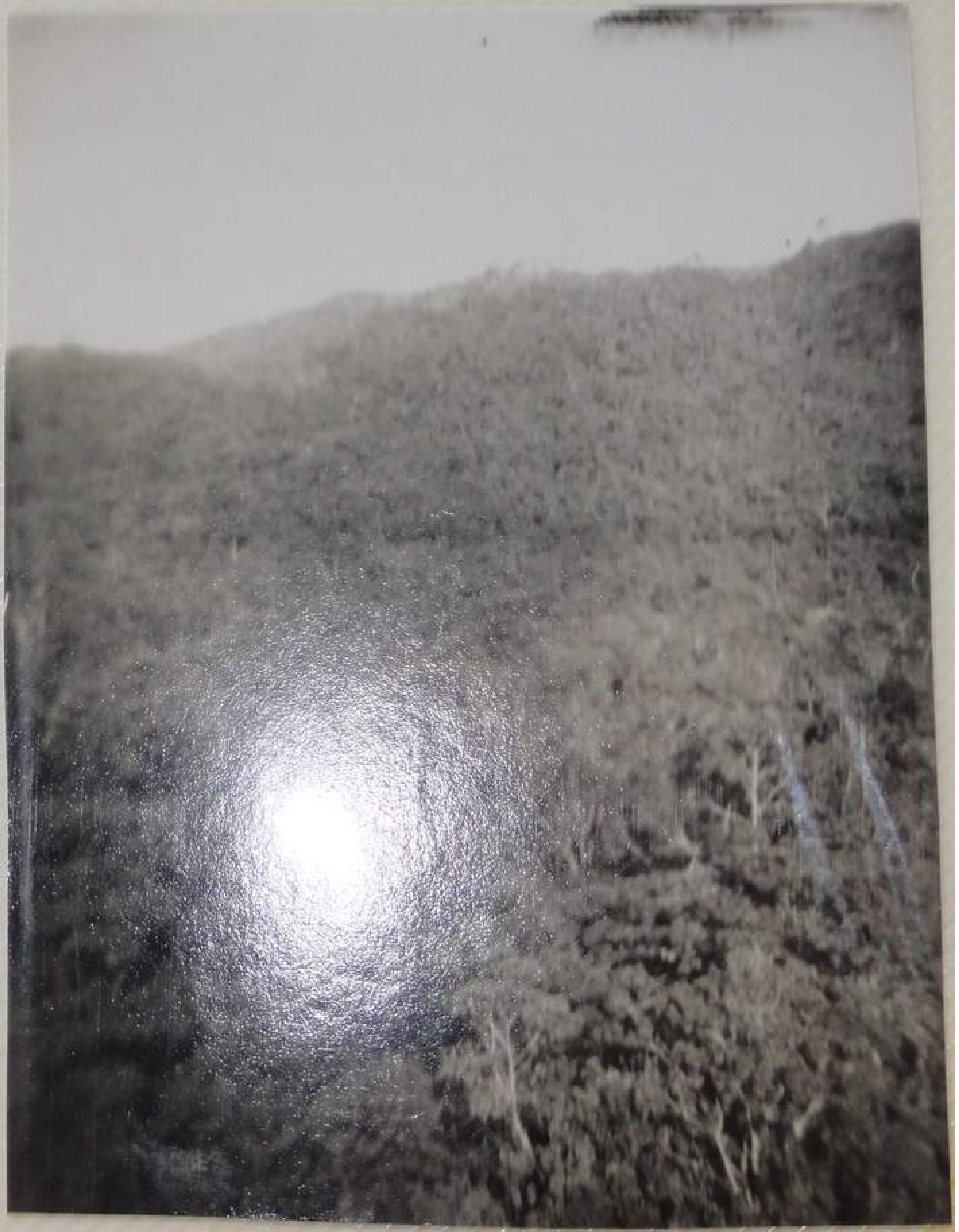


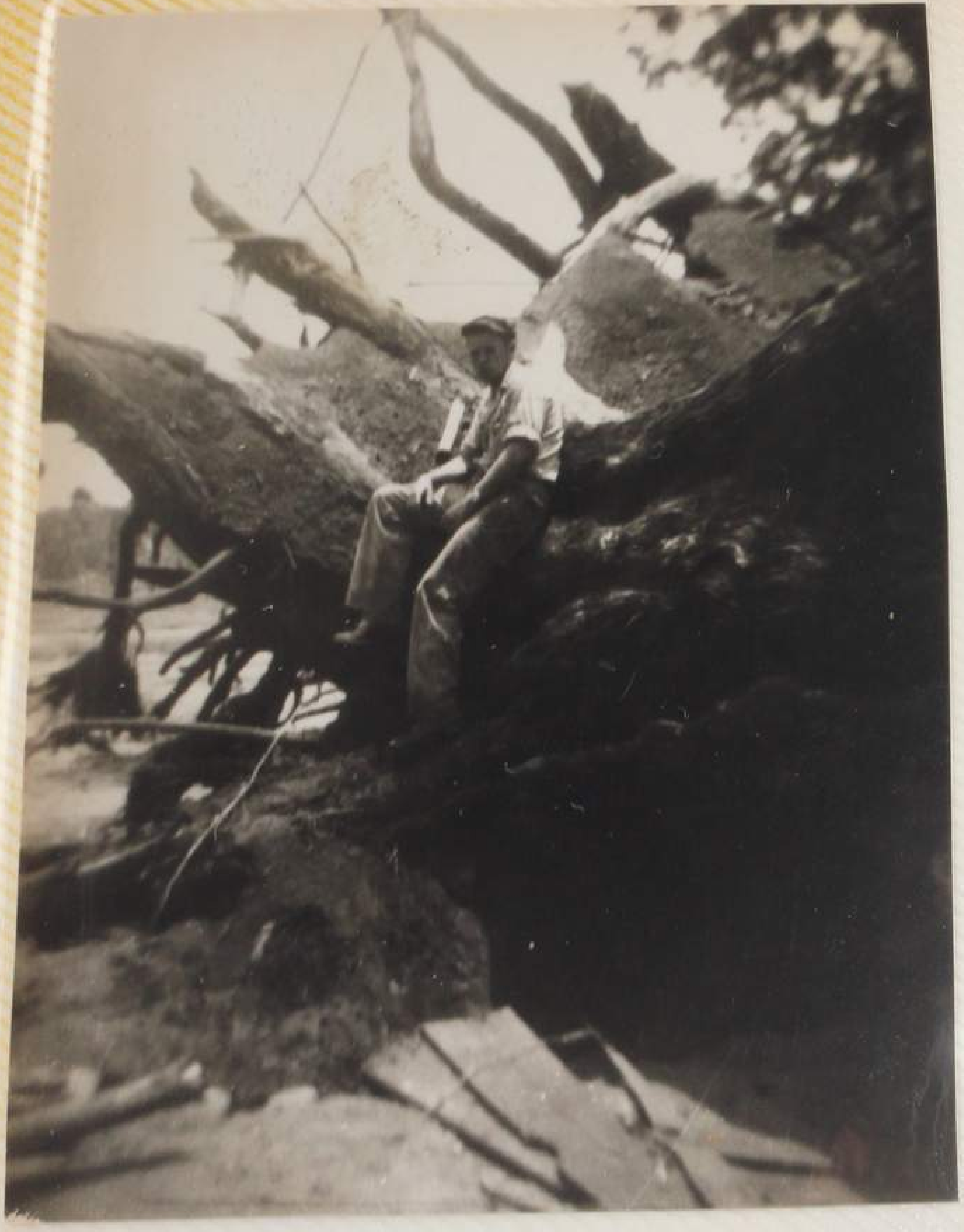


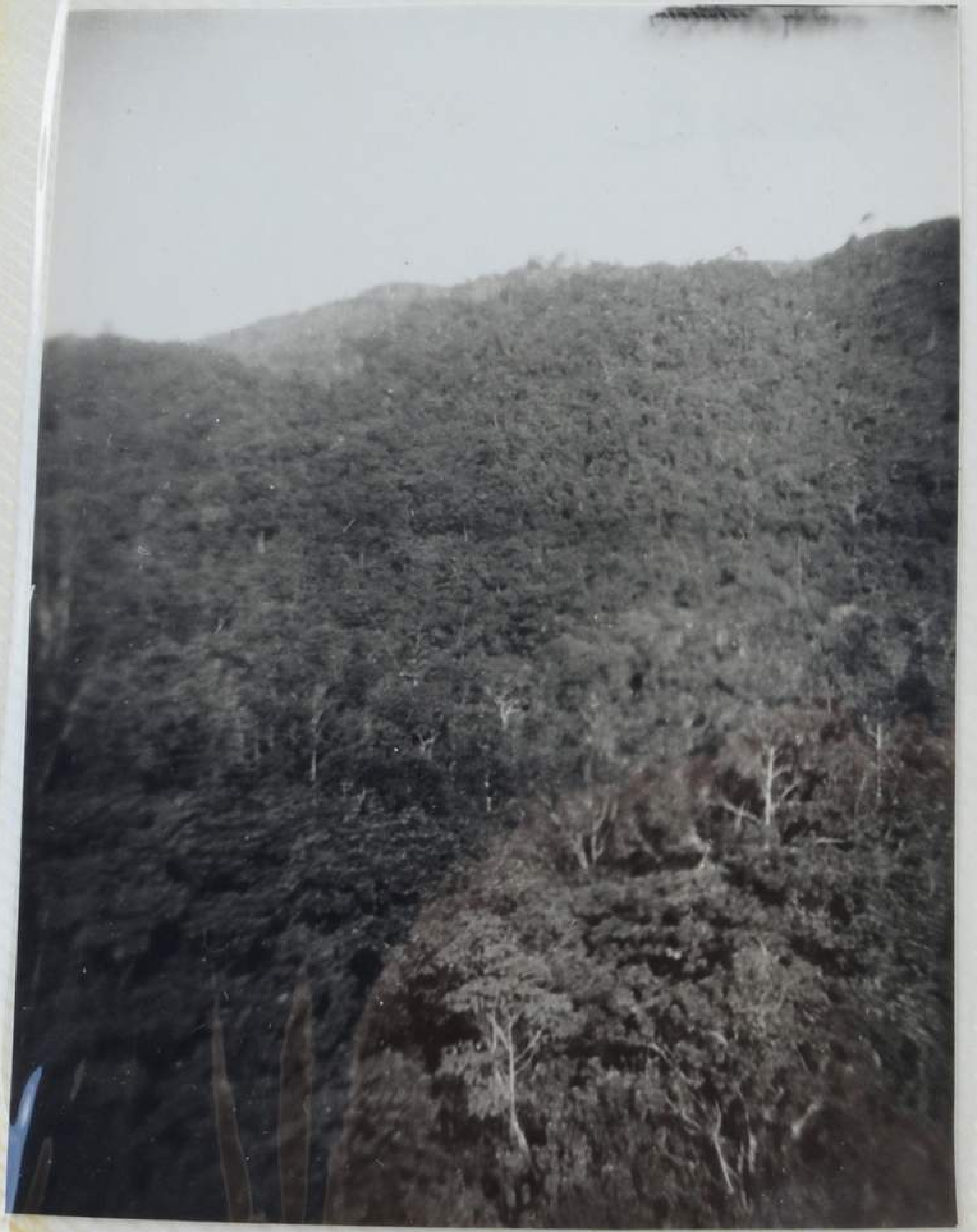


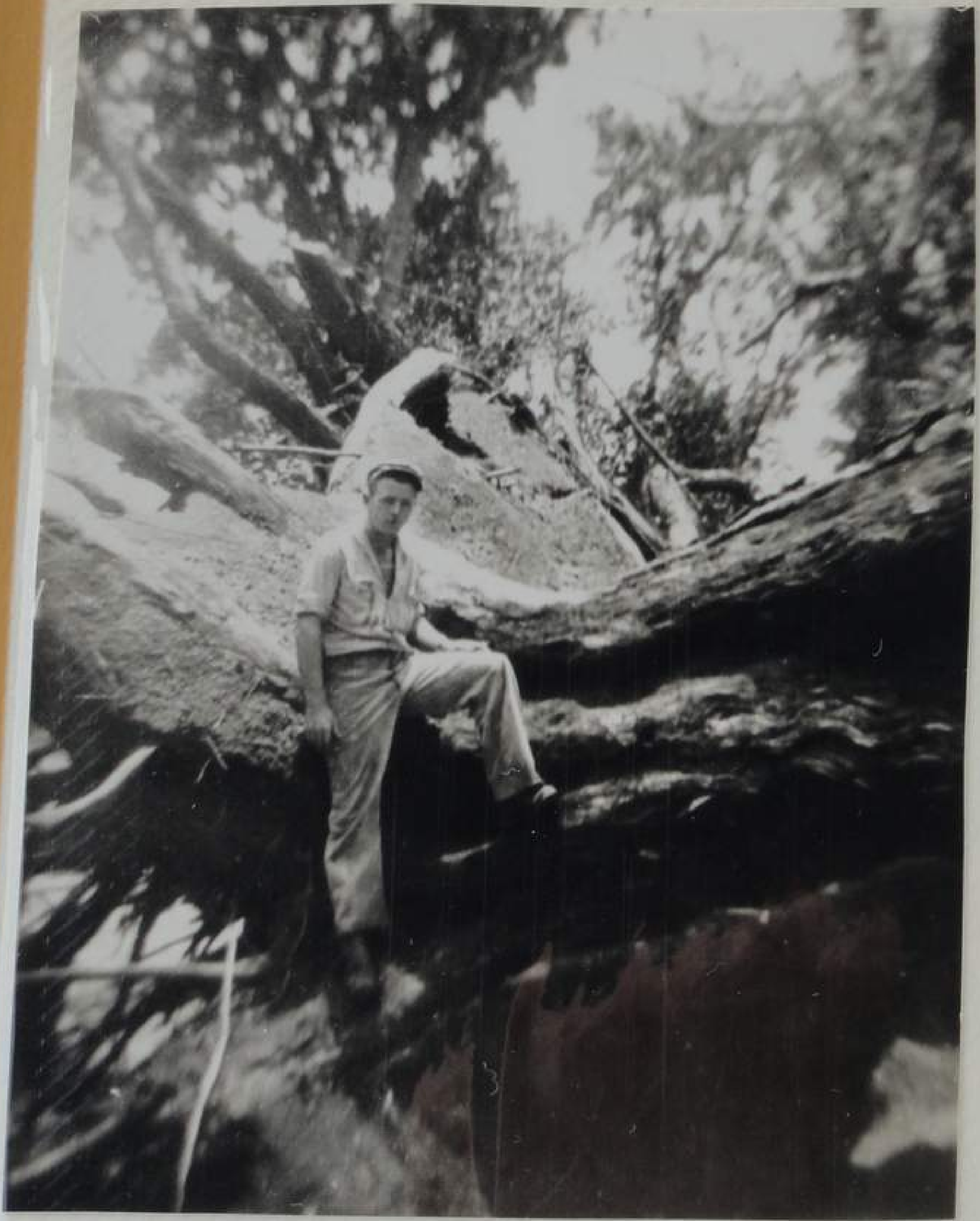
U.S.A.
0382372











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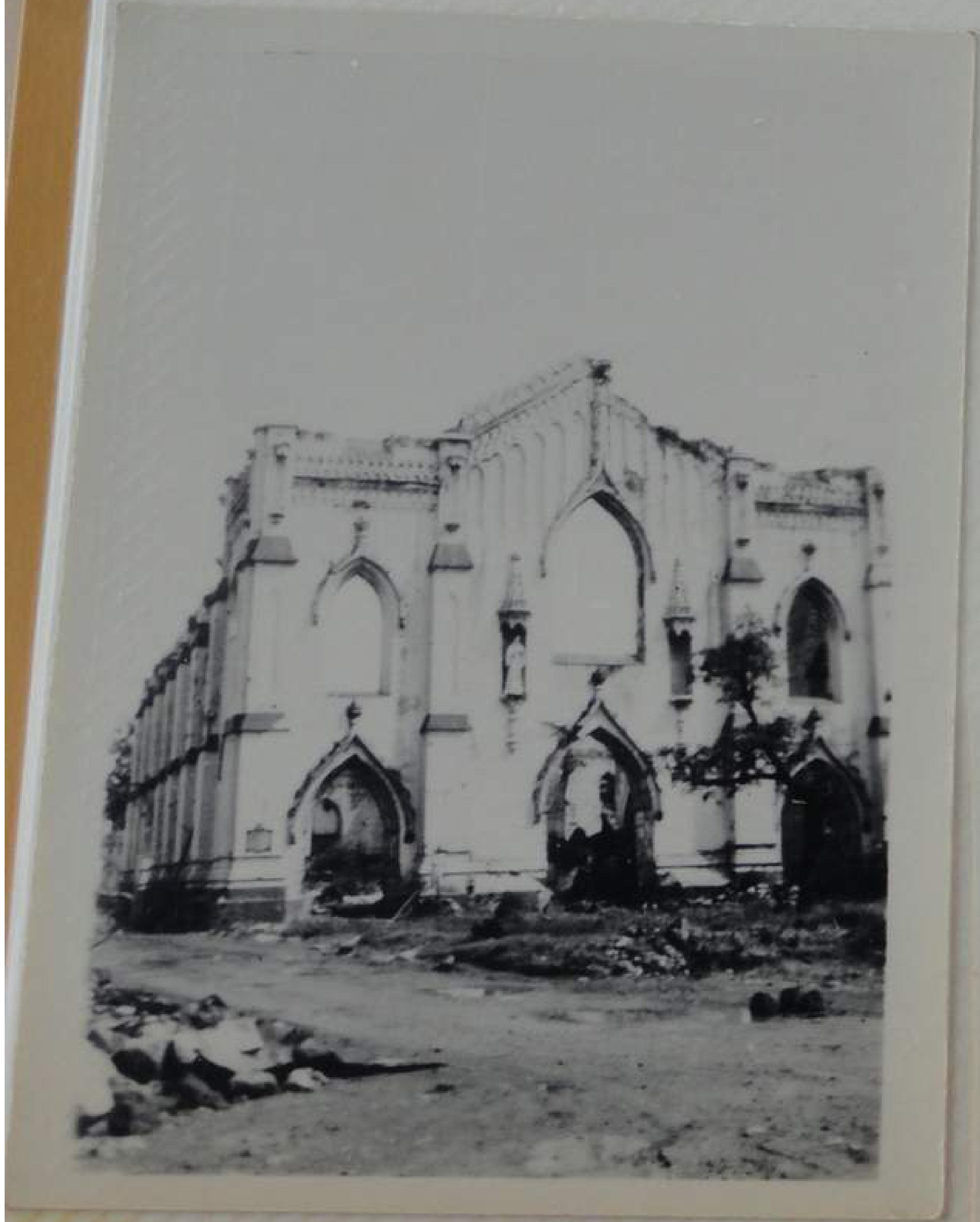
THE ASSOCIATED

LUNETA HOTEL, MANILA
Roxas

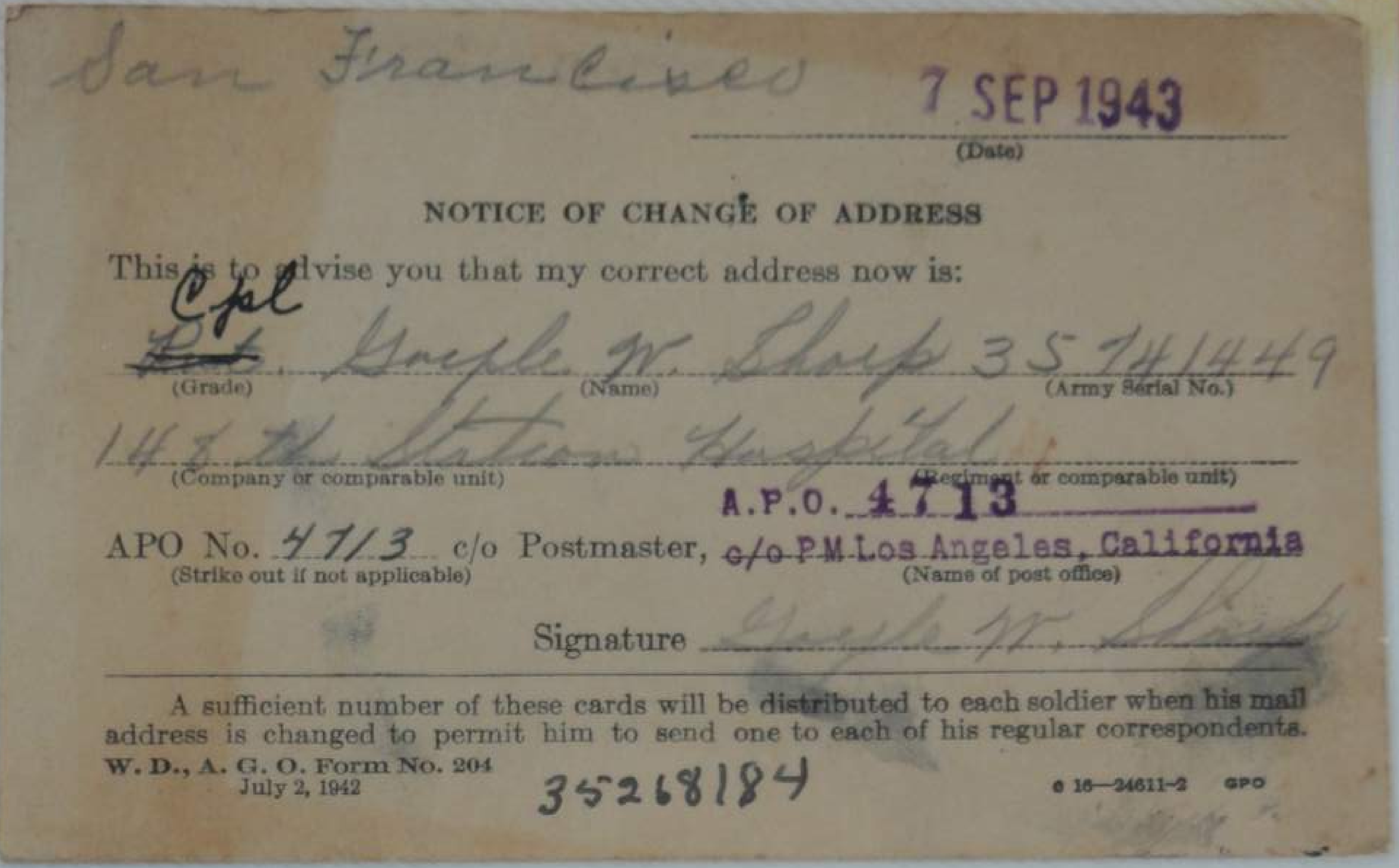


Morgan

Chief

Luneta Hotel, Manila

MANILA HOTEL



San Francisco 7 SEP 1943
(Date)

NOTICE OF CHANGE OF ADDRESS

This is to advise you that my correct address now is:

~~Pvt.~~ Cpl (Grade) Gayle W. Sharp (Name) 35141449 (Army Serial No.)

148th Station Hospital (Company or comparable unit) (Regiment or comparable unit)

A.P.O. 4713

APO No. 4713 c/o Postmaster, c/o P.M. Los Angeles, California
(Strike out if not applicable) (Name of post office)

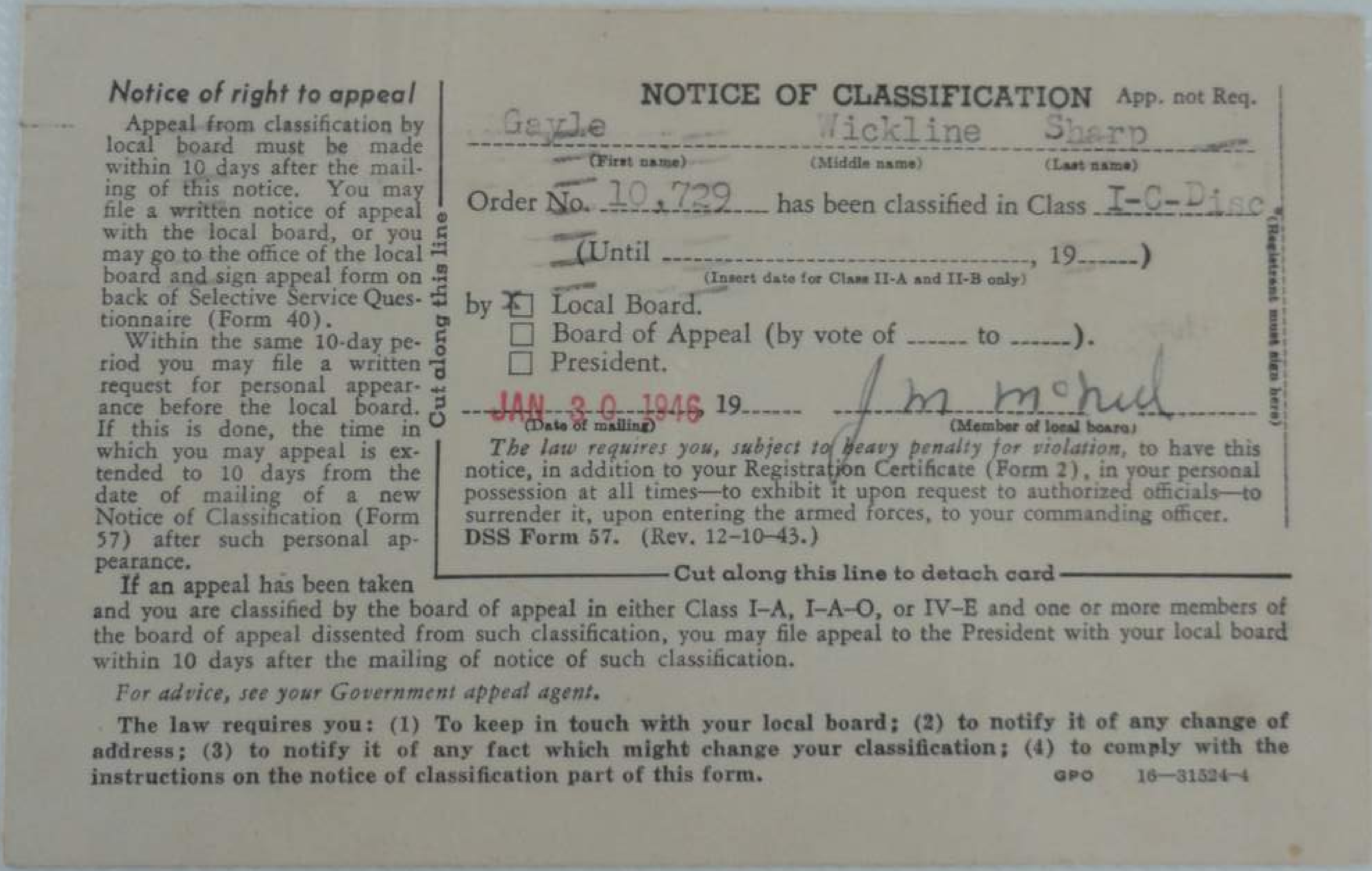
Signature Gayle W. Sharp

A sufficient number of these cards will be distributed to each soldier when his mail address is changed to permit him to send one to each of his regular correspondents.

W. D., A. G. O. Form No. 204
July 2, 1942

35268184

© 16—24611-2 GPO



NOTICE OF CLASSIFICATION

App. not Req.

Gayle (First name) Wickline (Middle name) Sharp (Last name)

Order No. 10,729 has been classified in Class I-C-Disc

(Until ______, 19___)
(Insert date for Class II-A and II-B only)

by ☒ Local Board.
☐ Board of Appeal (by vote of ___ to ___).
☐ President.

JAN 30 1946 19___ (Date of mailing) J M McNeil (Member of local board)

(Registrant must sign here)

The law requires you, subject to heavy penalty for violation, to have this notice, in addition to your Registration Certificate (Form 2), in your personal possession at all times—to exhibit it upon request to authorized officials—to surrender it, upon entering the armed forces, to your commanding officer.

DSS Form 57. (Rev. 12-10-43.)

Cut along this line

Cut along this line to detach card

Notice of right to appeal

Appeal from classification by local board must be made within 10 days after the mailing of this notice. You may file a written notice of appeal with the local board, or you may go to the office of the local board and sign appeal form on back of Selective Service Questionnaire (Form 40).

Within the same 10-day period you may file a written request for personal appearance before the local board. If this is done, the time in which you may appeal is extended to 10 days from the date of mailing of a new Notice of Classification (Form 57) after such personal appearance.

If an appeal has been taken and you are classified by the board of appeal in either Class I-A, I-A-O, or IV-E and one or more members of the board of appeal dissented from such classification, you may file appeal to the President with your local board within 10 days after the mailing of notice of such classification.

For advice, see your Government appeal agent.

The law requires you: (1) To keep in touch with your local board; (2) to notify it of any change of address; (3) to notify it of any fact which might change your classification; (4) to comply with the instructions on the notice of classification part of this form.

GPO 16—31524-4

0 erc

Army of the United States

SEPARATION QUALIFICATION RECORD

SAVE THIS FORM. IT WILL NOT BE REPLACED IF LOST

This record of job assignments and special training received in the Army is furnished to the soldier when he leaves the service. In its preparation, information is taken from available Army records and supplemented by personal interview. The information about civilian education and work experience is based on the individual's own statements. The veteran may present this document to former employers, prospective employers, representatives of schools or colleges, or use it in any other way that may prove beneficial to him.

1. LAST NAME—FIRST NAME—MIDDLE INITIAL: Sharp Gayle W

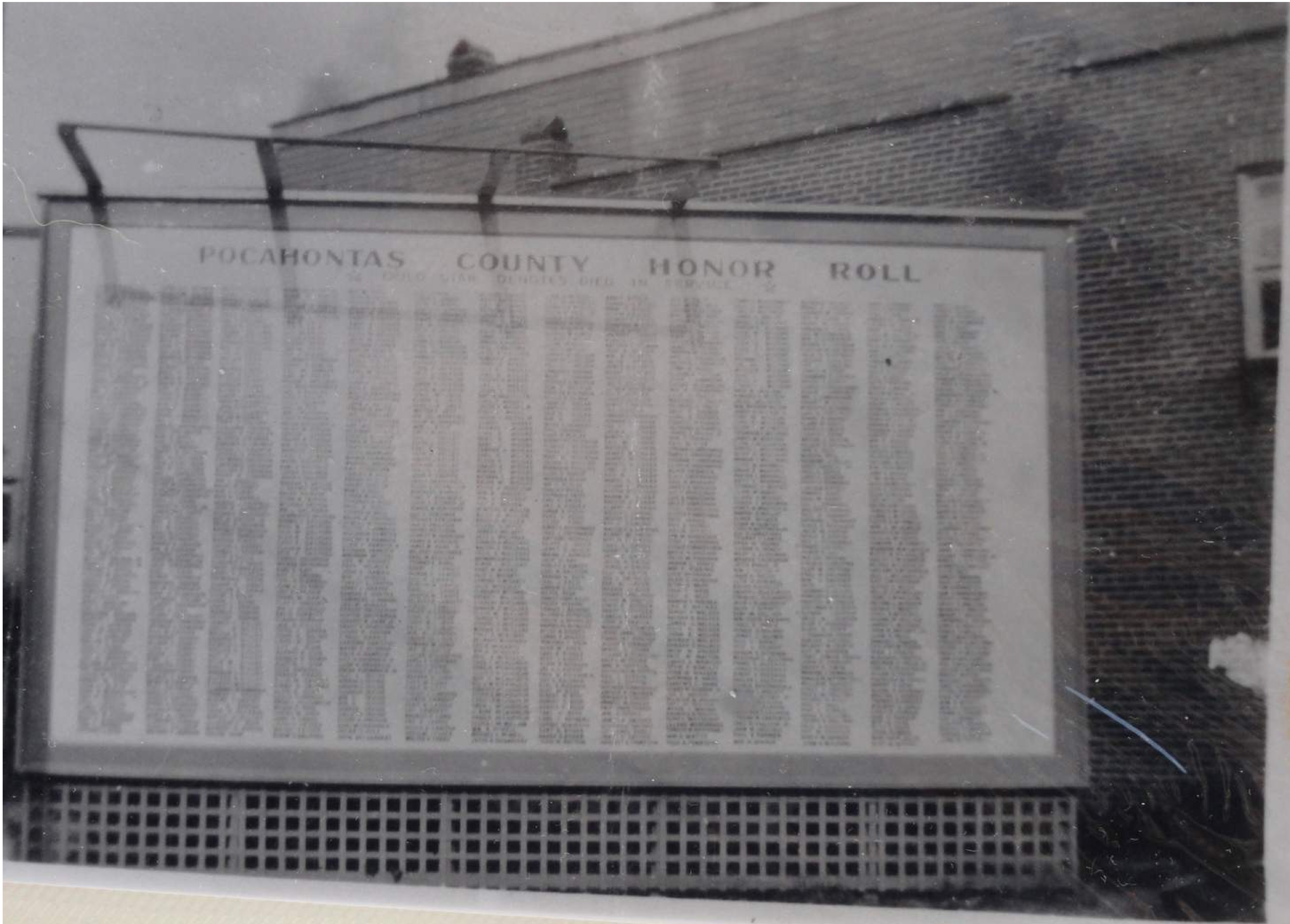
2. ARMY SERIAL No.	3. GRADE	4. SOCIAL SECURITY No.
35 741 449	T/4	Unknown

PERMANENT MAILING ADDRESS (*Street, City, County, State*): Frost W Va Pochantas Co

DATE OF ENTRY INTO ACTIVE SERVICE	7. DATE OF SEPARATION	8. DATE OF BIRTH

MILITARY OCCUPATIONAL ASSIGNMENTS

10. MONTHS	11. GRADE	12. MILITARY OCCUPATIONAL SPECIALTY
3	Pvt	Basic Med 521
5	Pfc	Hosp Orderly 657
4	T/5	Medical Tech 409
8	T/4	Sanitary Tech 146
13	T/4	Utility Repairman 121
1	T/4	Dispatcher Clerk 055


POCAHONTAS COUNTY HONOR ROLL
★ GOLD STAR DENOTES DIED IN SERVICE ★

[illegible]

No. ______

PASSED BY
[illegible]
ARMY EXAMINER
(CENSOR'S STAMP)

To
Mrs H. W. Sharp
[illegible] N.Y.
U.S.A

From
35 70 14 93
[illegible] W. Sharp
(Sender's name)
[illegible] APO 543
(Sender's address)
c/o P.M. San Francisco
Calif
(Date)

BEST WISHES TO YOU
On Mother's Day

I BELIEVE THE FINEST GREETING
MOTHER'S DAY CAN BRING FROM ME
IS THE MESSAGE THAT'S INTENDED
BY THIS "V FOR VICTORY;"
EVERYTHING IS FINE AND DANDY–
AND AS LONG AS WE'RE APART,
I'M JUST HOPING
YOU ARE HAPPY–
AND THAT'S RIGHT
STRAIGHT FROM
THE
Heart!

"World War II Picture"

This picture was taken at the Pocahontas Courthouse on November 6, 1942. Left to right names:

Row 1: Minter Clawson Moore, Marlinton; James Howard McNeil, Buckeye; Paul Foster Cole, Green Bank; Kyle Clark Dilley, Dunmore; John Dayton Herold, Huntersville; Gayle Wickline Sharp, Frost; Everett Marshall Arbogast, Cass; Kenton William Halterman, Cass

Row 2: Albert Truman Mace, Marlinton; Cecil Revear Westfall, Lobelia; Lloyd Elwood Friel, Marlinton; Stoner Kershner, Spice; Paul Richard Hull, Durbin; Charles Boyd Meeks, Stony Bottom; James Lawrence Carpenter, Dunmore

Row 3: William James Oscar, Beard; Ernest Norman Carr Jr., Marlinton; Lyle Eugene Tracey, Mace; Samuel Clark Beverage, Bartow; William Mack Vandevender, Thornwood; Louis Junior Collins, Frank

Row 4: Delbert Owen Cogar, Marlinton; Burnett Tom Peterson, Marlinton; Lawrence Carr, Marlinton; Charles E. Goins, Marlinton; Maynard Marvin Reed, Marlinton; Delbert Fenton Lambert, Green Bank; James Elmo Shires, Hillsboro

Row 5: Leroy Mildred Jack, Marlinton; James Homer Phillips, Hillsboro; Guy Jones, Hillsboro; Raymond Howard Turner, Mill Point; James William Barkley, Cass; Leroy Simmons, Durbin

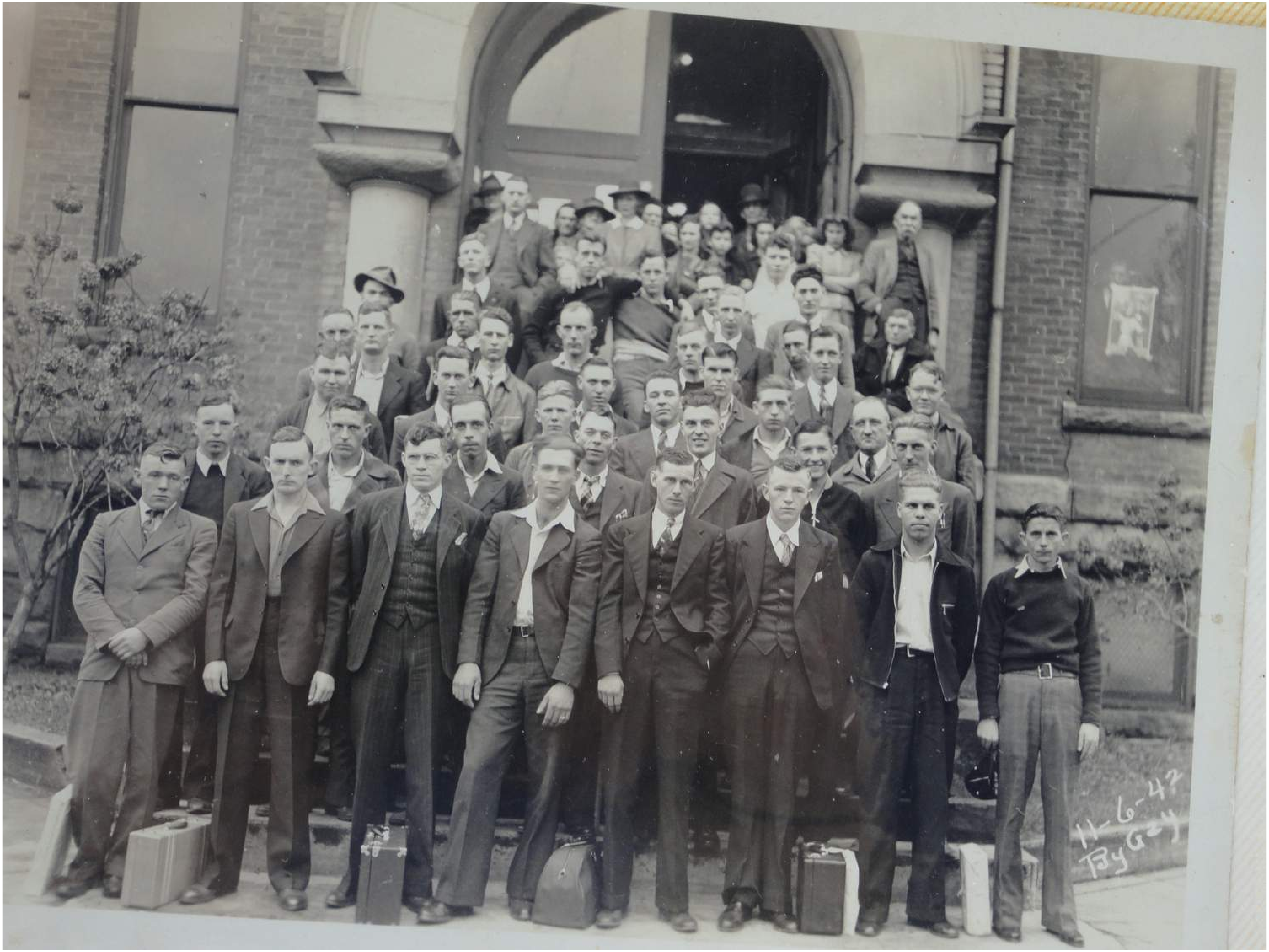
Row 6: Daniel Asonel Kelly, Green Bank; Ranson Raymond Clark, Marlinton; Gordon Dewey Underwood, Huntersville; Asa David Burgess, Marlinton

Man in white shirt Lanty FL Oscar, Buckeye; Paul Morgan Galford, Marlinton; Cecil Shinaberry on the Board; The man behind Daniel Kelly is Harry Scofield the Director of Board; two men not pictures is Nelson Wilson Tacy, Durbin and Eskell Frank High, Beard. The woman standing beside older man is Eveline McQuain. The older man is Clayton Bell. The man in far back with black hat is Rodney Buzzard.

Research done by:
Jim Ryder
Marlinton, WV 24954

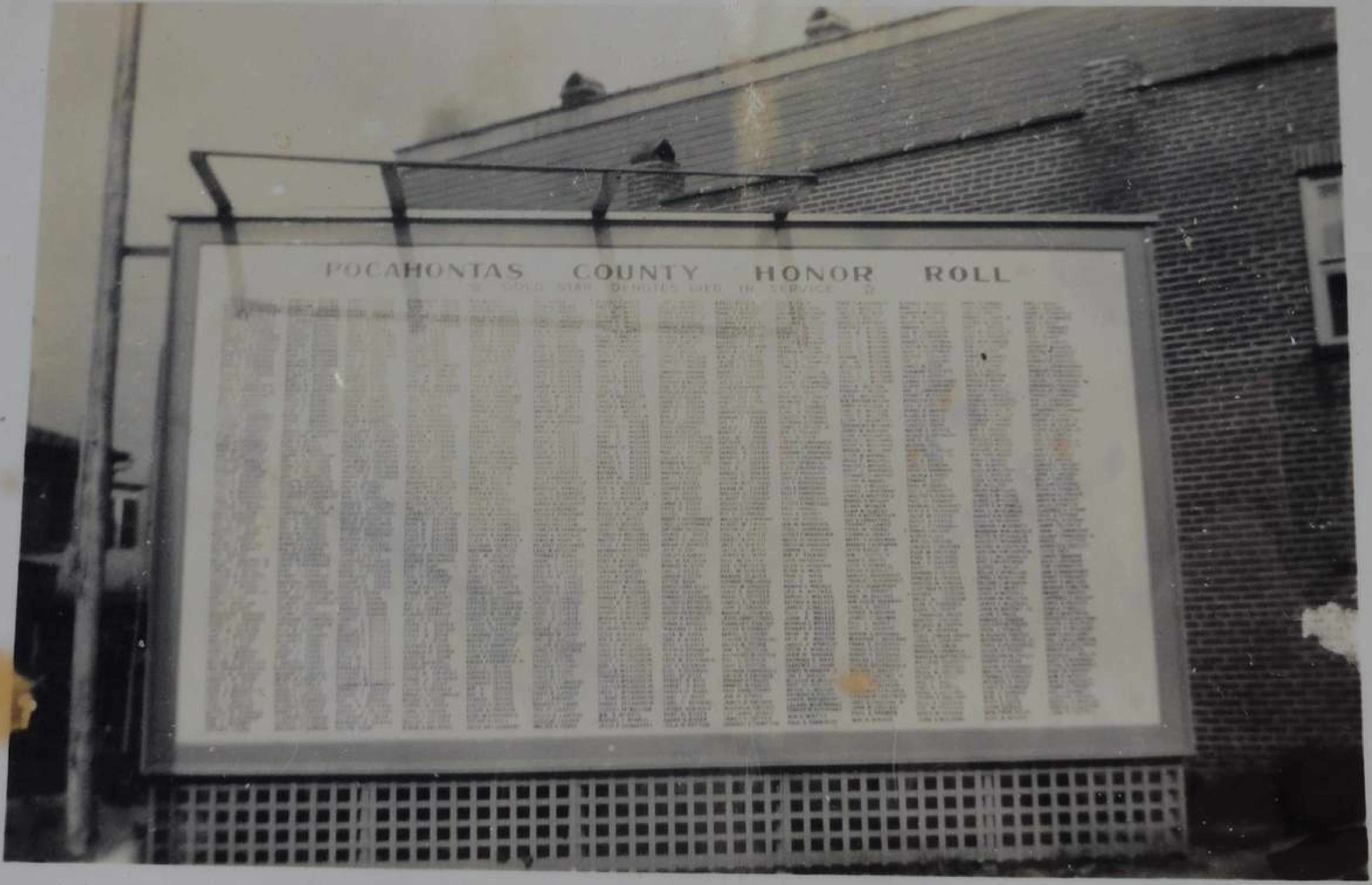
Names of men in Picture
on next Page →

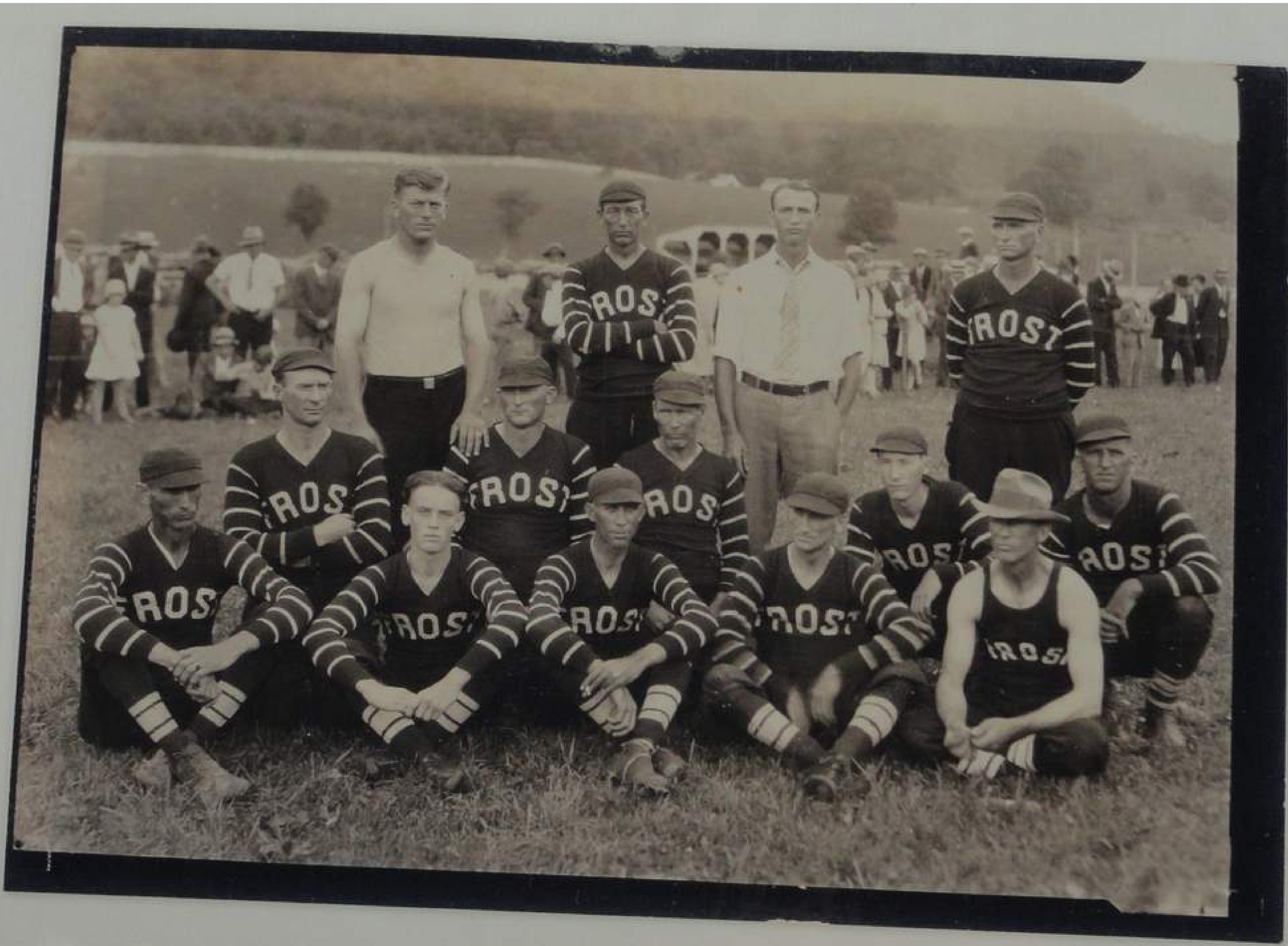
695-DSC00453.jpg



11-6-42
TByG24

Draft Board - Marlinton, W.Va.


POCAHONTAS COUNTY HONOR ROLL
☆ GOLD STAR DENOTES DIED IN SERVICE ☆



Back Row -

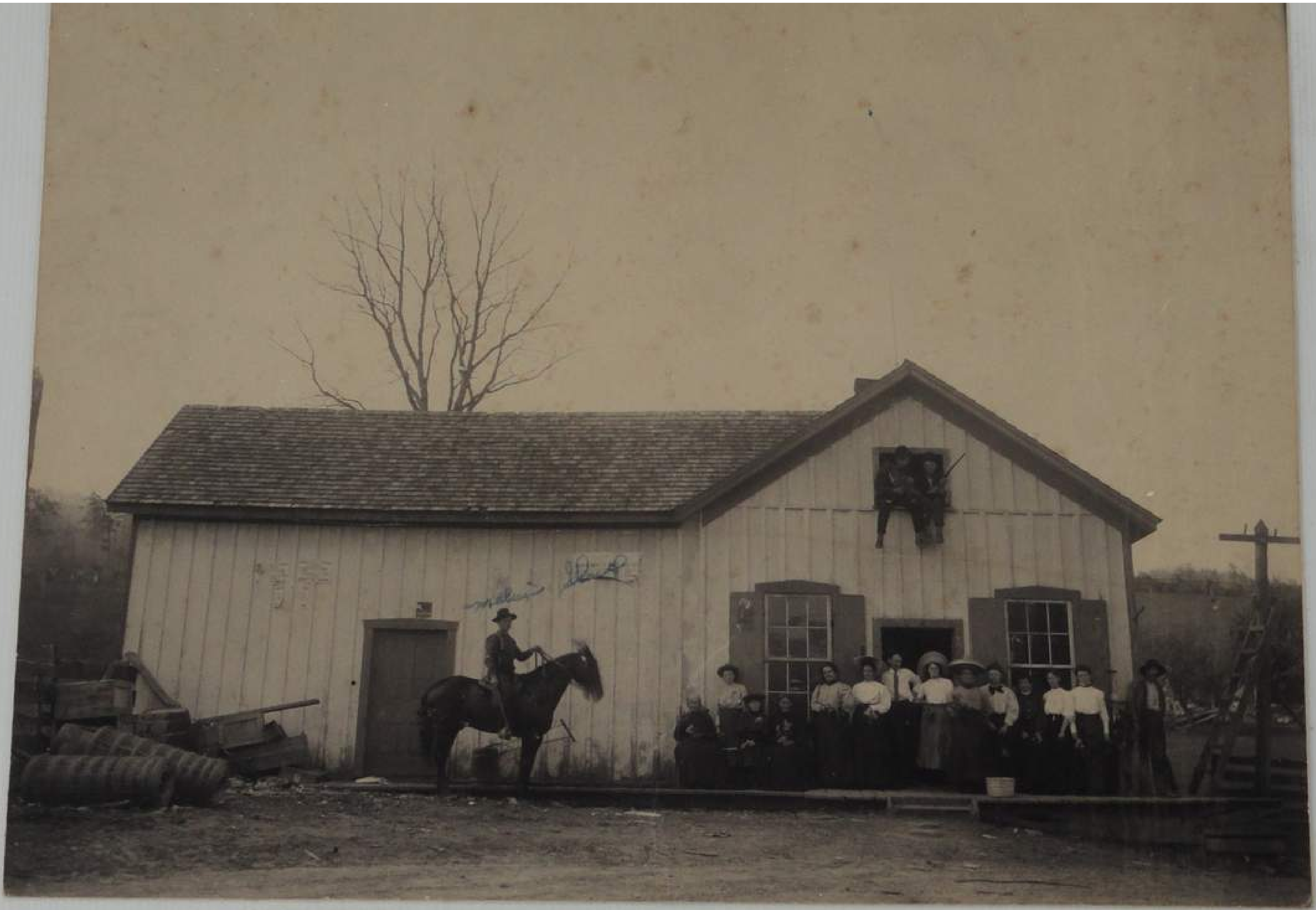
Richard Gibson
Mitchell Sharp
Clyde Bussard
Henderson Sharp

Middle Row

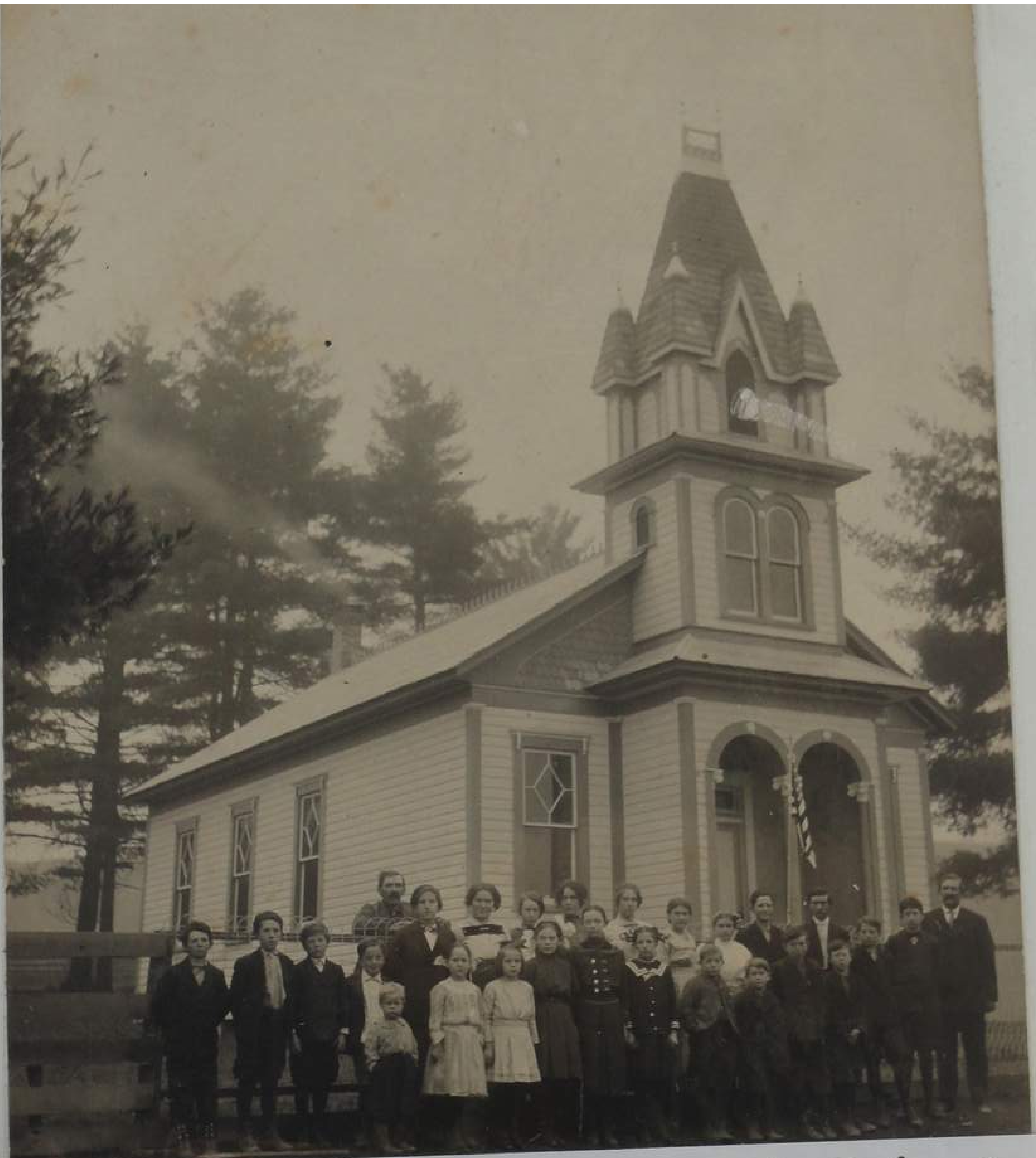
Luther Shrader
Emmons Moore
Jesse Reed
Meade Curry

Front Row

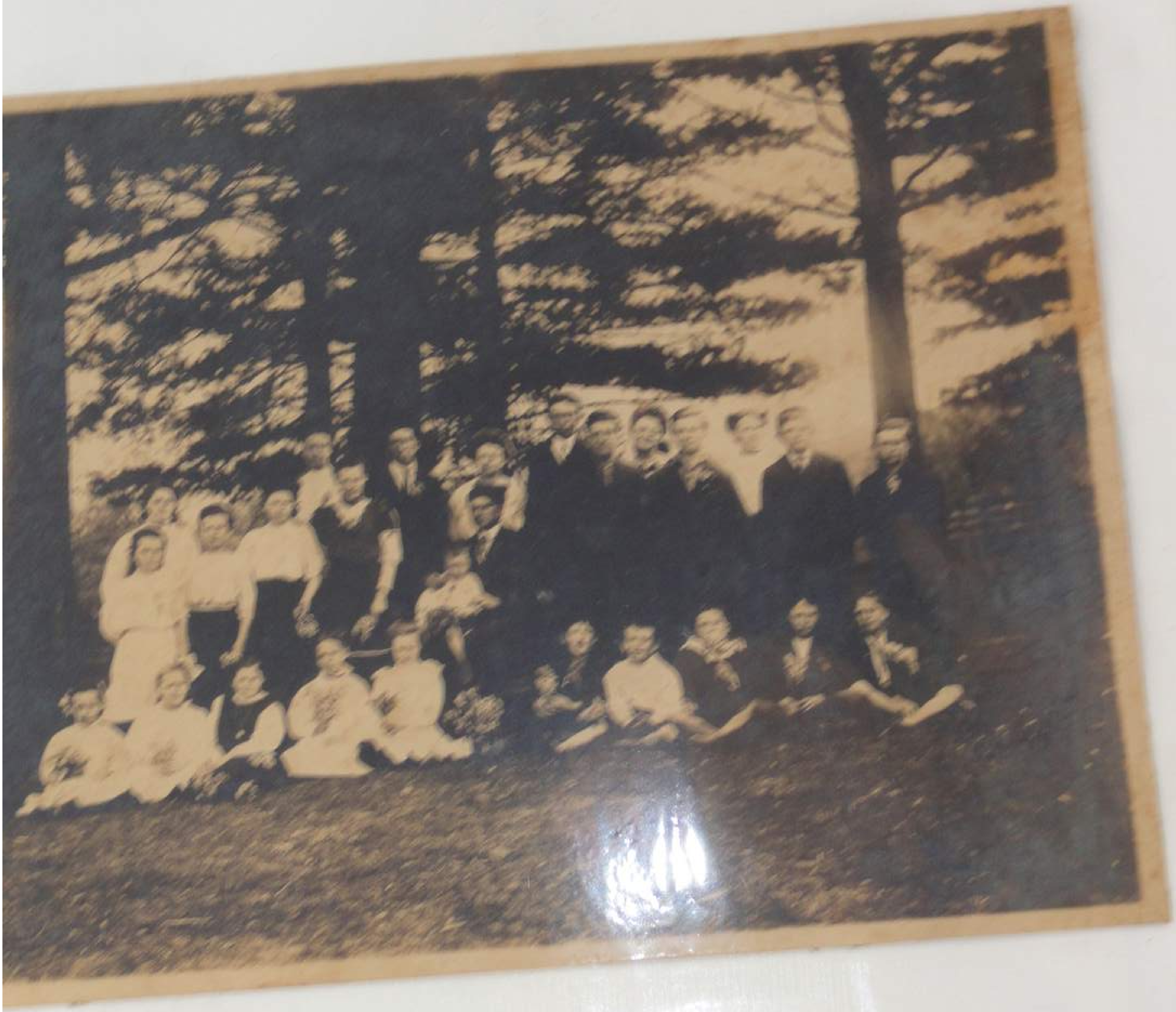
Austin Sharp
Rey Sharp
Letch Sharp
Ernest Sharp
Mervin Sharp



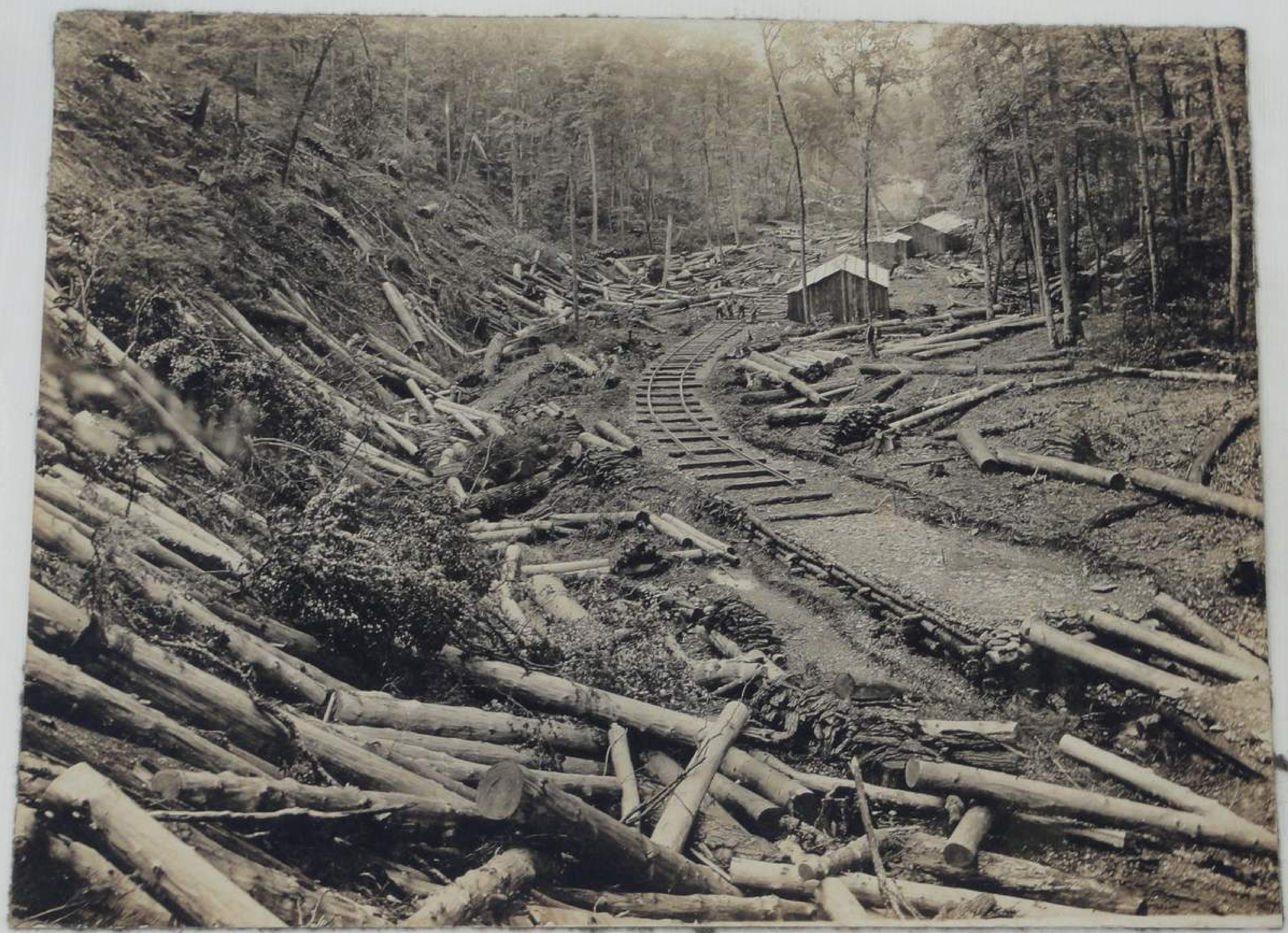
old Frost store 1907
Bess sharp – . Minnie Townsend
Lena Jordon Briggs .
clara Jordon Schofield
Mary Jordon Sharp
Melvin Sharp (on horse
Henderson Sharp & Dorse McCarty (in window



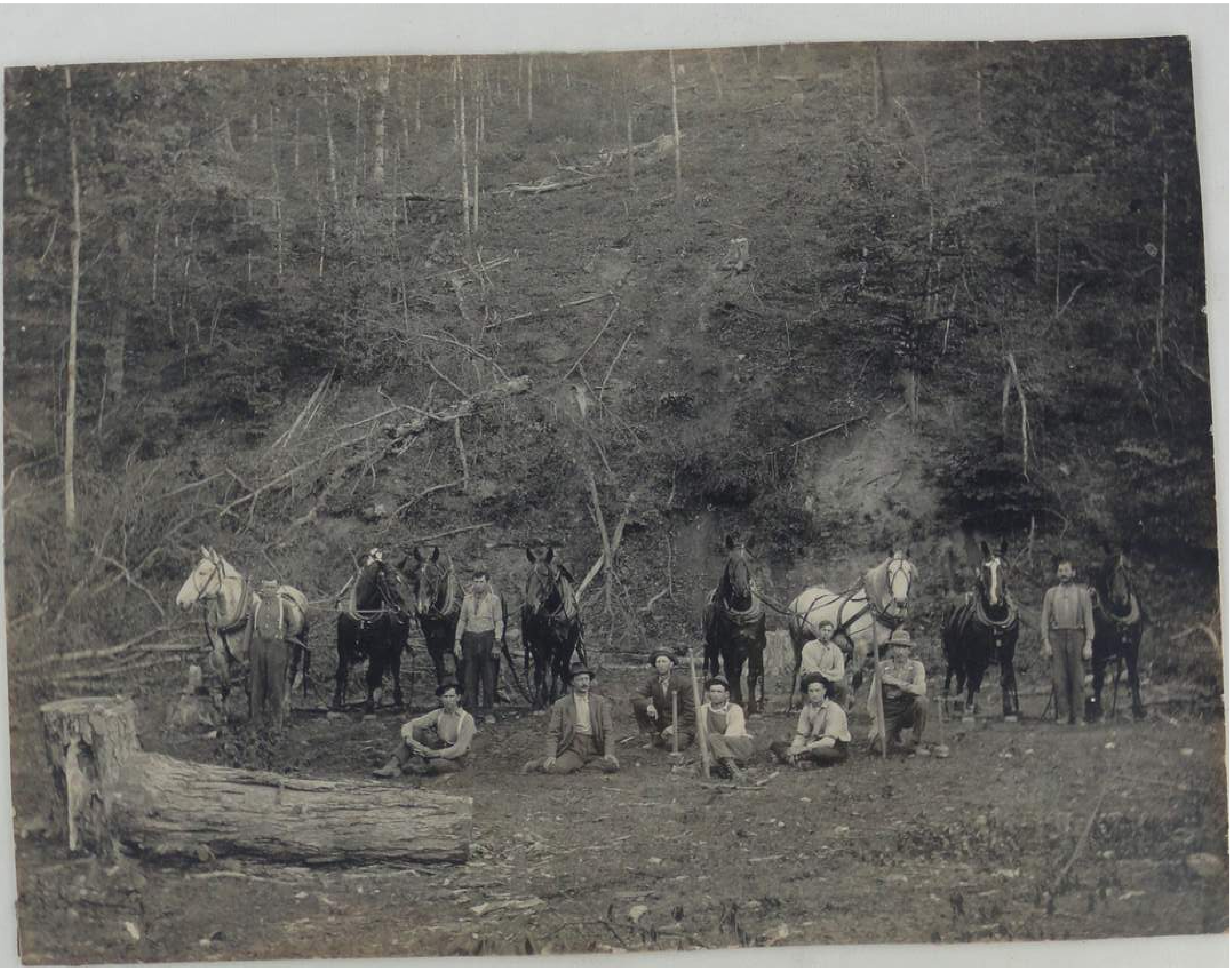
1911-12 - Oliver McKeever builT This School
Plained lumber on the spoT. He stayed with
Dr. + Mrs. George + Lucy Jordon while building
the School. (Roland Sharps Grandparents)
Mr. McKeever lived at Huntersville.
Frost School - Sidenstricker (teacher)
Some in The picture are - Ashby Sharp - .
Lillian Sharp Ruckman - Vesta Sharp Saville



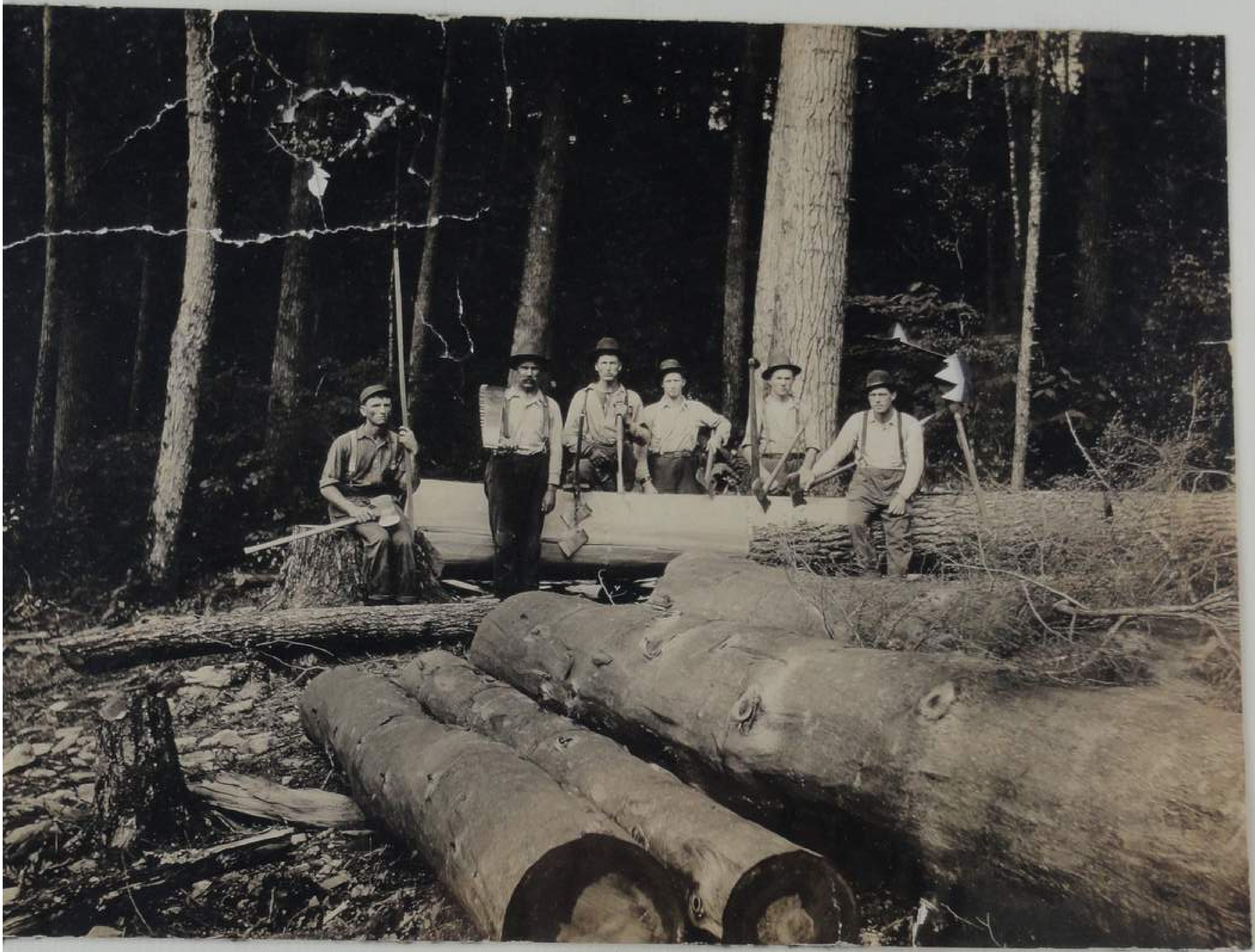
Frost School Sidenstricker
"Teacher"



Bird Run 1917

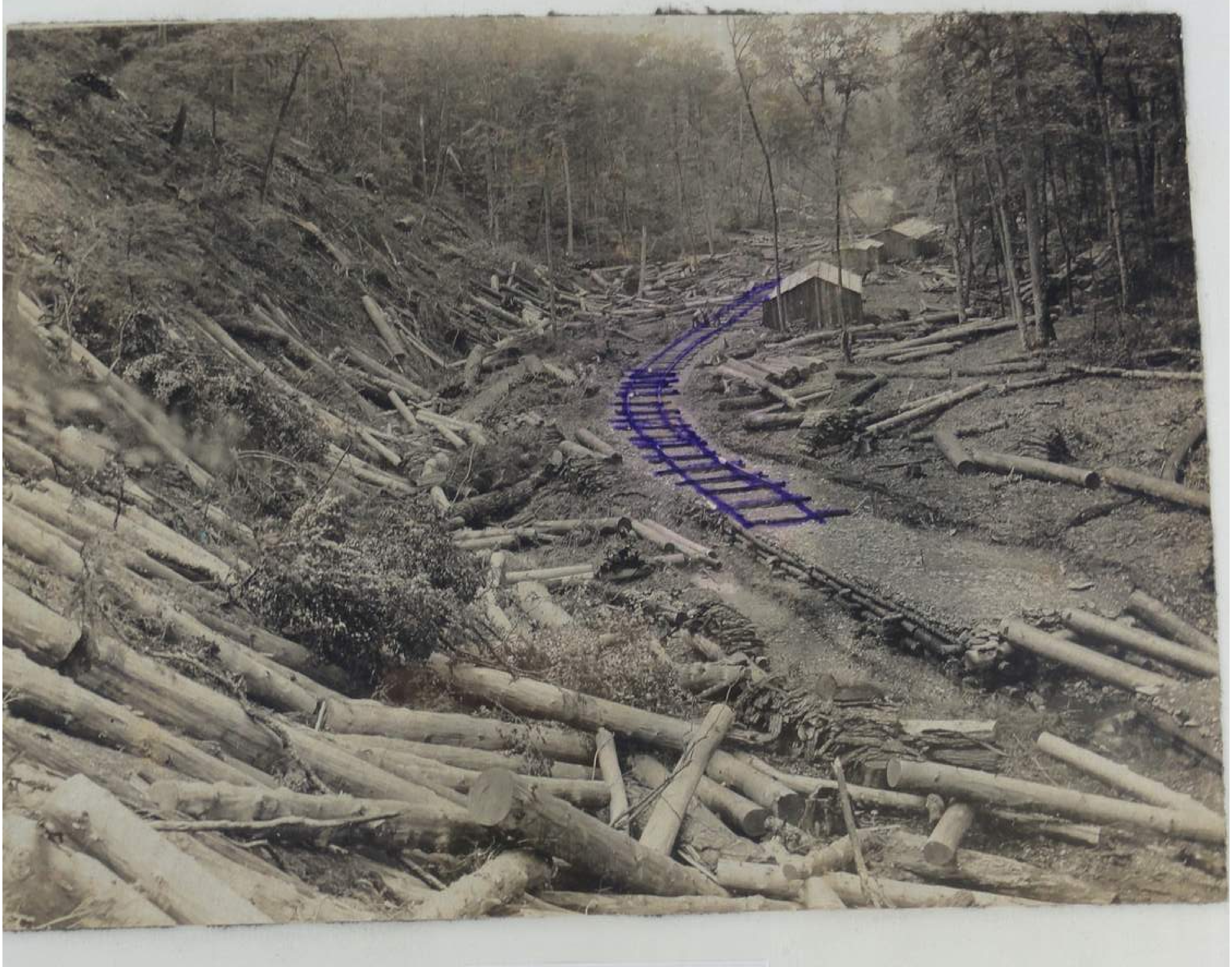


Bird Run 1918

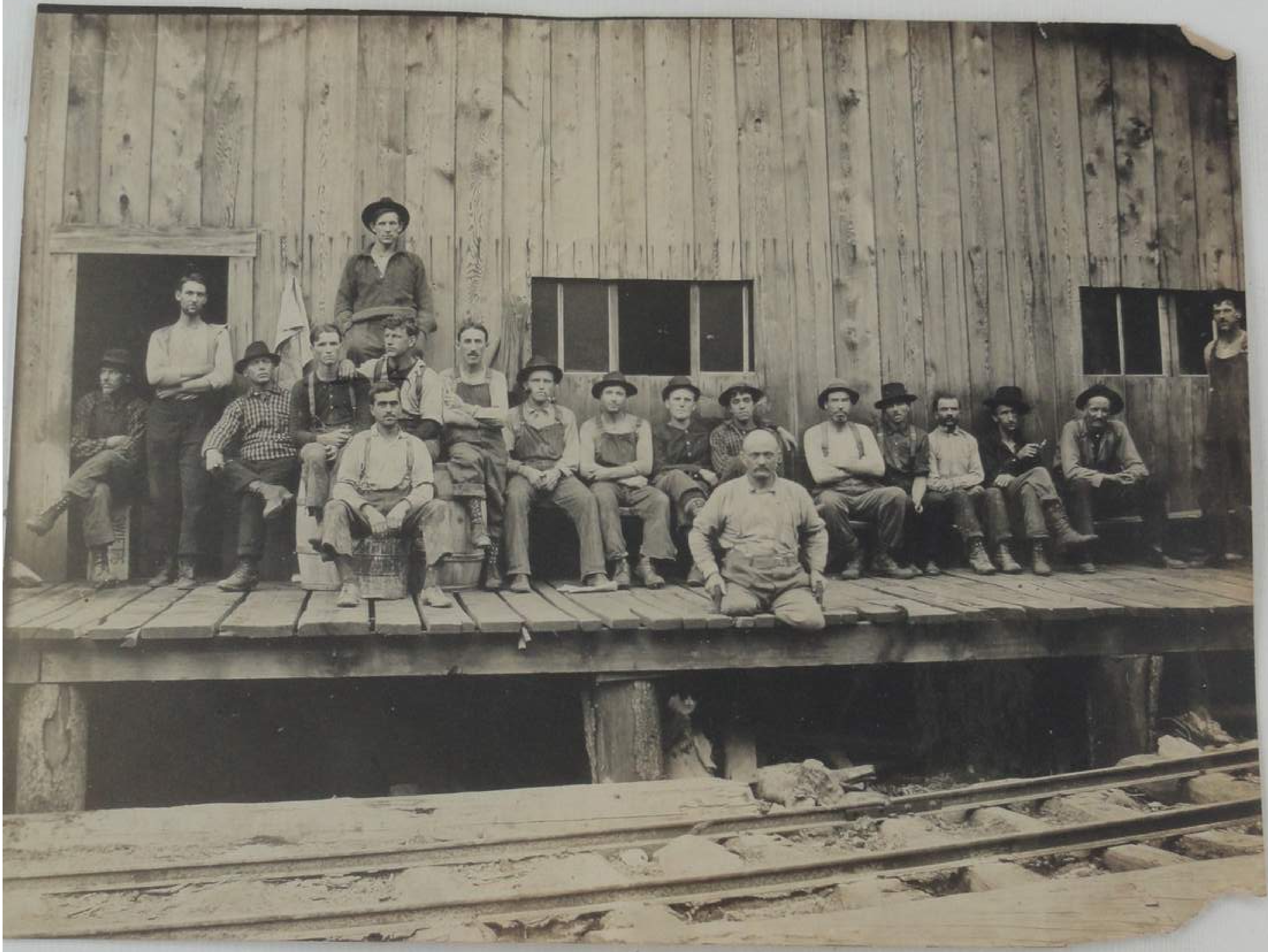


Bird Run 1917
working for Ben Campbell
Cye Bowers - C. O. Sharp
Bob Taylor - Wilber Kelley
Bowf Bowers - Henderson Sharp

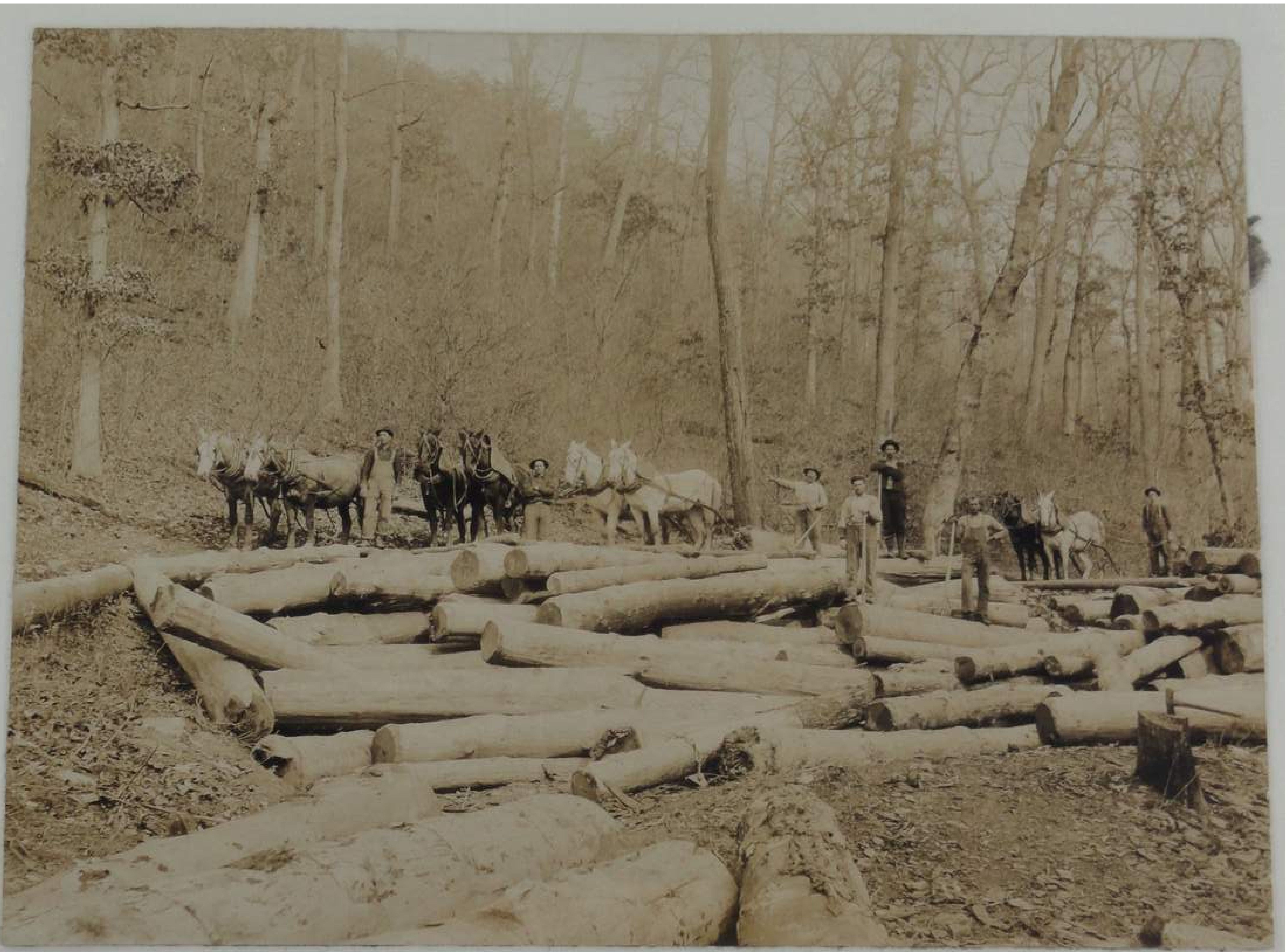
703-DSC00462.jpg



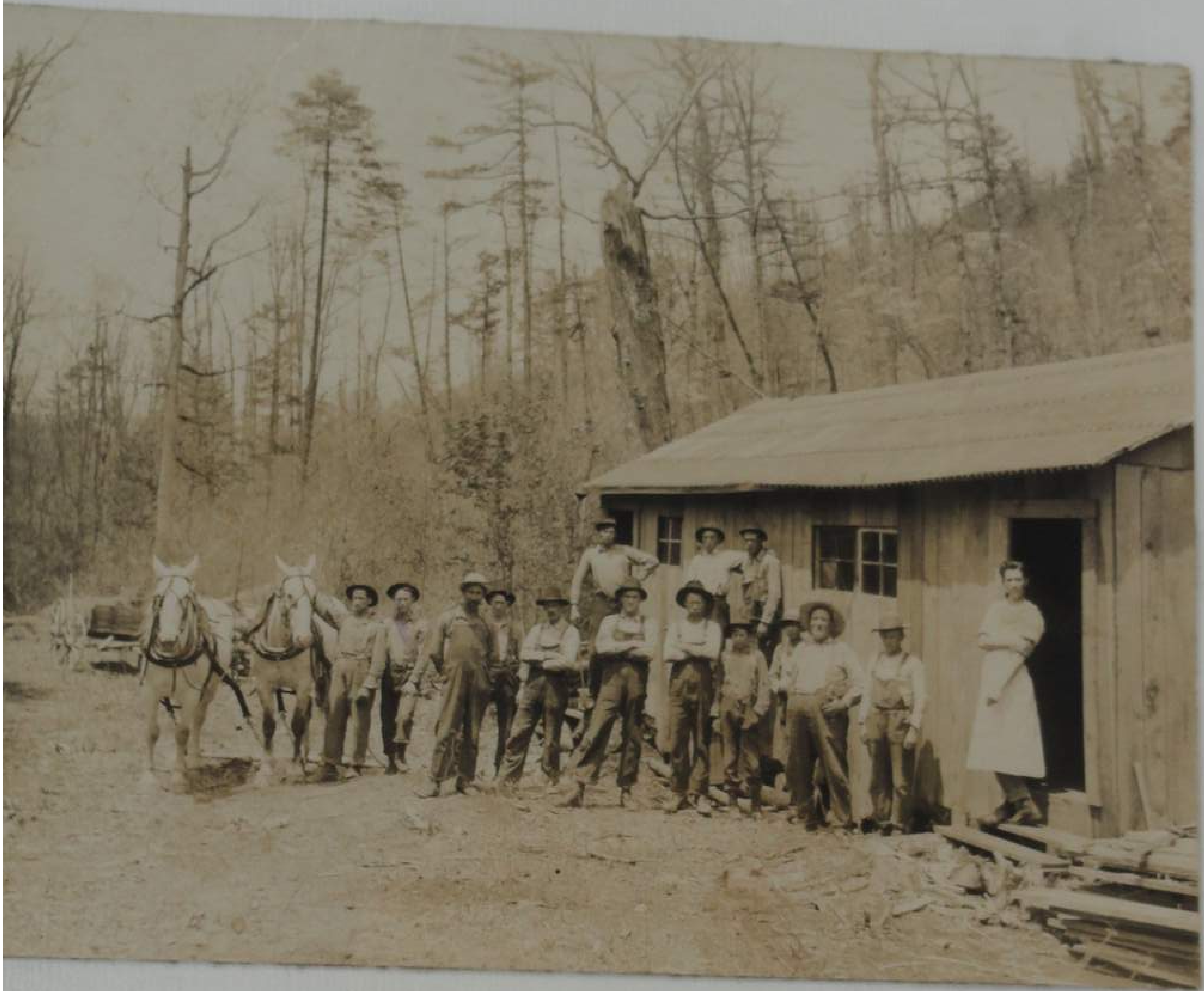
Bird Run
1917



Edenwood
Log Camp.

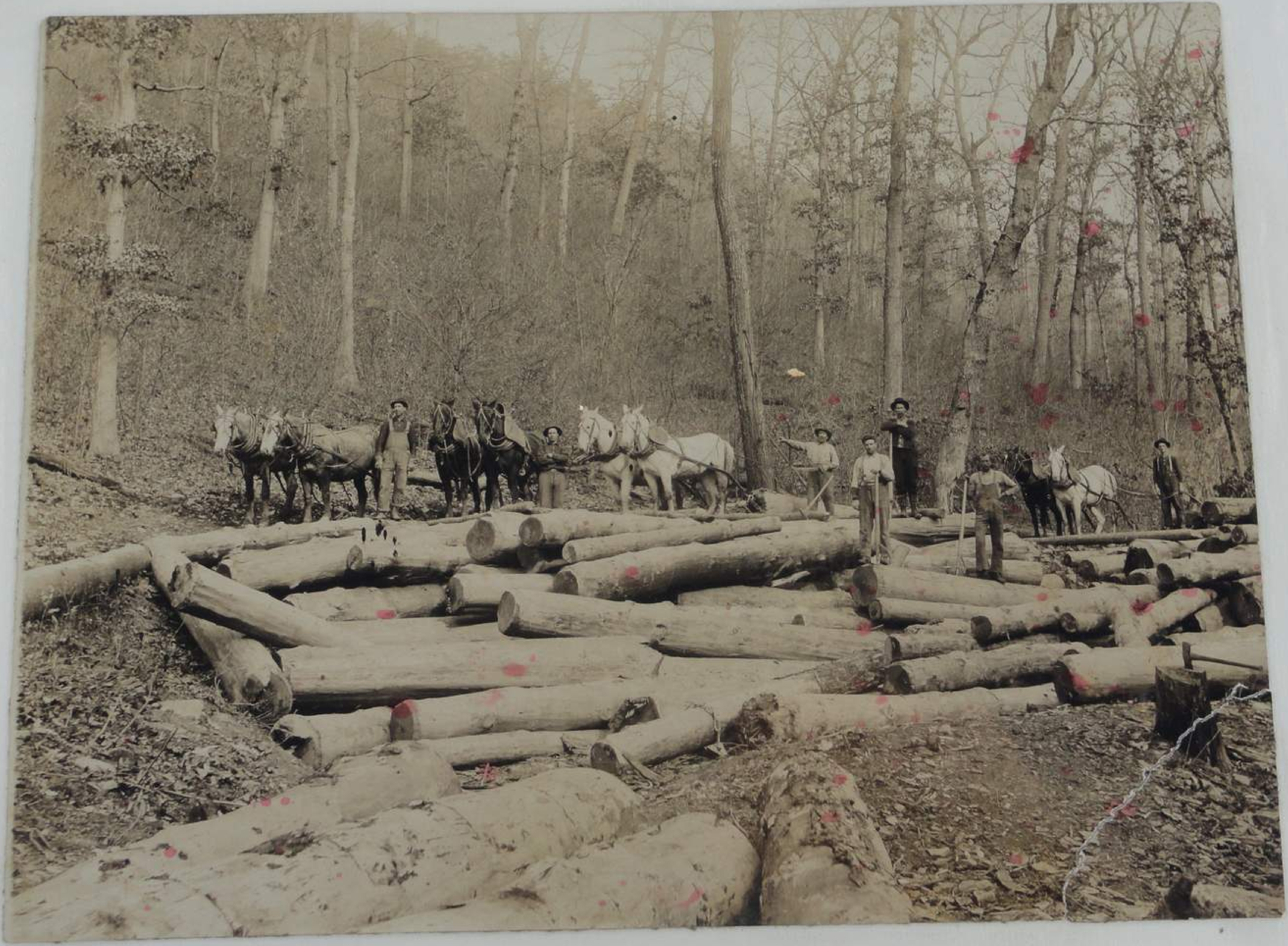


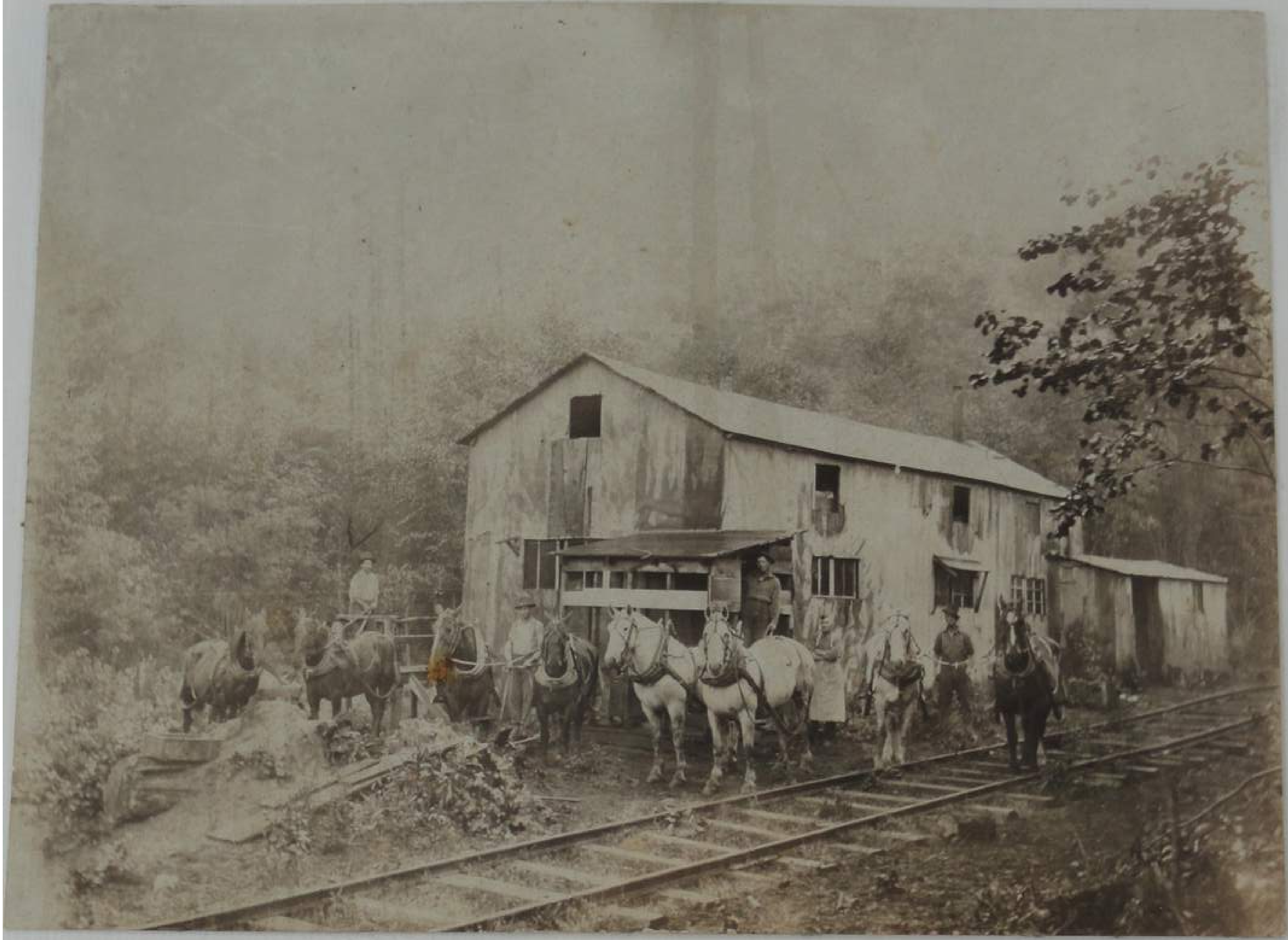
Gate Hollow 1903
George Huntley. Contractor for Warren Lumber Co.
L-R. Lock Herold - Ben Campbell.
W.A.G. Sharp. — Corbett
Cliff Sharp - Melvin Sharp
Henderson Sharp



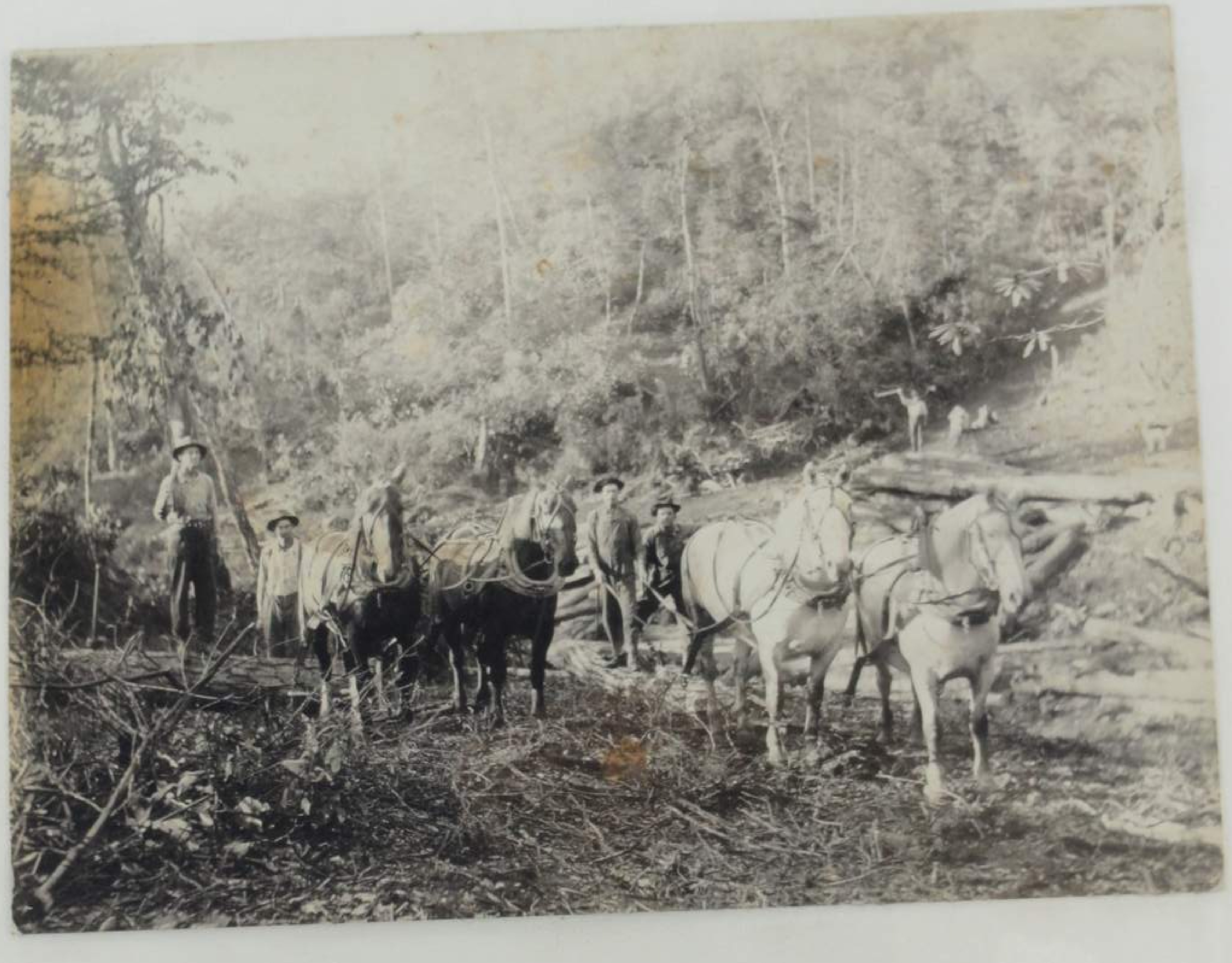
Gate Hollow
1923

708-DSC00467.jpg

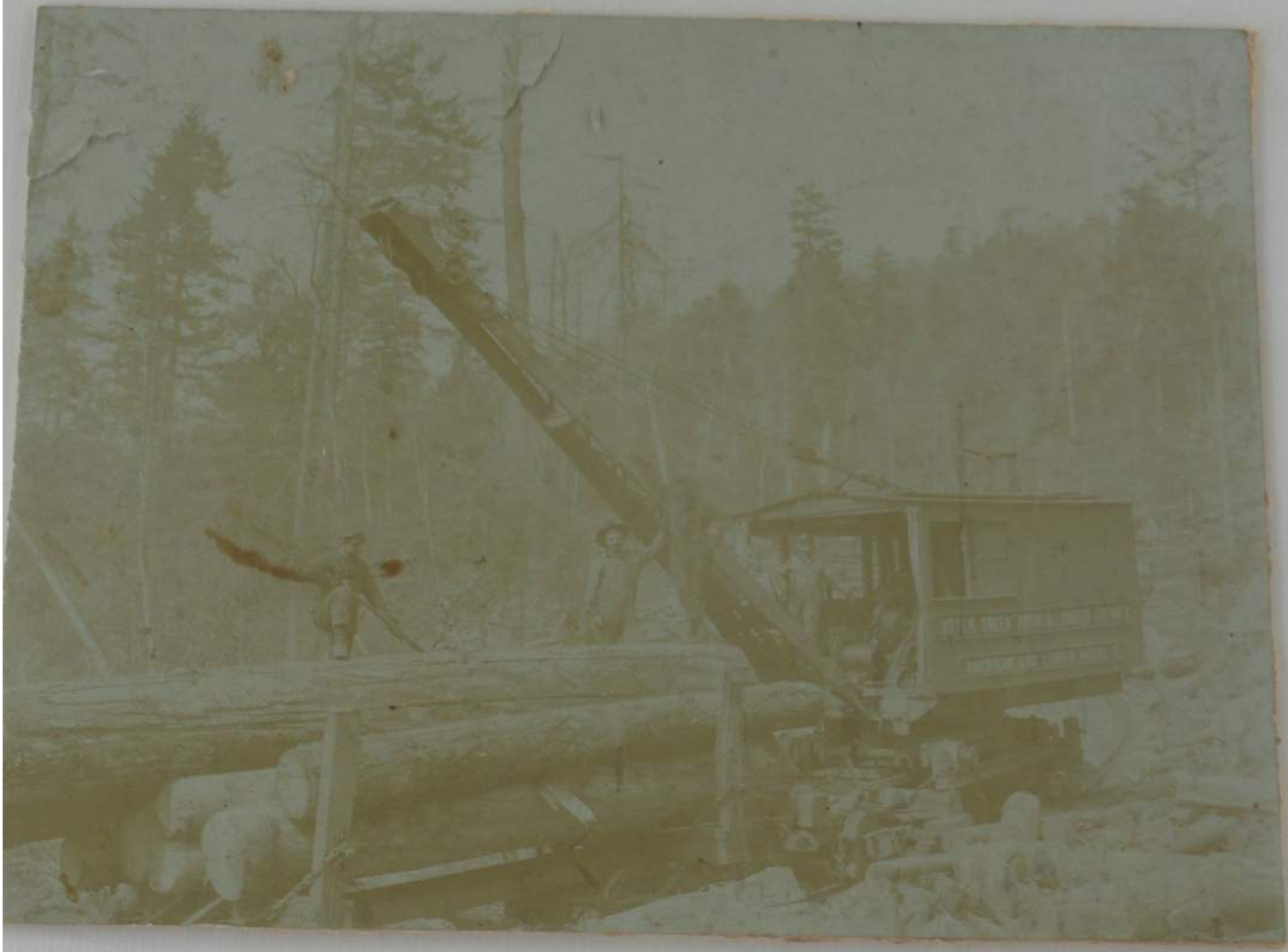




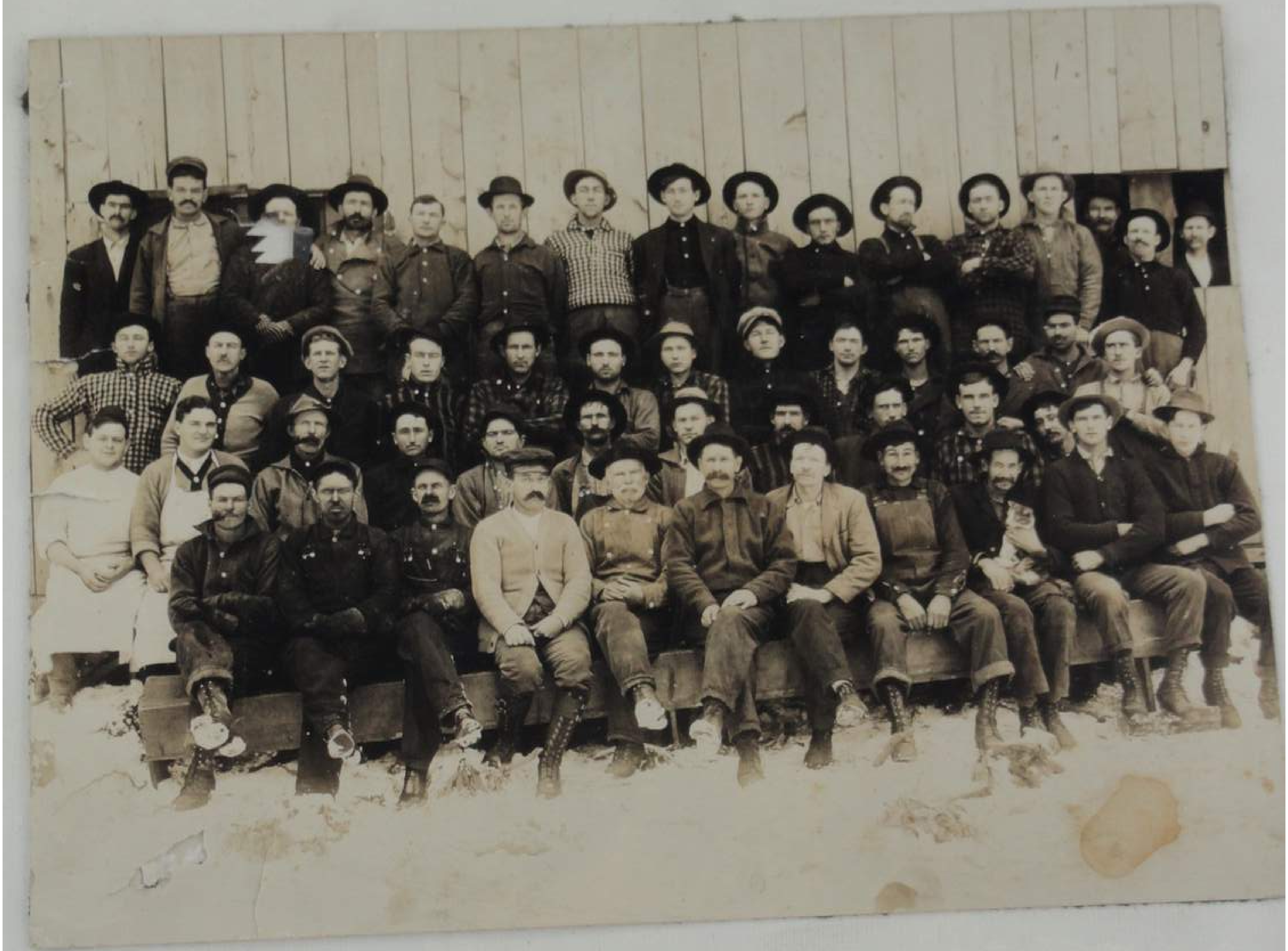
Guy Run Hollow 1920
Head of Dever Hollow
L-R- Cliff Sharp -Walker Ruckman
Charlie Mclaughlin -Ash Shultz
Meade Curry.



L-R. Harry Bussard
Walker Ruckman
Henderson Sharp
Meade Curry.

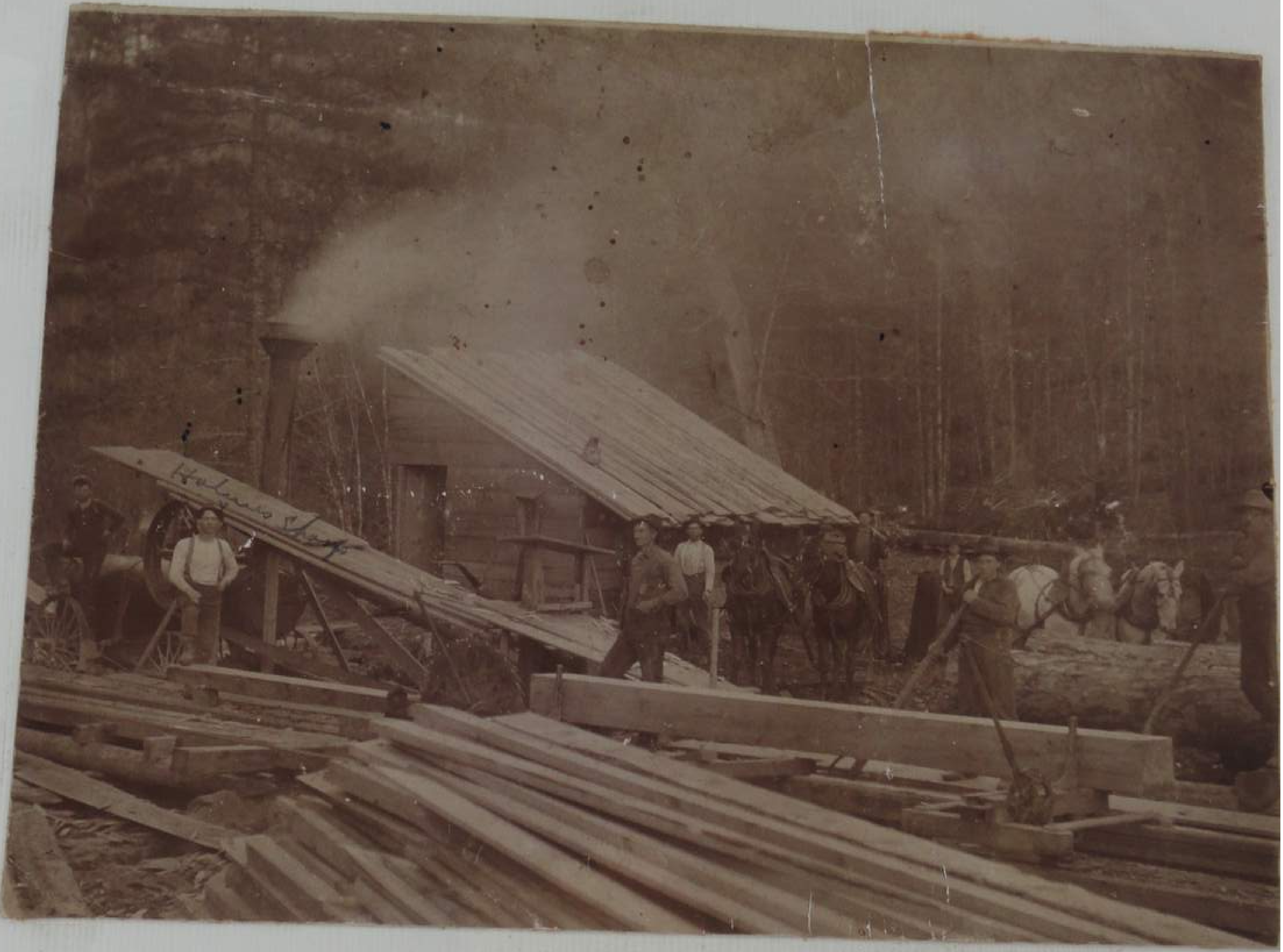


Green Mountain at Hendricks
W. Va.
1910 - Sam Harper
Lem Shrader

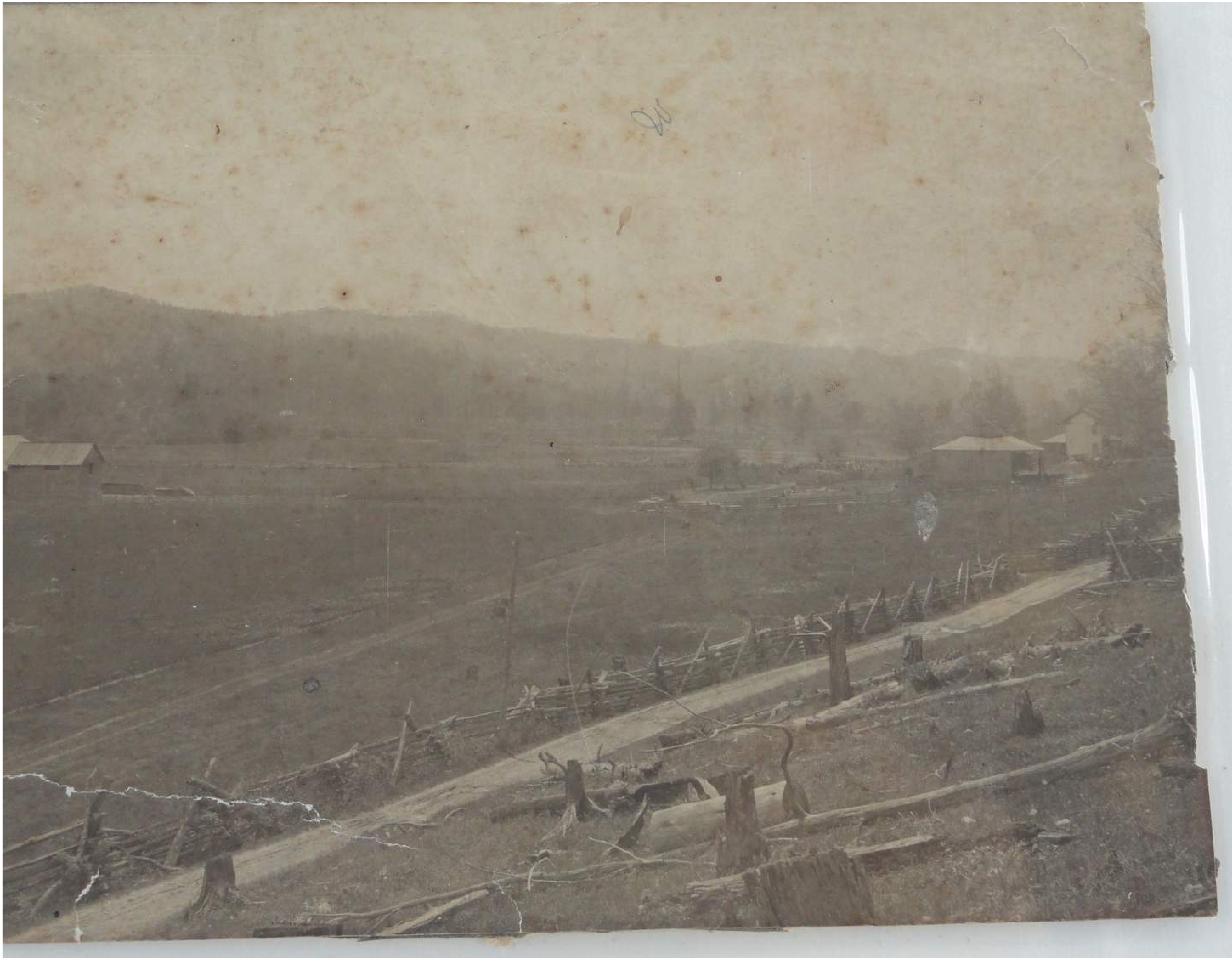


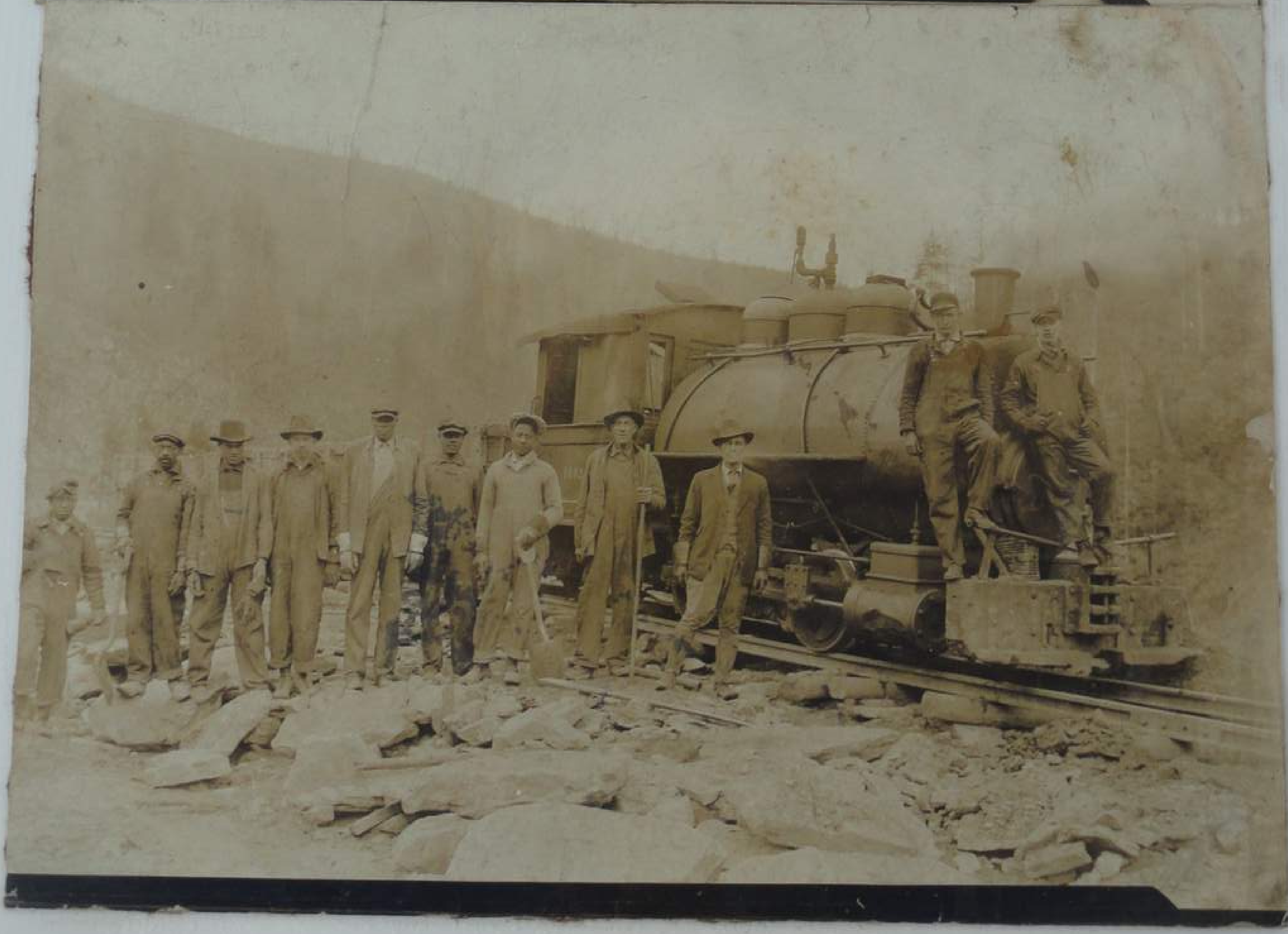
Maryland Lumber Co. 1918
At Denmar, W.Va.

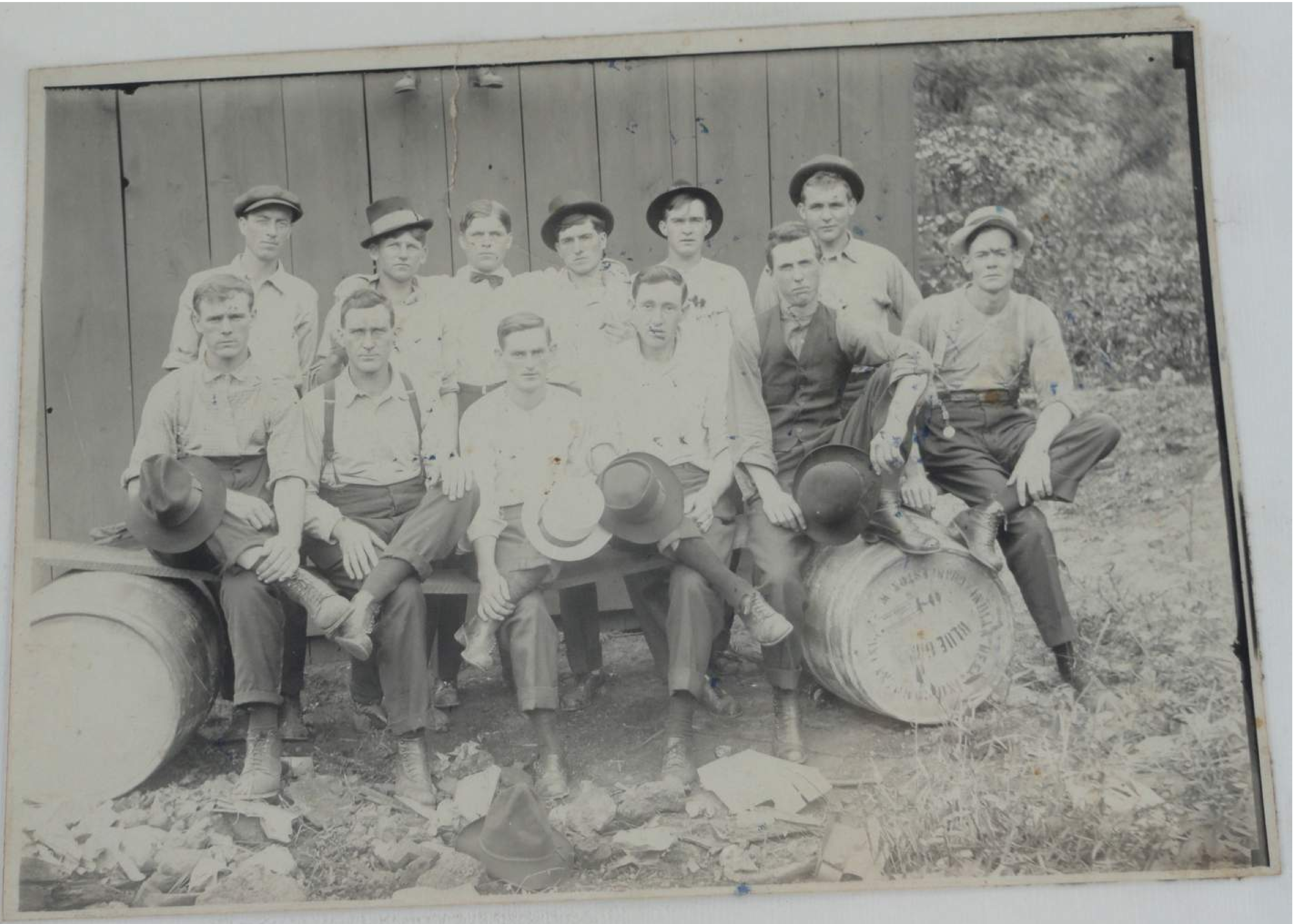
Jacob O'Cary - Bill Irvine
Sam Knight - Clarence Jordon
Clyde Sheets - Grover Friel

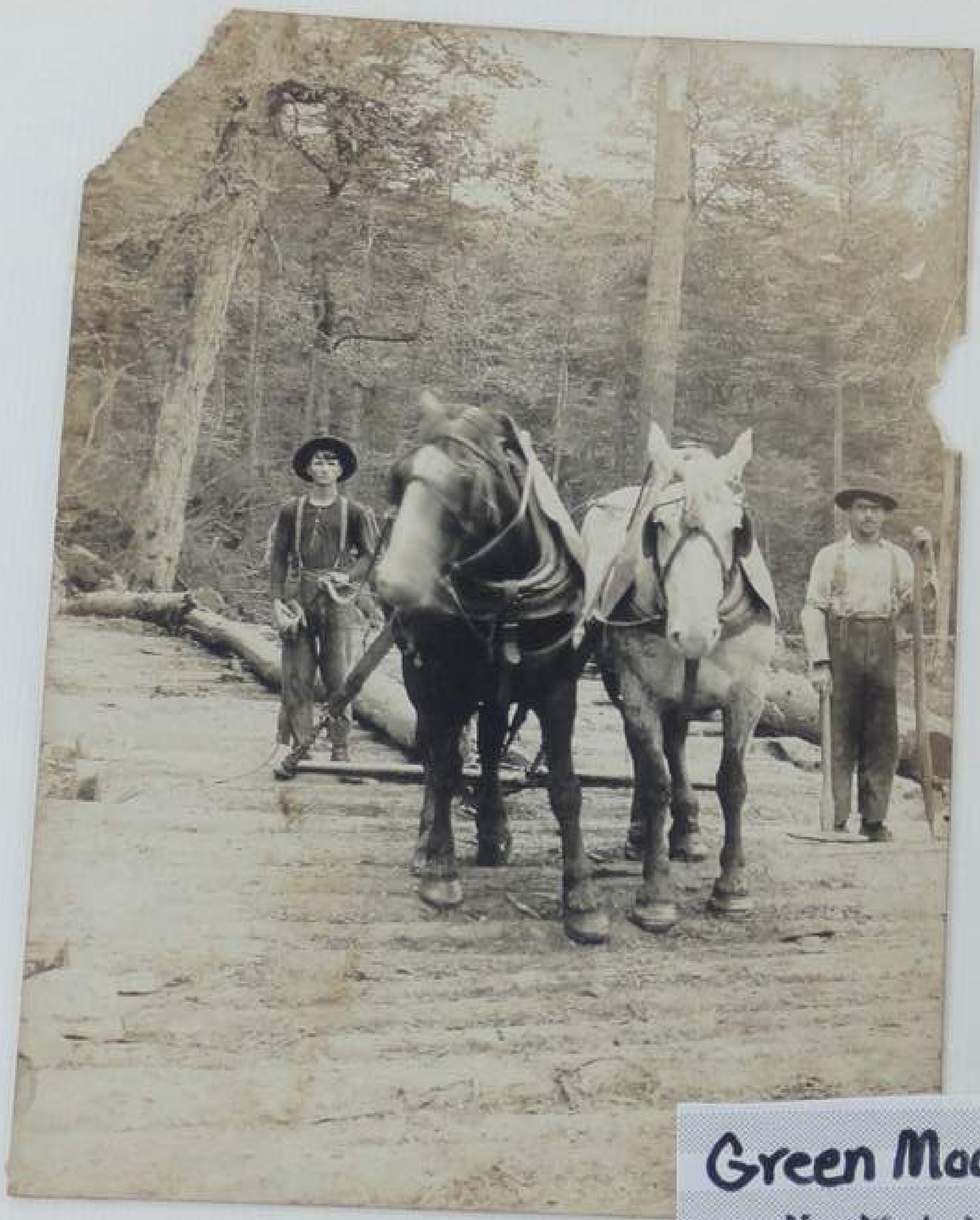

Holmes Shop

Wm. Bussard's Sawmill
At C.D. Newmans
1895



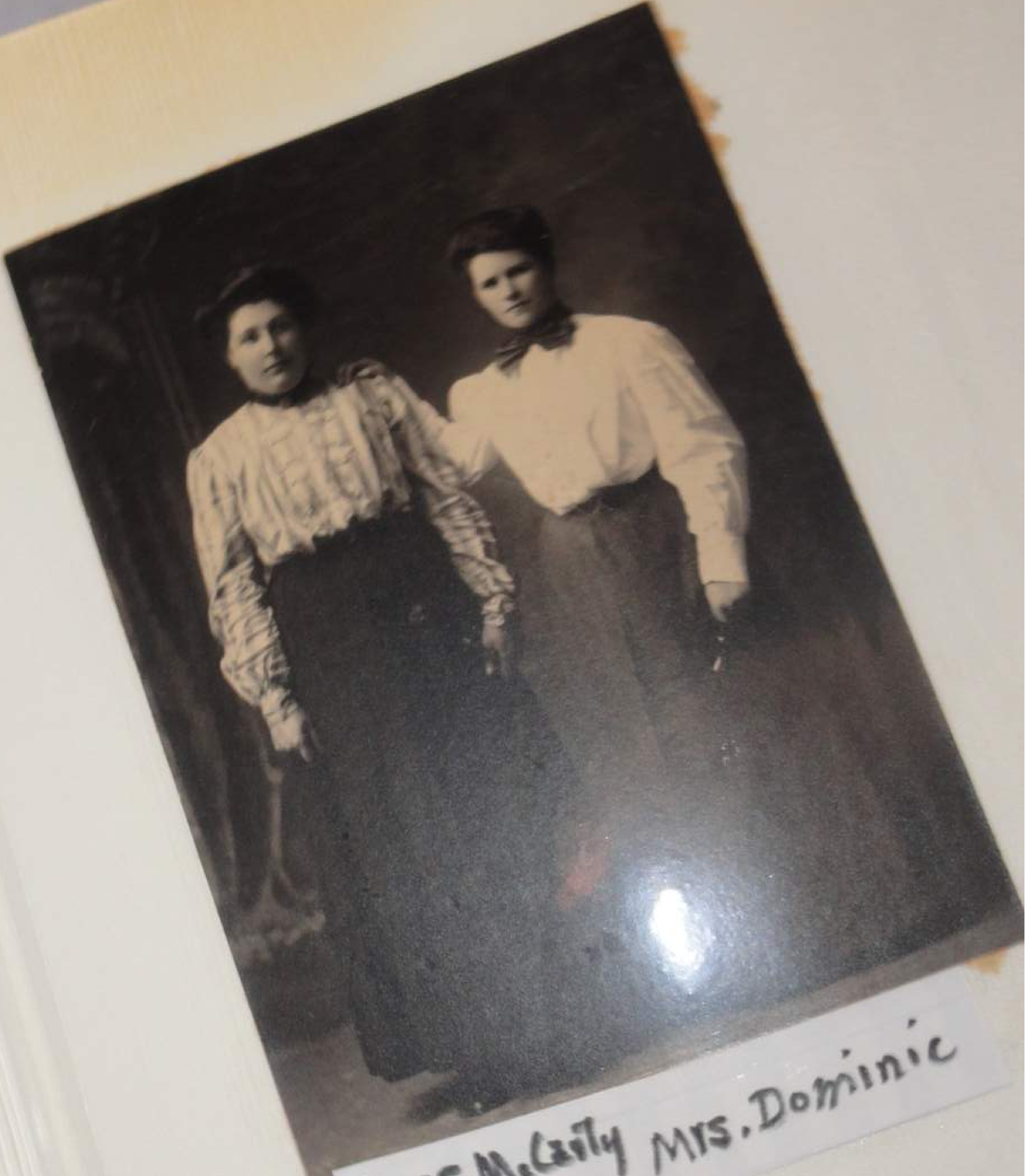




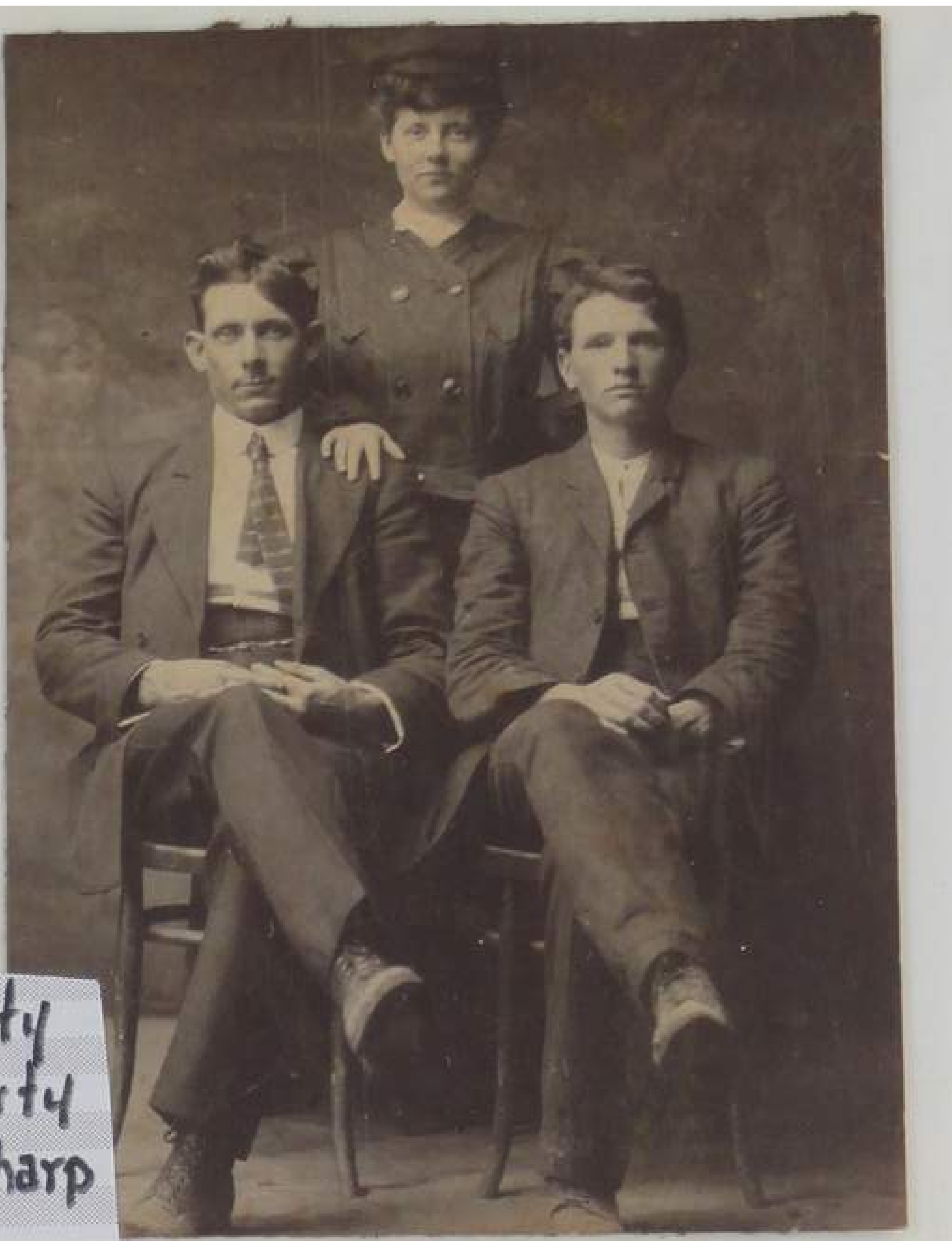


Green Mountain
Clint White
Henderson Sharp

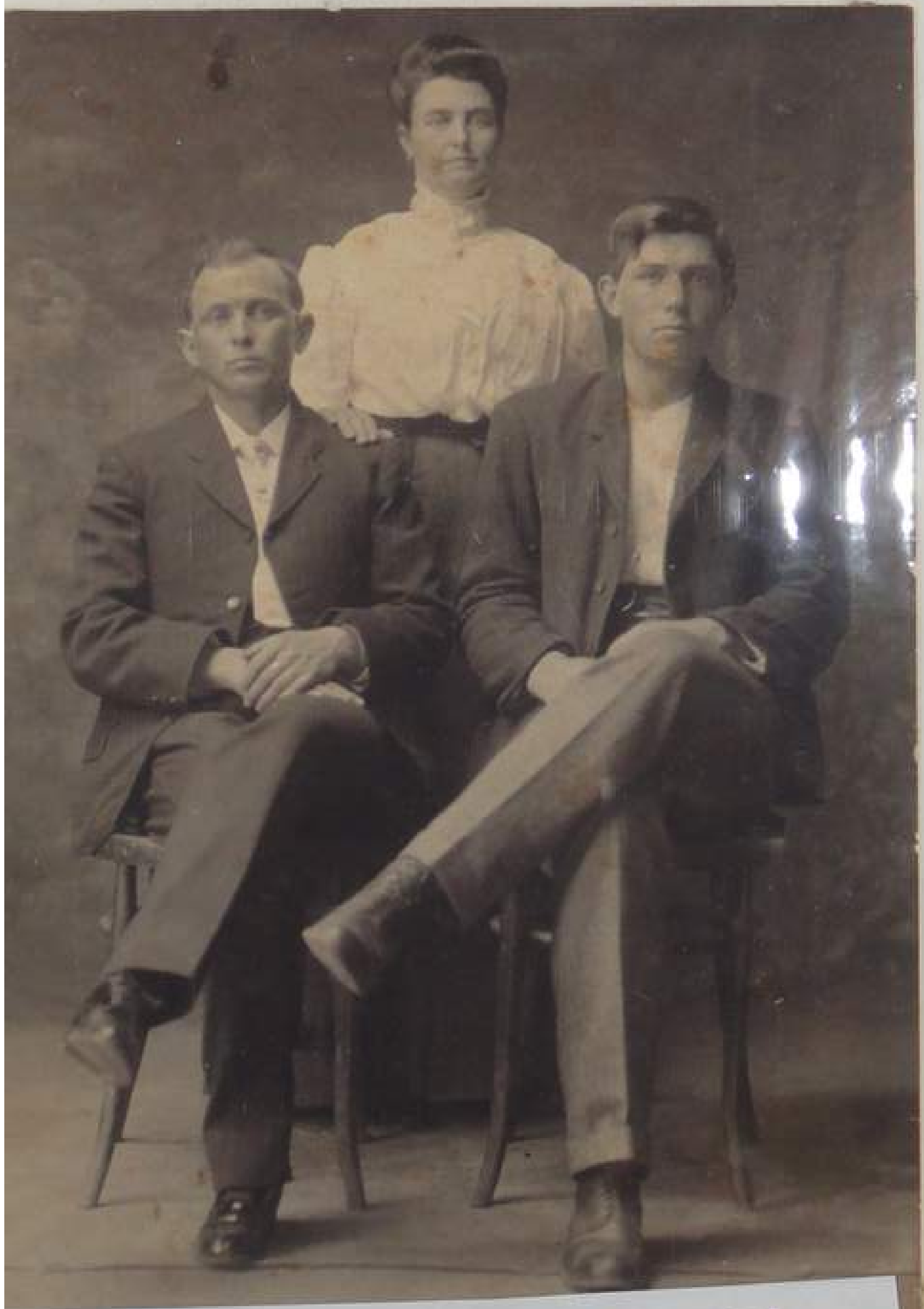
[illegible]



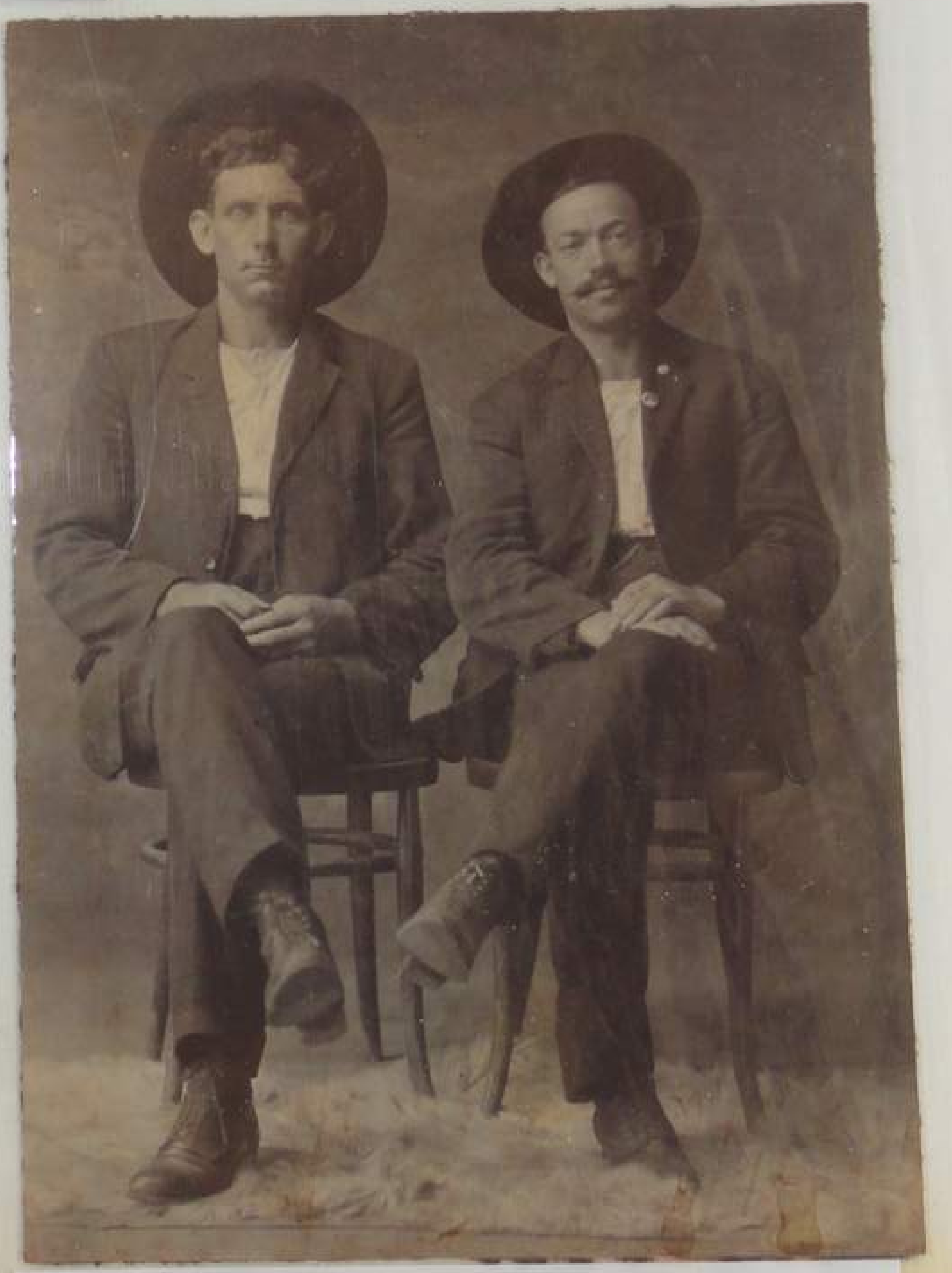
Bess McCarty Mrs. Dominic



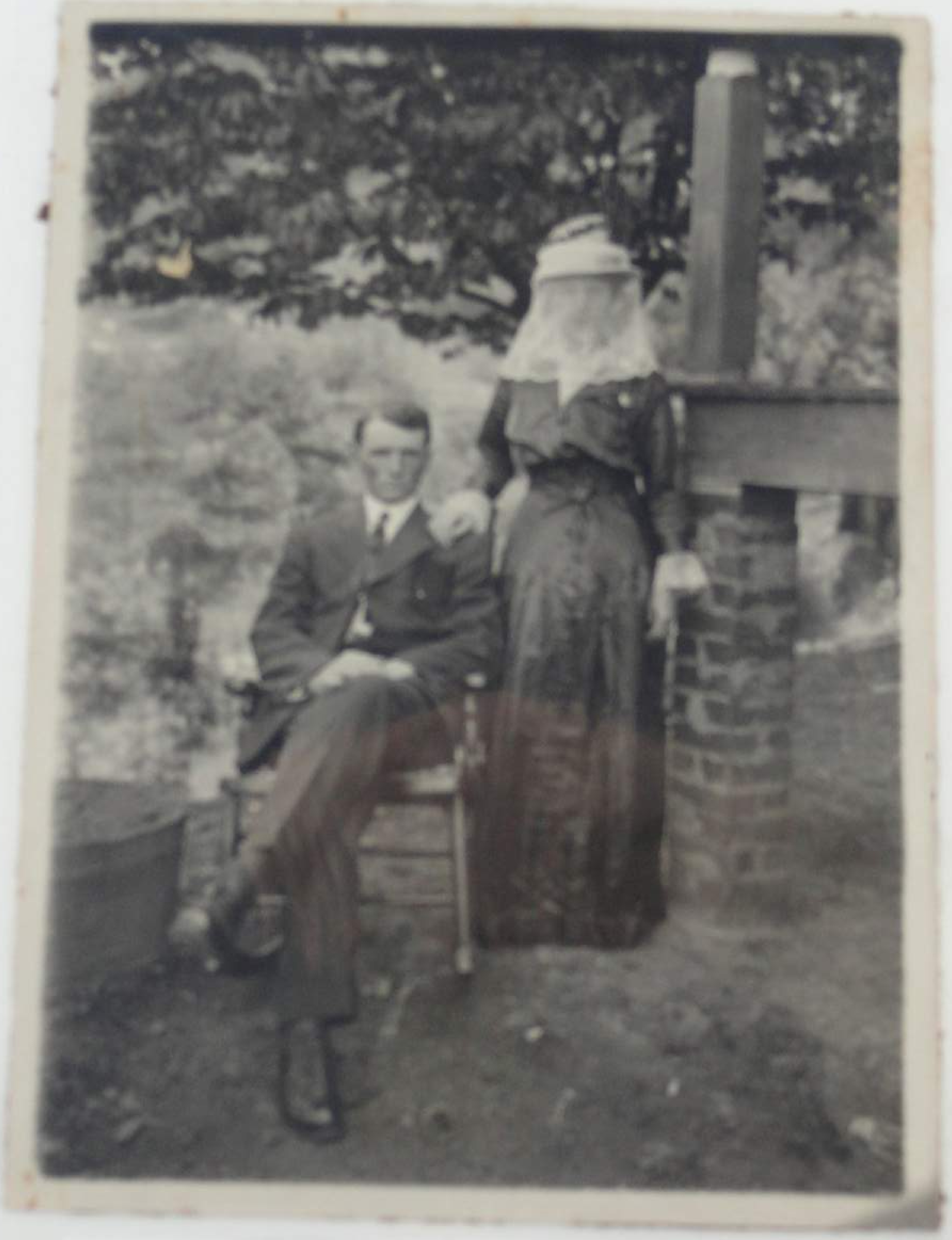
D.W. McCarty
Molly McCarty
Henderson Sharp



Creamer Sharp. Melvin Sharp
Estline Sharp



Dorse McCarty - Alan Ray



Henderson & Leta Sharp
Wedding Day
May 12, 1915

The Monongahela National Forest
In Cooperation With
The W. V. Dept. Of Natural Resources
Celebrates . . .

50th. Anniversary

1933 - 1983

A MESSAGE FROM THE FOREST SUPERVISOR

All of the Monongahela National Forest employees would like to take this opportunity to honor the Civilian Conservation Corps on its 50th Anniversary. Examples of CCC projects, such as picnic shelters, roads, trails, and thousands of acres of plantations, can be seen everywhere in the Forest.

We are thankful for the contributions to conservation and human development provided by the CCC. In honor of this 50th Anniversary, we hope alumni of the CCC will visit old projects and see for themselves the long term benefits of their labors.

RALPH F. MUMME
Forest Supervisor

MESSAGE FROM THE DIRECTOR OF DNR

On behalf of the West Virginia Department of Natural Resources, I am pleased to take this opportunity to recognize one of the most important programs in the history of our state and nation, the Civilian Conservation Corps. On this the fiftieth anniversary of the CCC, we should pause and give thanks to those individuals who were in large part responsible for the founding and development of West Virginia's state parks and forests. Many of the cabins, campgrounds, fire towers and roads built by enrollees in the CCC program are still in use today.

It is my hope that alumni and friends of the CCC will join us for the official 50th anniversary celebration of this significant program which contributed so greatly to the conservation of the natural resources of the State of West Virginia.

Sincerely,

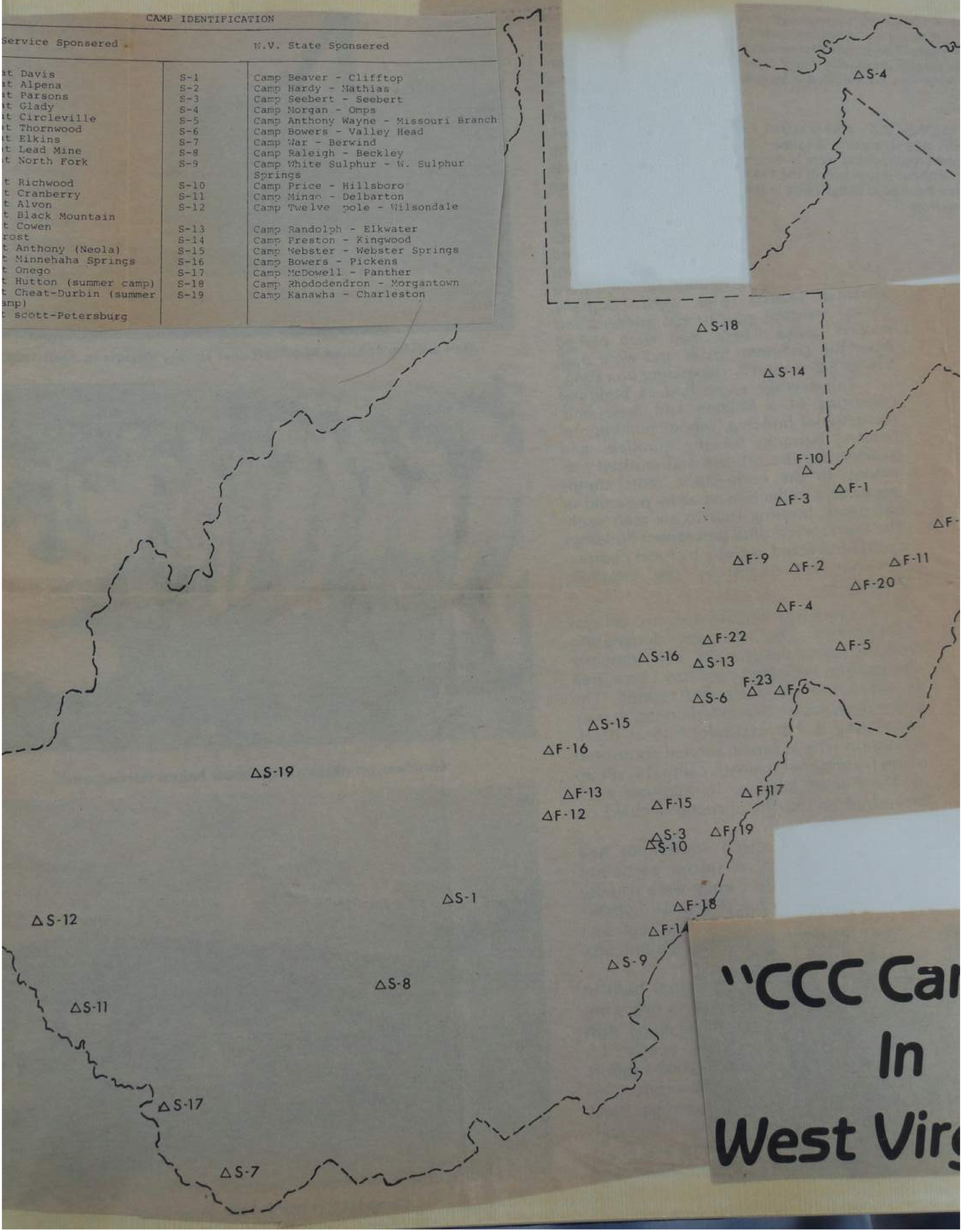
Dave Callaghan

David C. Callaghan
Director

"CCC Ca
In
West Virg

CAMP IDENTIFICATION

Service Sponsered		W.V. State Sponsered
at Davis	S-1	Camp Beaver - Clifftop
at Alpena	S-2	Camp Hardy - Mathias
at Parsons	S-3	Camp Seebert - Seebert
at Glady	S-4	Camp Morgan - Omps
at Circleville	S-5	Camp Anthony Wayne - Missouri Branch
at Thornwood	S-6	Camp Bowers - Valley Head
at Elkins	S-7	Camp War - Berwind
at Lead Mine	S-8	Camp Raleigh - Beckley
at North Fork	S-9	Camp White Sulphur - W. Sulphur Springs
t Richwood	S-10	Camp Price - Hillsboro
t Cranberry	S-11	Camp Mingo - Delbarton
t Alvon	S-12	Camp Twelve pole - Wilsondale
t Black Mountain		
t Cowen	S-13	Camp Randolph - Elkwater
rost	S-14	Camp Preston - Kingwood
t Anthony (Neola)	S-15	Camp Webster - Webster Springs
t Minnehaha Springs	S-16	Camp Bowers - Pickens
t Onego	S-17	Camp McDowell - Panther
t Hutton (summer camp)	S-18	Camp Rhododendron - Morgantown
t Cheat-Durbin (summer amp)	S-19	Camp Kanawha - Charleston
t scott-Petersburg		


△S-4
△S-18
△S-14
F-10 △
△F-1
△F-3
△F-
△F-9
△F-2
△F-11
△F-20
△F-4
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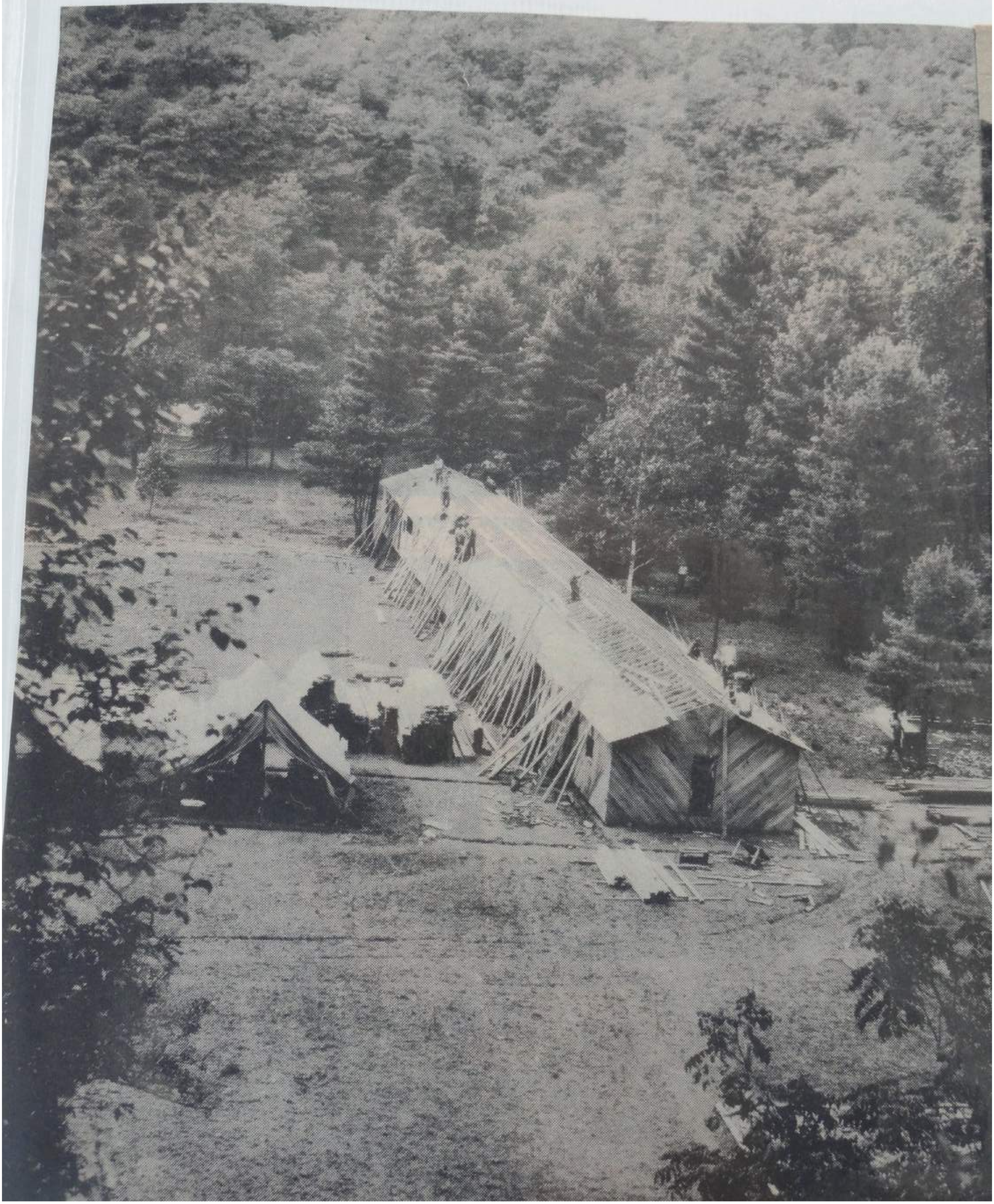


Planting trees in 1933 has made the Monongahela rich in timber resources today.

Construction of barracks at Camp Leadmine, F-10.

WORK PROJECTS

Work projects during the CCC's nine year history were as varied as the men doing them. Originally, the projects were confined to forestry, park development, and soil erosion control, but later they included disaster relief, historical restoration, and national defense.

The variety and amount of work by the C.C.C. is so great that there is not enough space in this publication to list them all. For an idea of the magnitude of work done, here is a sampling of the work done between 1933 and 1942. 3,400 Fire Lookout Towers were constructed, more than 6 million man-days were spent fighting forest fires, 13,100 miles of foot trails were constructed, and more than 2 billion trees were planted.

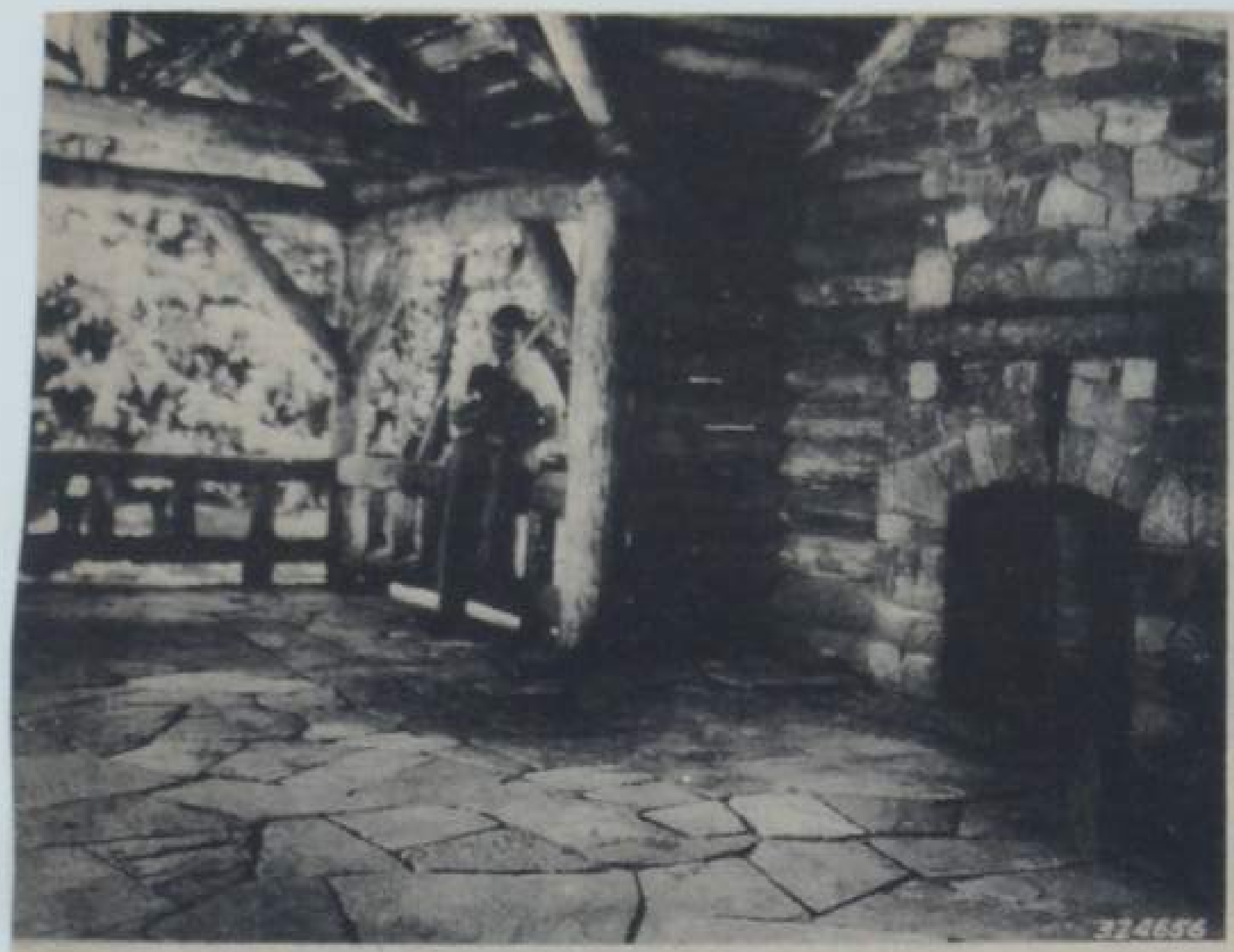
BACKGROUND

When Franklin D. Roosevelt became President in 1933, the Nation was still in the grip of a serious economic depression. This economic depression had lingered on after the stock market crash of 1929 and times were tough.

One of his first acts was to ask Congress for a large appropriation for emergency conservation work. This was quickly granted. This emergency conservation work fund was dubbed ECW for short.

He then established a corps of young men to perform conservation work and called them the Civilian Conservation Corps. However, it was not until June 28, 1937 that Congress enacted legislation to officially establish the Civilian Conservation Corps. This was Public Law No. 163 of the 75th Congress. Section 4 of this act summed up the legislation by stating: "There are hereby transferred to the corps all enrolled personnel, records, papers, property, funds, and obligations of the Emergency Conversation Work established under the act of March 31, 1933 (48-Stats. 22) as amended."

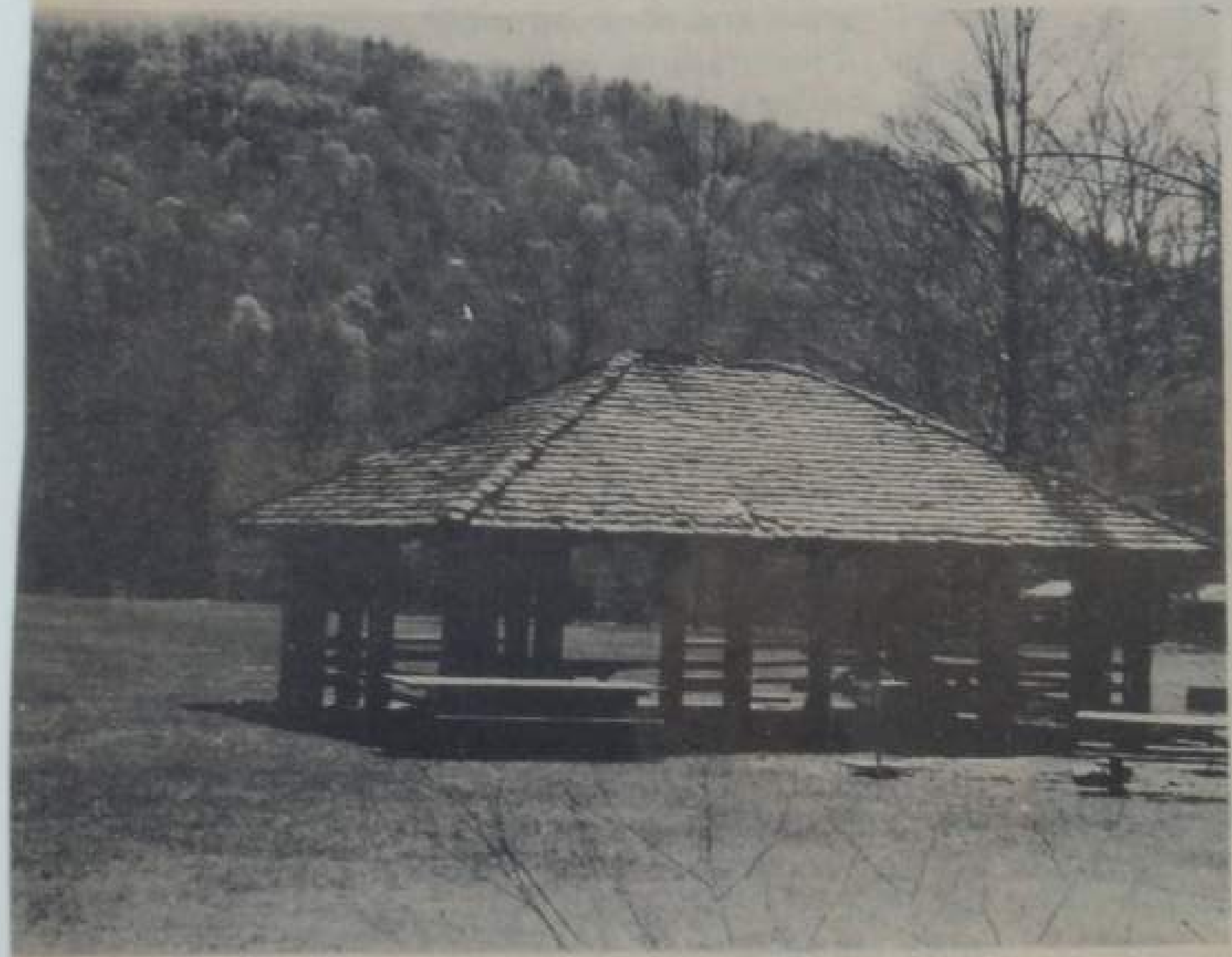
The purpose was to give these young men employment, get them off the streets and to help the families who were in financial difficulties and at the same time get much needed conservation work done in National, State and private forests, National Parks, and other public areas. This organization of young men has been considered to be the finest emergency agencies ever established.



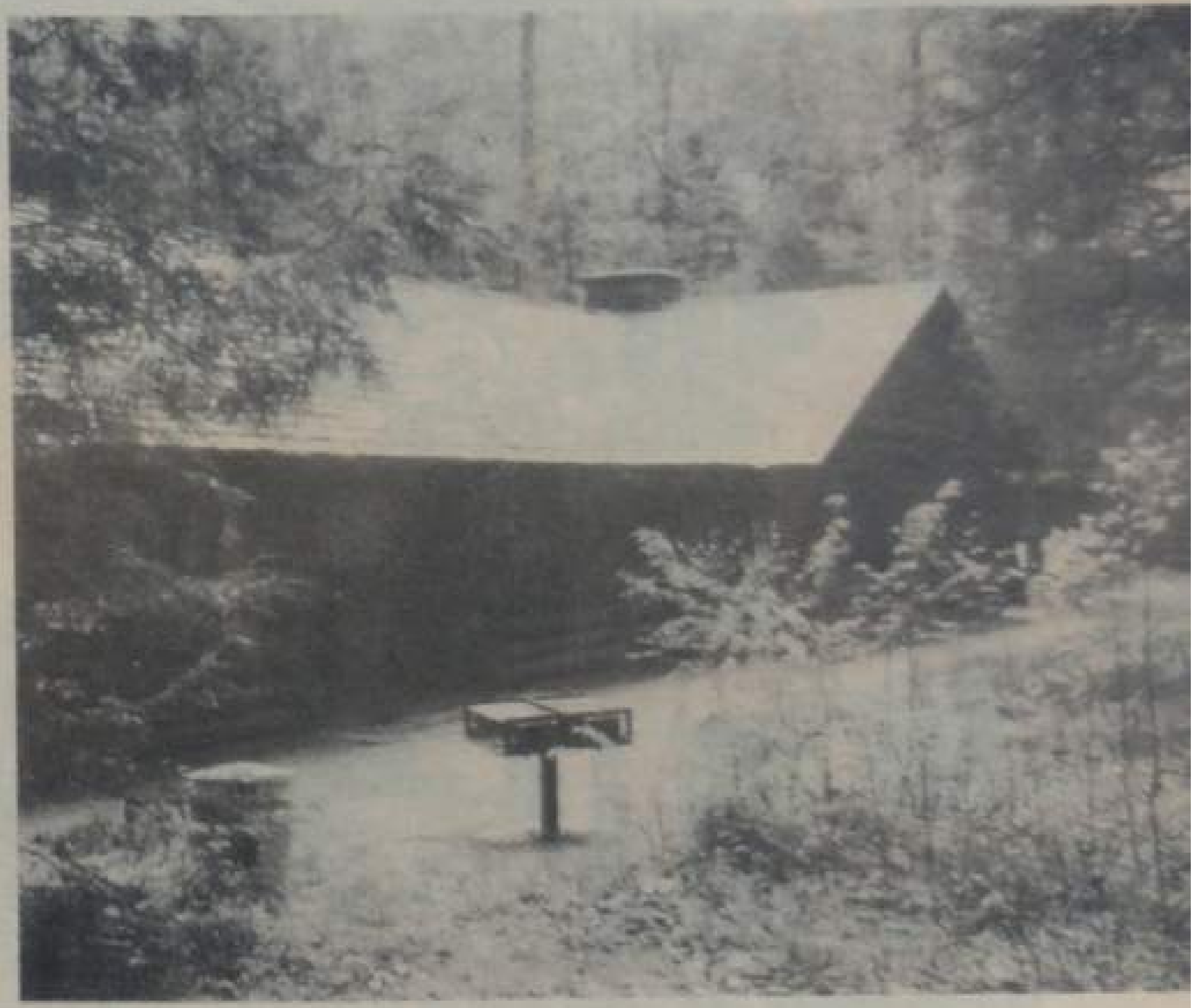
Fine original construction can be seen in the existing Stuart Picnic Shelter built by the CCC in 1936.

STILL EXISTING TODAY

The CCC program is gone but not forgotten. Their experience and work are not just memories. The CCC's have left their mark forever, in the improved natural resources and projects built by them that are still standing today.



Woodbine Picnic Area.



Blue Bend Picnic Shelter.

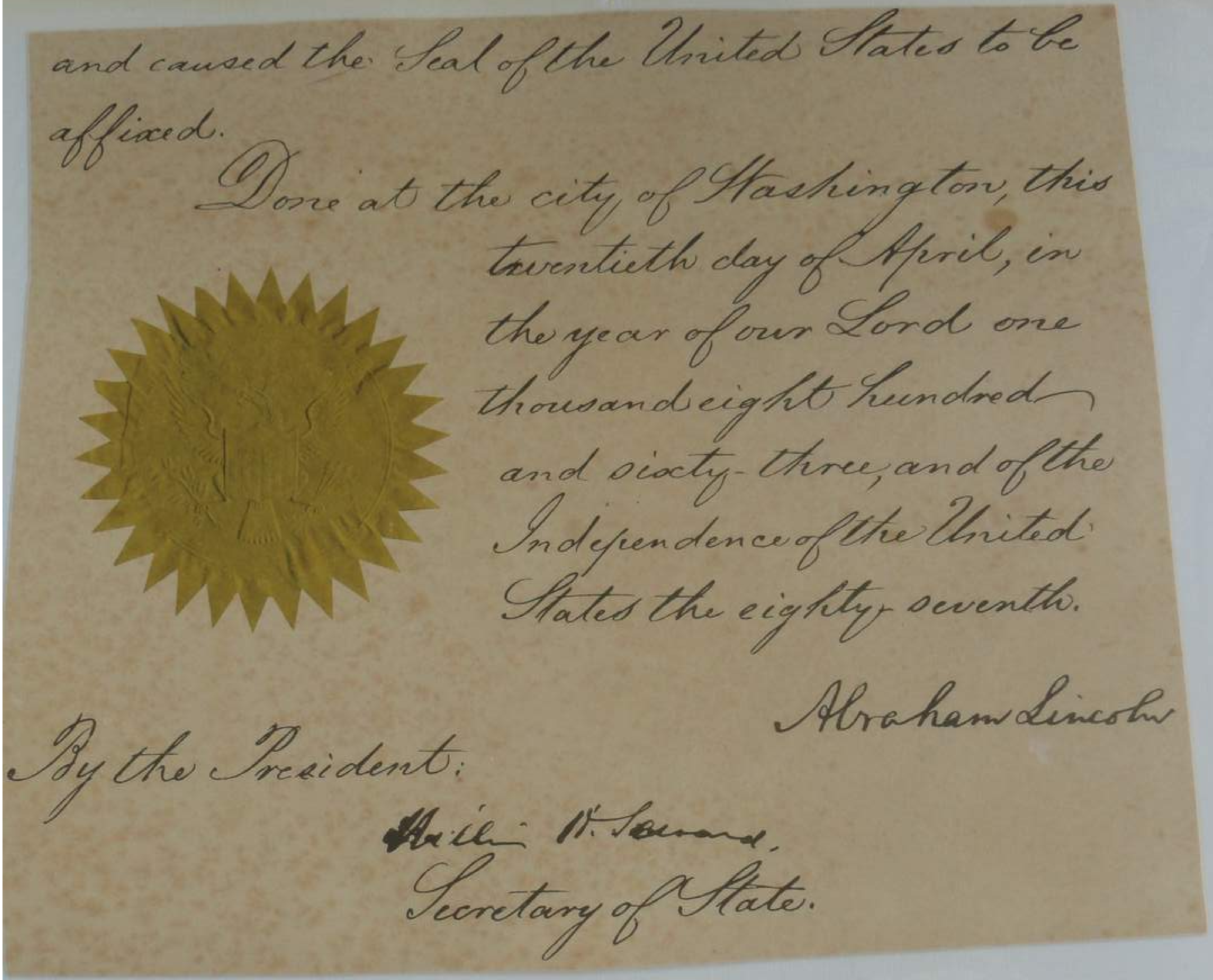
A Proclamation.

Whereas, by the Act of Congreſs approved the 31st day of December, last, the State of West Virginia was declared to be one of the United States of America, and was admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States in all respects whatever, upon the condition that certain changes should be duly made in the proposed Constitution for that State;

And, whereas, proof of a compliance with that condition as required by the Second Section of the Act aforesaid, has been submitted to me;

Now, therefore, be it known, that I Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do, hereby, in pursuance of the Act of Congreſs aforesaid, declare and proclaim that the said act shall take effect and be in force, from and after sixty days from the date hereof.

In witneſs whereof, I have hereunto set my hand



and caused the Seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this twentieth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

Abraham Lincoln

By the President:

William H. Seward,
Secretary of State.

A REPRODUCTION of President Lincoln's Proclamation declaring West Virginia one of the States of the United States, made available as a contribution to

WEST VIRGINIA'S CENTENNIAL 1963
by MONONGAHELA POWER COMPANY
A part of the Allegheny Power System

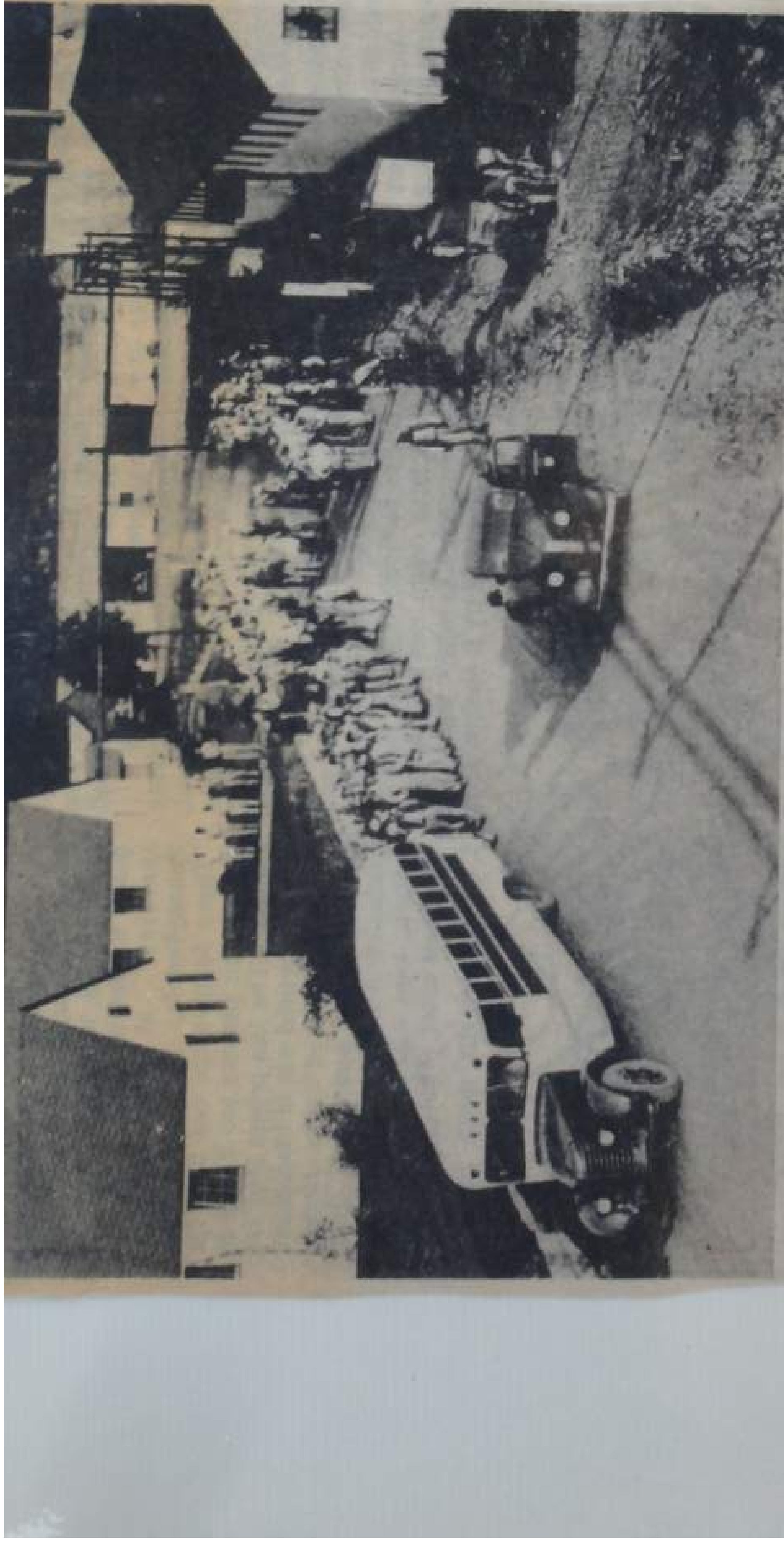
Doing time on Kennison Mountain
Pocahontas County's forgotten prison farm

By Maureen Crockett

If you turn left down the Scenic Highway near the Cranberry Visitor Center in Pocahontas County, the spectacular view includes vast stands of spruce trees. Prison inmates planted 22,000 of them 40 years ago. For here on this mountain there was once a federal prison with no locks, a place where inmates kept their dignity and humanity, where prisoners and guards had respect for each other. But Mill Point Federal Prison Camp, a success story in a field where success stories are too few, has been closed now for 25 years.

The prison began in September 1938, 17 miles southwest of Marlinton. This wild area is part of the Monongahela National Forest, which had no road between Mill Point and Richwood until the prisoners came to build one for the Federal Bureau of Public Roads. Once Route 39, the road is now part of the Highland Trace.

While the inmates and officers lived in tents at an elevation of 3,500 feet and slowly built the road, the federal government decided to turn the temporary camp into a permanent minimum security prison. Leaving those tents for permanent quarters was a happy move because winters are hard in Pocahontas County, with heavy doses of rain, snow, sleet, dense fog, and high winds. One of the early superintendents, Mylton Kennedy, wrote, "We're on the Arctic island in West Virginia." In the winter of 1944 almost five feet of snow fell. Even with a snow plow, the prison was marooned sometimes for days until the roads were cleared.



Another day begins at Mill Point, as inmates line up in the early morning sun for assignment to work details. Photographer unknown, 1944.

The little valley near the Cranberry Glades soon filled, with a dining hall, three dormitories, a warehouse, boiler plant, school, administration building, infirmary, sawmill, and craft shop. Nine houses for employees and a community building came next, up the hill at the edge of the forest.

This prison in the woods would have no fences, no walls, and minimum supervision. Inmates knew to stay inside the white posts spaced every 40 feet around their legal perimeter. Each had a "Keep Inside" sign, and that was enough. In winter the posts were covered with snow, so the inmates used their judgment. The clientele here were obviously not fiends, murderers, and world-class drug dealers. Most were essentially good people who somehow had run afoul of federal law.

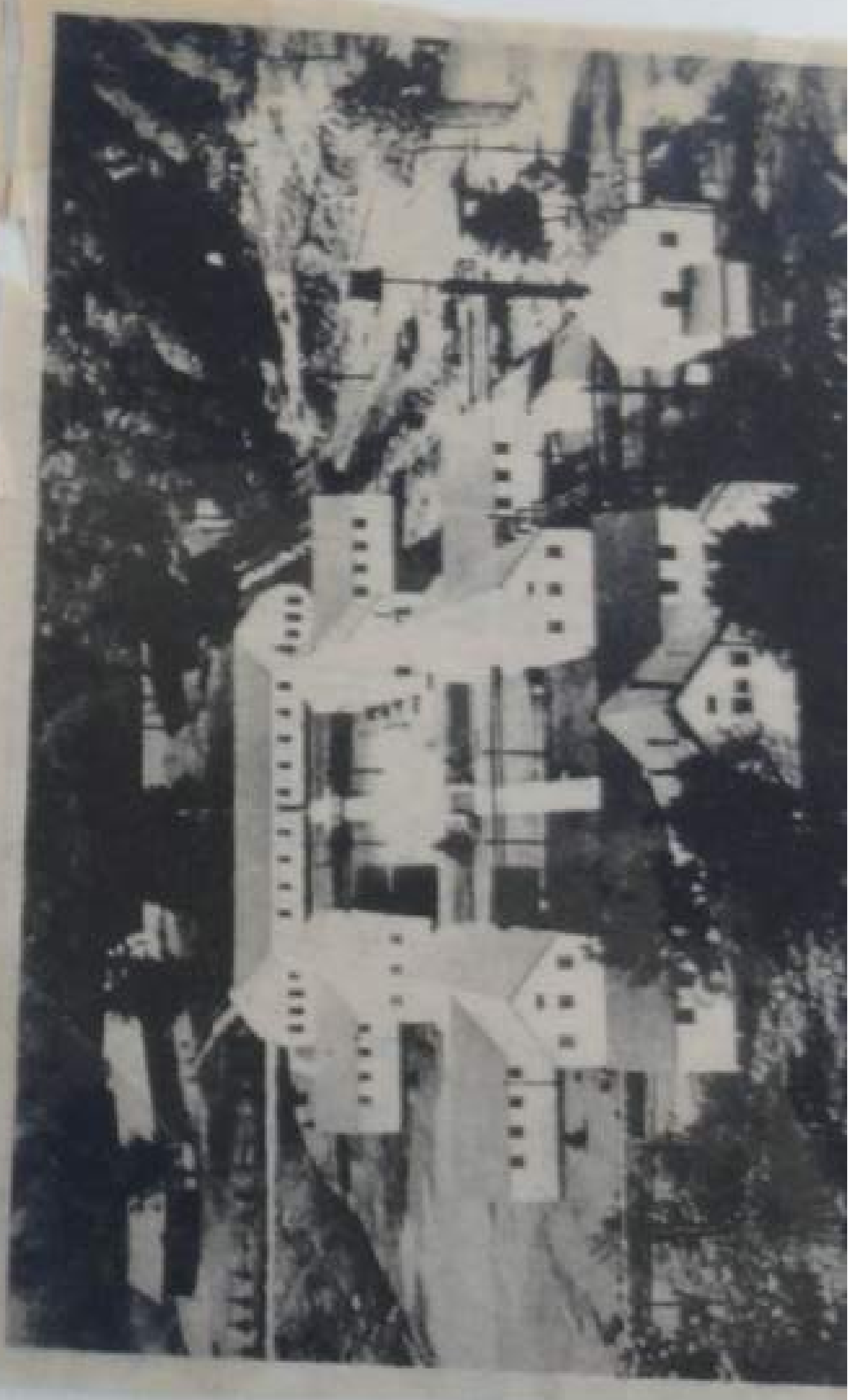
Charles C. Farmer, known as Chester by his friends, retired now and living at the bottom of Kennison Mountain in Hillsboro with wife Virgina, came to Mill Point after World War II. His New Martinsville family are proud descendants of West Virginia's first white settler, Morgan Morgan, "if you strain a lot," as Chester says. Because he was a veteran, Chester got preference in housing and moved Virginia and their two daughters, Anne, 8, and Edith, 6, to the prison at war's end in 1945.

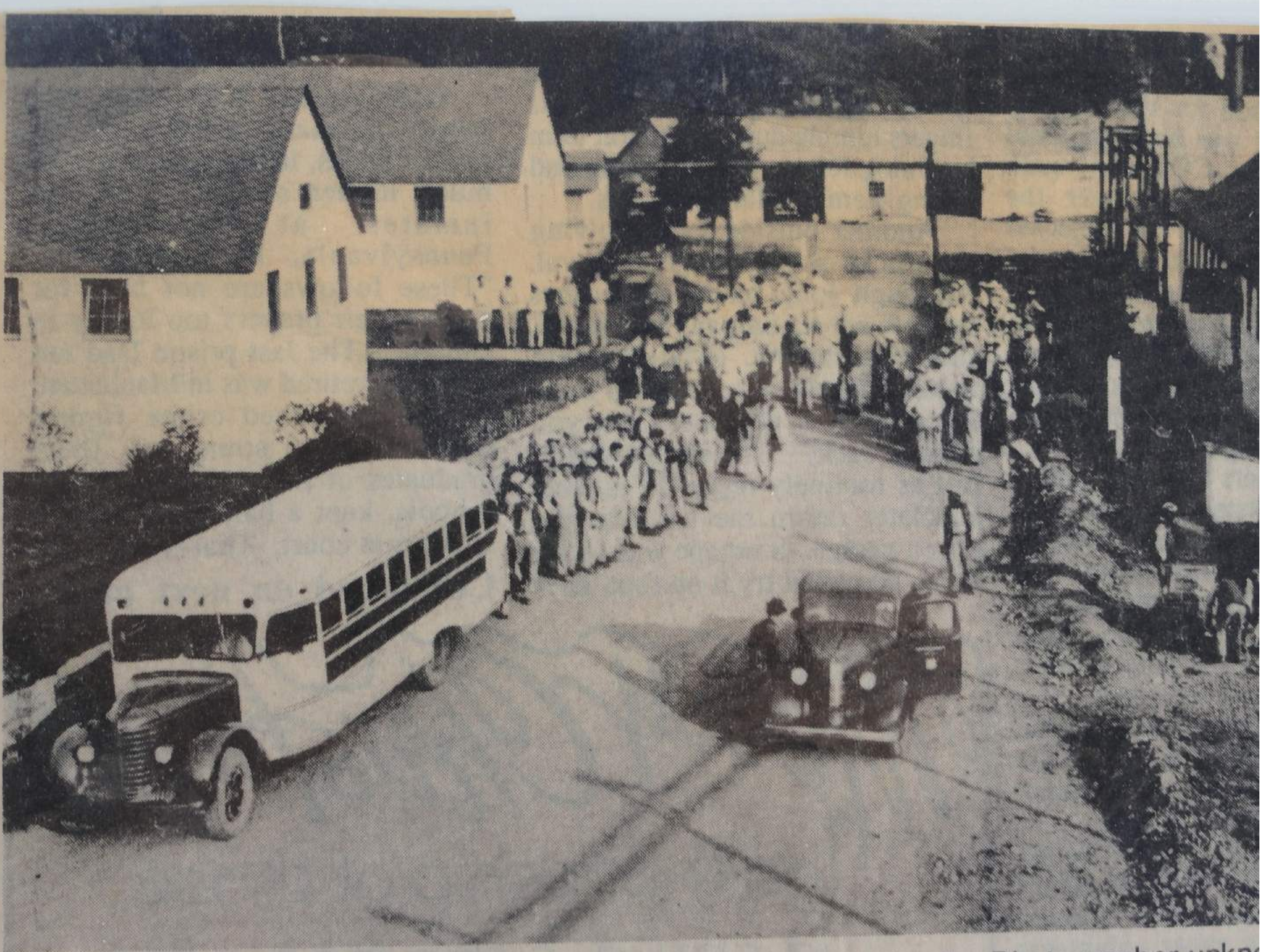
Mill Point, built for 300 inmates, almost always ran full. Thirty employees ran the prison and costs back then were low; during World War II the annual budget was $134,569. Most inmates stayed only a short time, six to 18 months, and the government also

Normal routine had prisoners rising at 6 a. m., dressing, eating, and then working from 8 to 4:30 p. m. After work they could rest or enjoy outdoor activities. After supper they had to be indoors, either in the dorm, taking classes, making crafts, visiting the library or writing home.

After 10:30, the guard on night shift found he had more time than other employees, so he inspected the inmates' mail. No letter was cut up or blacked out, but if an incoming message concerned home problems that might cause grief or anger the parole officer got to see the letter so he could discuss the problem with the inmate. No letter was destroyed but there was political censorship and that caused trouble during the Second World War, especially with Jehovah's Witnesses who opposed being forced to fight by the United States government.

Newcomers to the prison in the woods often did not realize what a progressive place it was, and other inmates did not always help them find out. The prison well, dug up the hill above the dorms, had a white picket fence around it. When new inmates asked what the fence was for, they were told, "That's our graveyard. If you die, you still do your time. They put you up there until your time is up."





Mill Point, as inmates to work details. Photographer unkno

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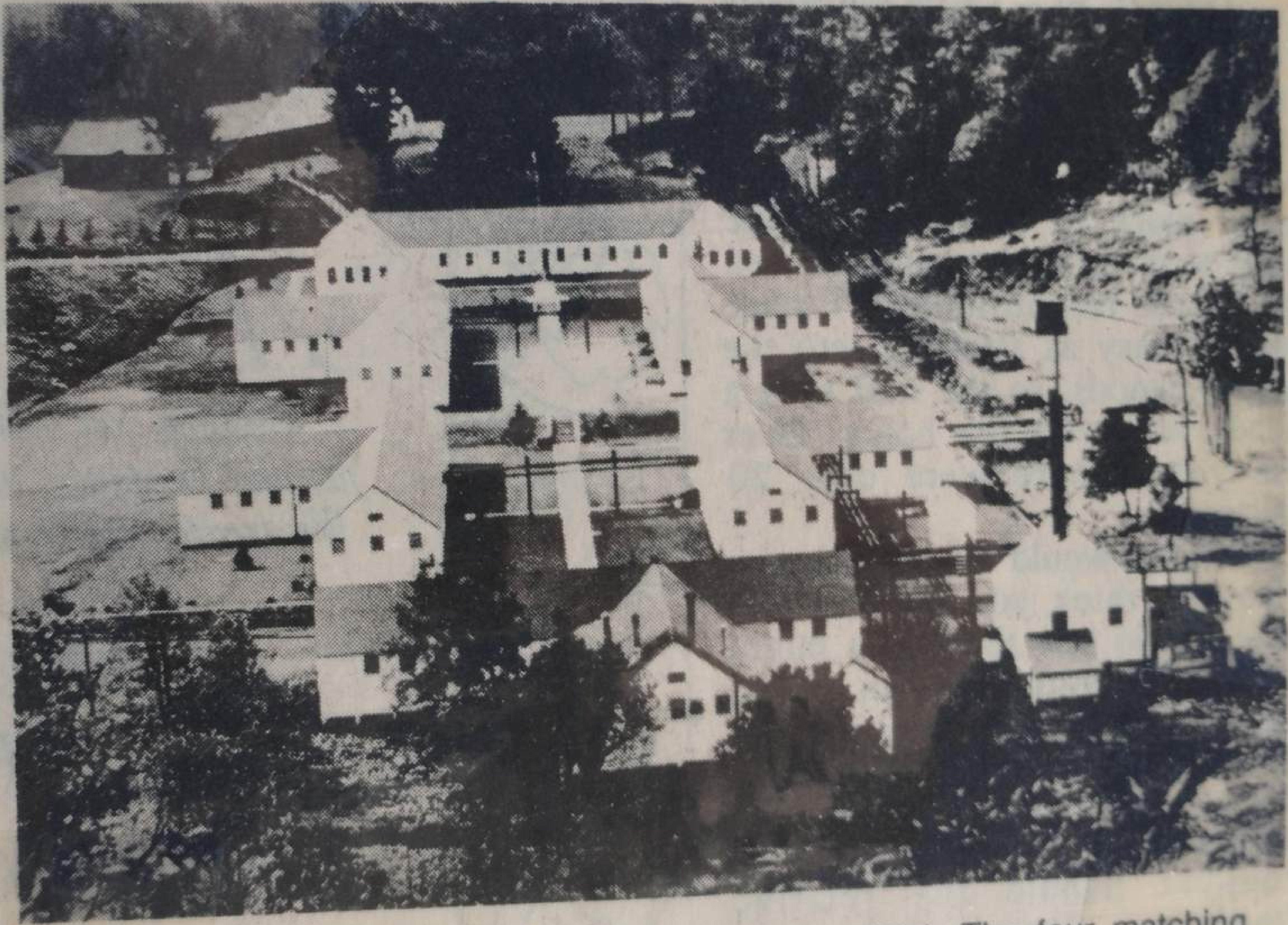

Mill Point Federal Prison in its heyday (mid-1940's). The four matching buildings are dormitories, with the administrative building (rear) and the dining hall (foreground) closing the quadrangle. Nothing remains today.

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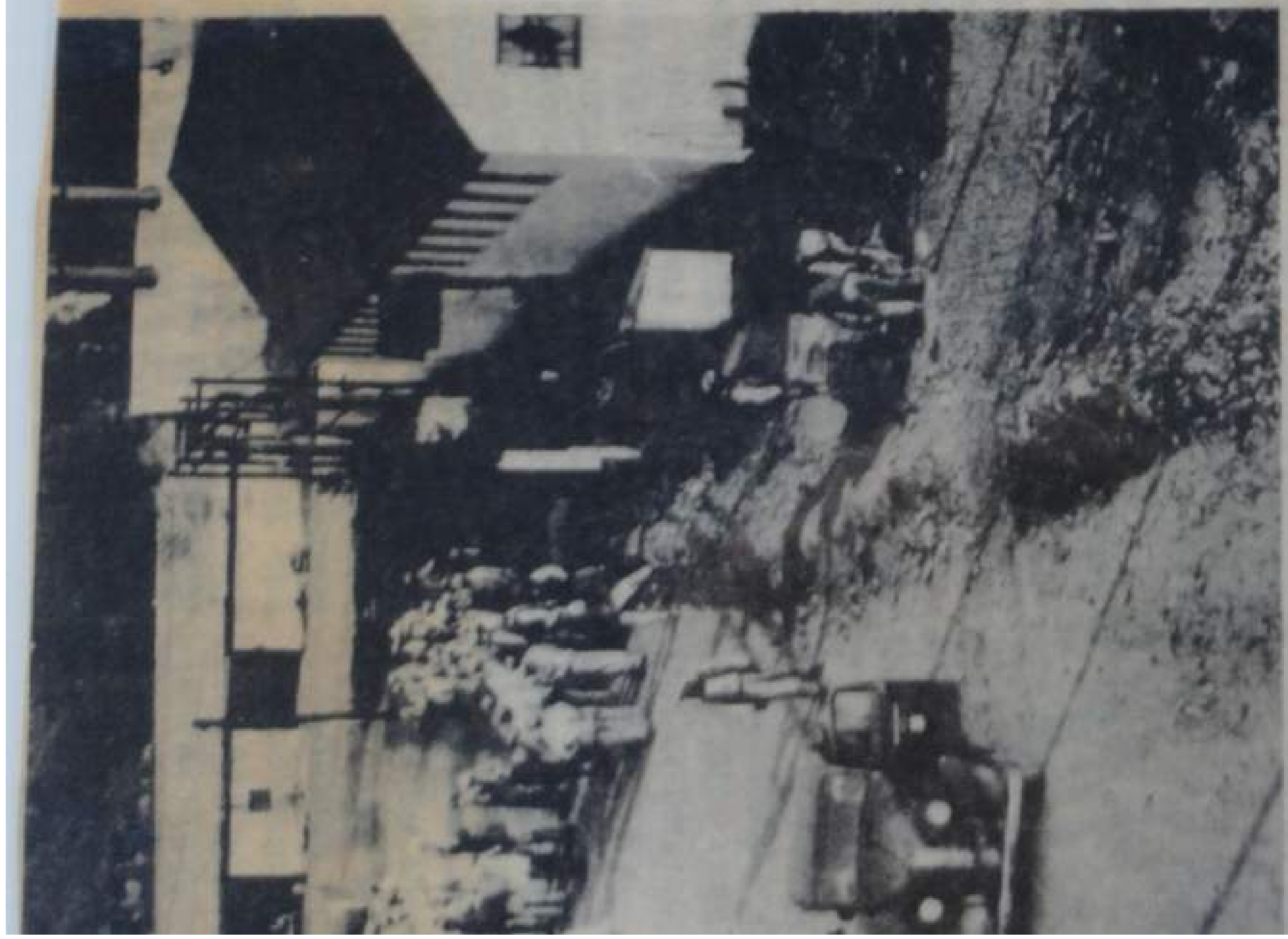

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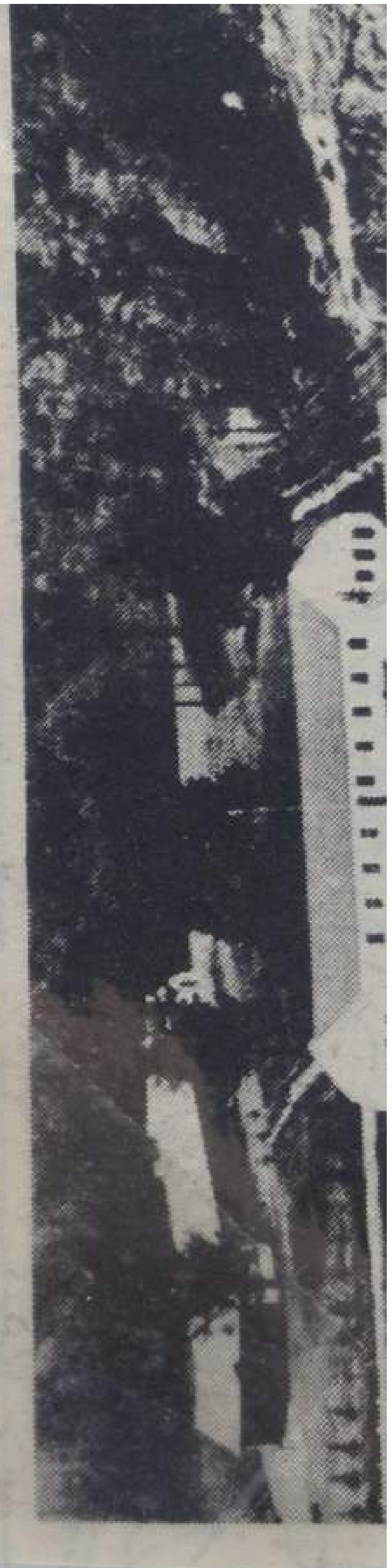
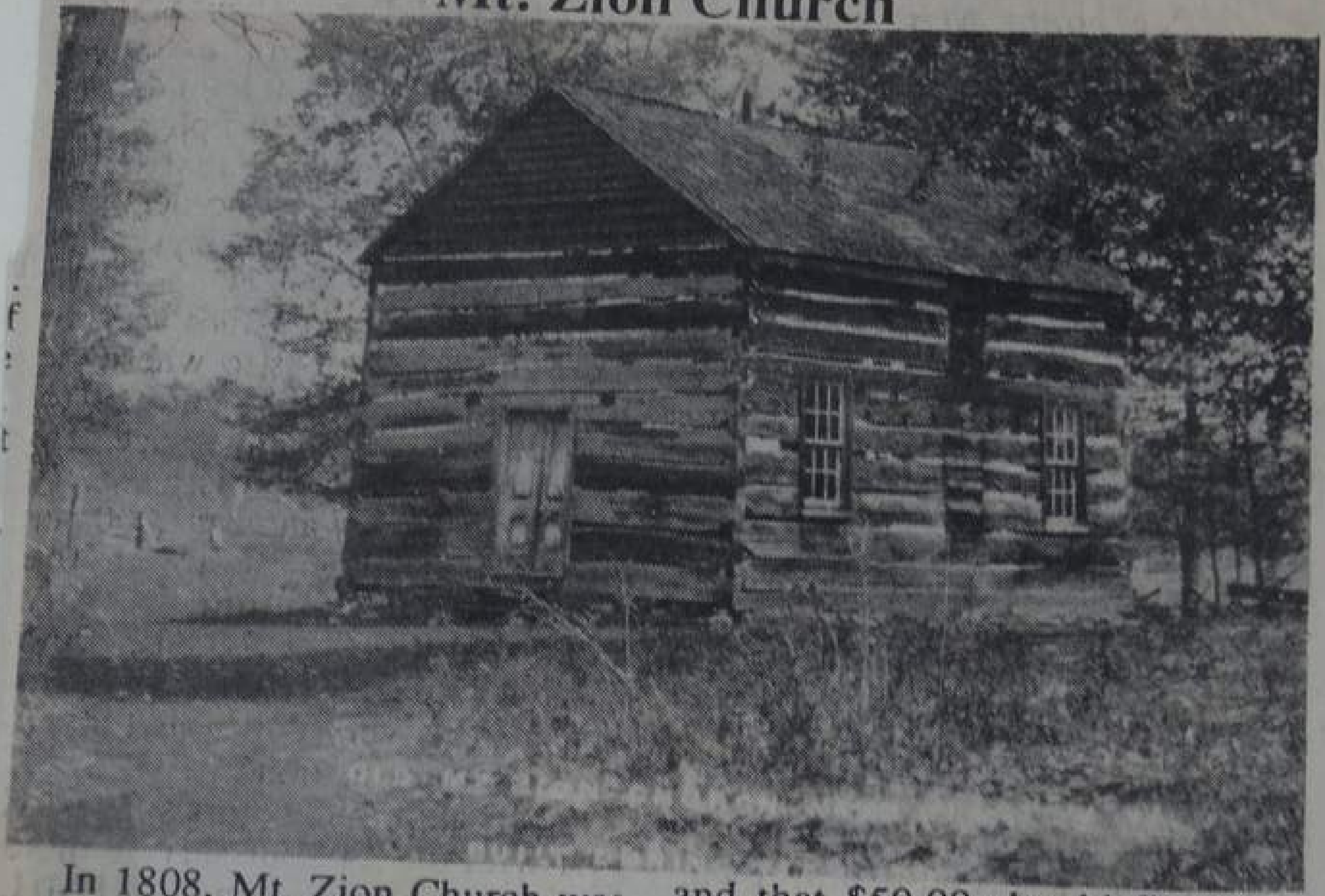


Mt. Zion Church



In 1808, Mt. Zion Church was built on land belonging to Felix Grimes, who settled in the Hill Country in the year of 1770. The deed was given for the church on September 6, 1836, by Charles Grimes (son of Felix) and Martha, his wife, to James Wanless, William Moore, John Wanless, James Grimes, John Sharp, Henry Arbogast and John Waugh - trustees. Consisting of two acres and 51 poles, it was a part of the survey of 510 acres granted to Felix Grimes by patent and devised to the said Charles Grimes in his will. They sold it to the trustees for five dollars.

The deed reads thus - Together with all of the wood waters there to belonging to the above mentined and described, price of land to the above named trustees and their successors in office forever. That shall erect or cause to be erected a house. A place to worship of God through the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America. According to the rules of desciple ship.

I have been told that a quarterly Conference was held at the said church in 1840. In a report to Conference by the trustees, Martin Dilley, Washington Moore and Beverley Waugh, they stated that the building was completed to the ceiling, the cost had been $300.00 and that $50.00 should finish it. Hanson Dilley bought the stone, paid $5.00 for it. Preston Moore, Harvey Curry and Moses Moore were appointed to fill vacancies which had occurred. This church originally had a gallery for the use of the slaves. This was an active church until about 1957.

Approximately sixty years ago the small windows were changed and the outside covered with tin. In the 1950's the wooden steps were replaced with concrete steps. Also, the roof and inside and outside of the church were painted. In the 1970's, the foundation was repaired. Today the Mt. Zion church is used for funerals, homecomings, or services from time to time. The cemetery which surrounds the church is still being used.

The above was taken from a bulletin on the 150th Anniversary in 1986.

This church is being restored as nearly as possible to the original log church as a landmark in the community, in honor of our forefathers.

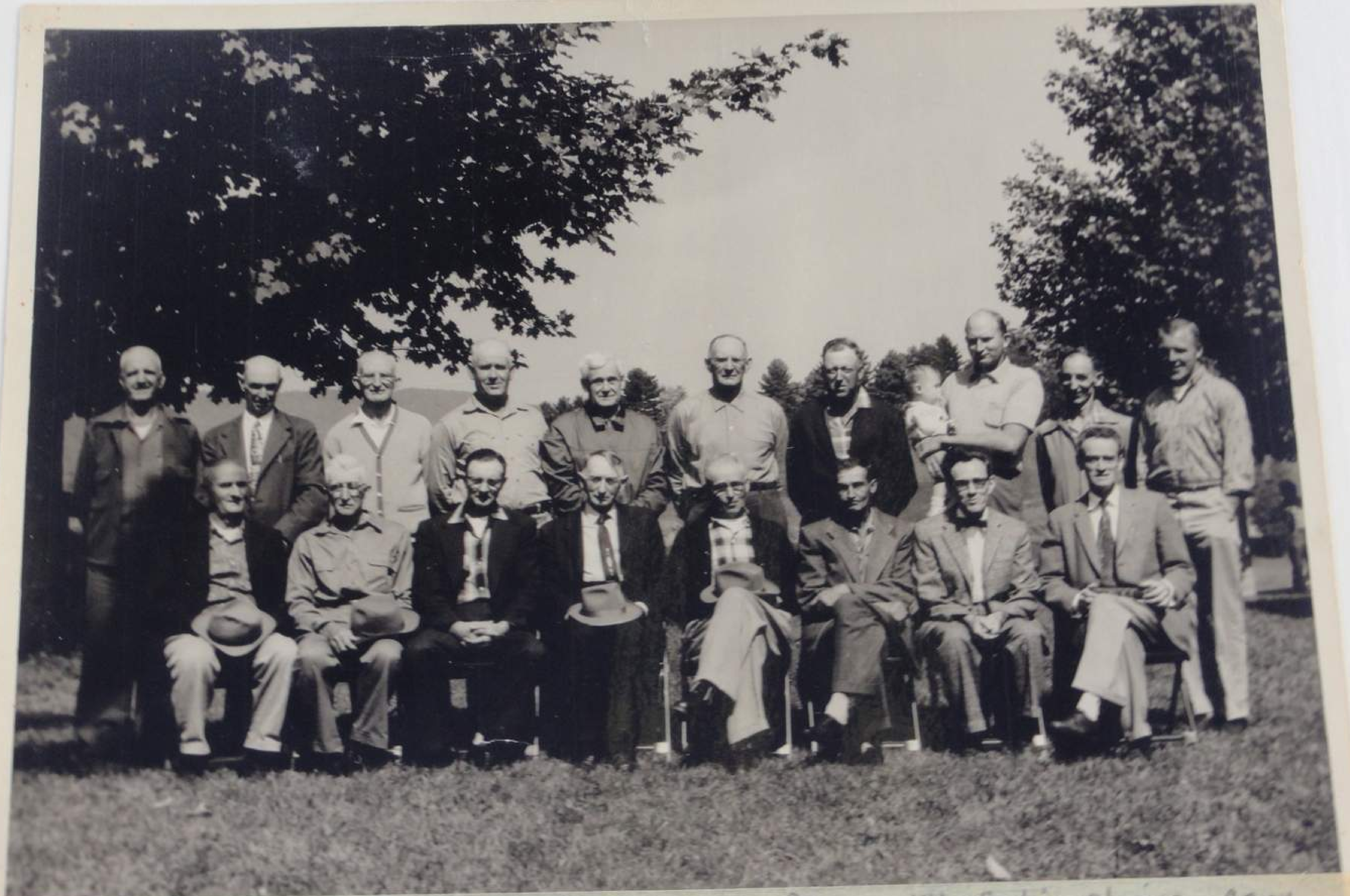
This is being done by free labor and donations.

Anyone wishing to help may send a donation to Mae Corbett, Rt. 1, Box 130A, Dunmore, WV 24934.

Make checks payable to Mt. Zion Building Fund.

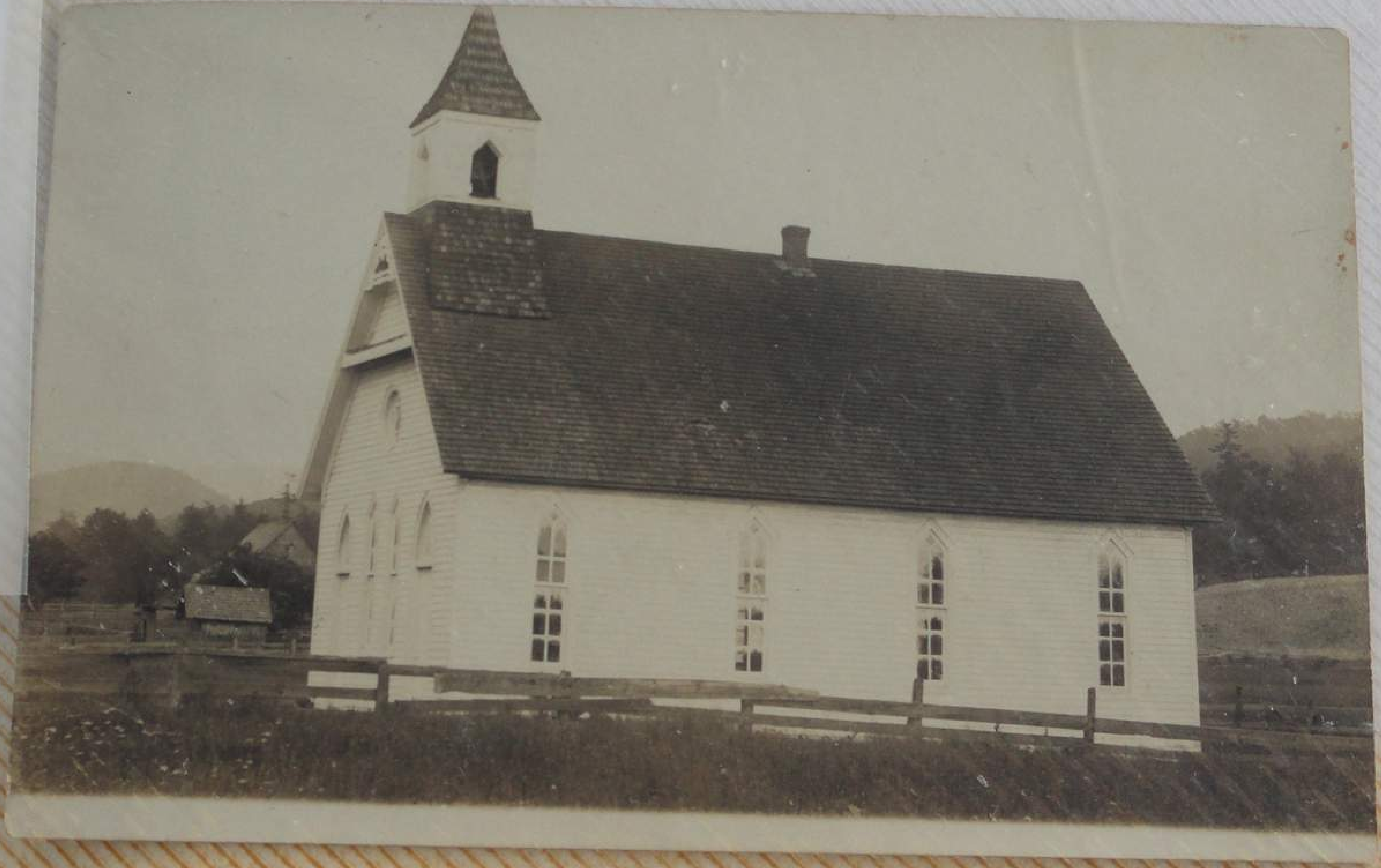
FUNERAL'S IN NEW FROST CHURCH

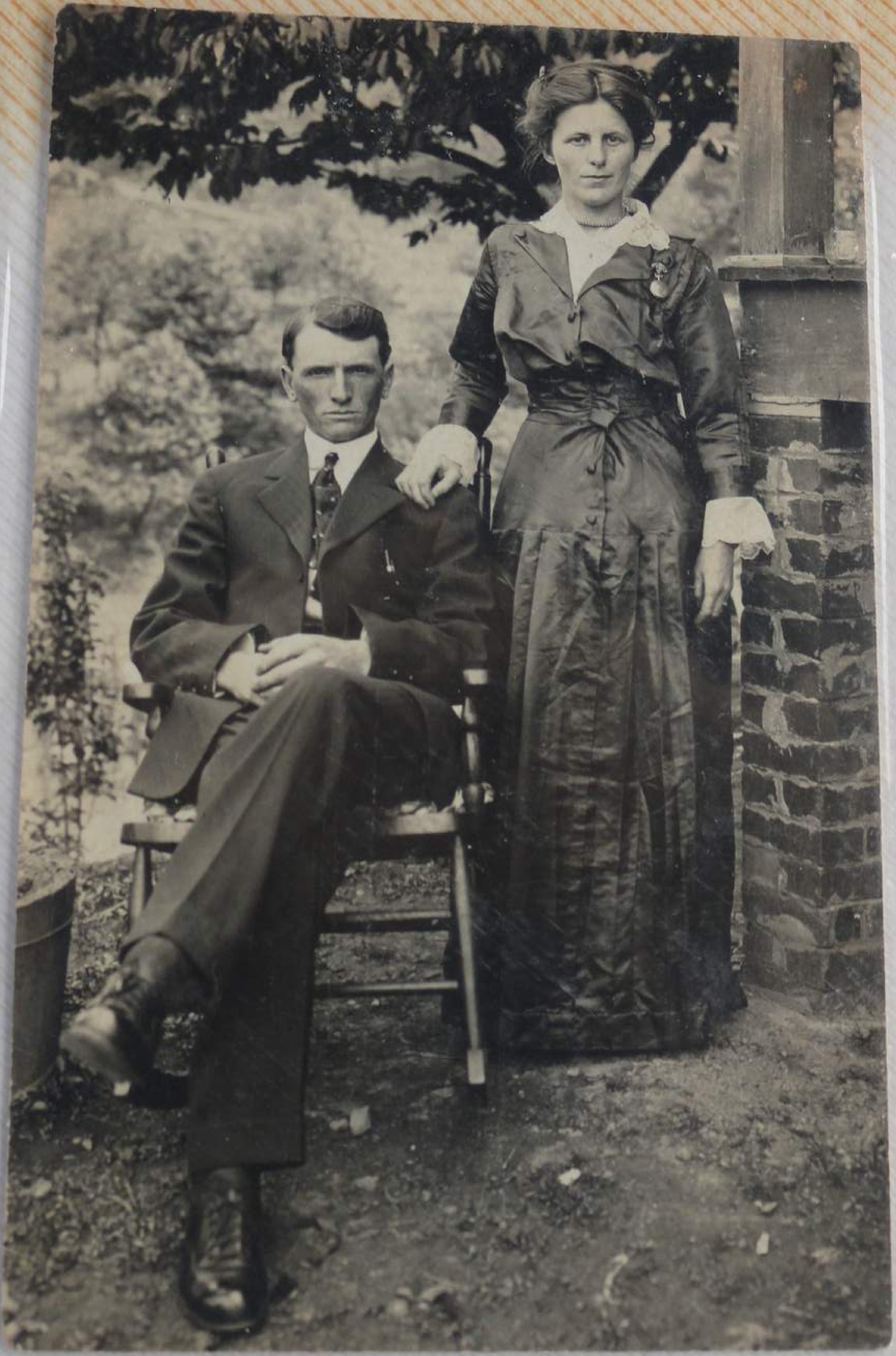
NAME	AGE	DIED	BURIED
Mrs. Lilly Bussard	88	3-25-64	3-27-64
Mr. Willie Bussard	88	7-10-64	7-12-64
A. Willard Kelly	46	9-27-64	9-30-64
Kenneth Roger Mc Carty	20	1-1-65	1-6-65
Icie Fertig	55	1-11-65	1-13-65
Austin J. Sharp	82	6-27-65	6-30-65
Nettie Ray Drepperd	86	8-18-65	8-20-65
Tharp Gay Kelley	57	7-1-66	7-4-66
Ressie Gragg Sprouse	75	7-13-66	7-16-66
Holmes S. Sharp	88	8-15-66	8-18-66
Mary Sharp Defibaugh	84	10-5-66	10-7-66
Carl O. Grimes	31	10-14-66=	10-18-6
John Gilmer Sharp	52	8-22-67	8-25-67
Verna Belle Hively	82	9-2-67	9-4-67
Ernest Dawyer Defibaugh	81	11-14-67	11-16-6
Kimberly Dawn Gragg	2	3-16-68	3-21-68
Douglas Wayne Mc Carty	18	4-11-68	4-26-68
Lee Roy Sprouse	20	6-25-68	7-6-68
Dennis James Tallman	65	12-23-68	12-26-6
Tabitha Mc Carty	88	2-28-69	3-3-69
Lester Earl Tennant	55	4-13-69	4-16-6



Meade Curry - Jesse Shrader - Joe Dewey - Gary - Luther Ray Eldon Fertig Oliver Gary
Fertig McCarty Briggs Shrader Corbett + mark Sprouse Grimes

Oda Gay Warren Guy Albert Walker Gorden Rex Sharp
Henderson Sharp Disley Townsend Fertig Ruckman Sharp





Betty Jean Sprouse

Pearl Carpenter Gay

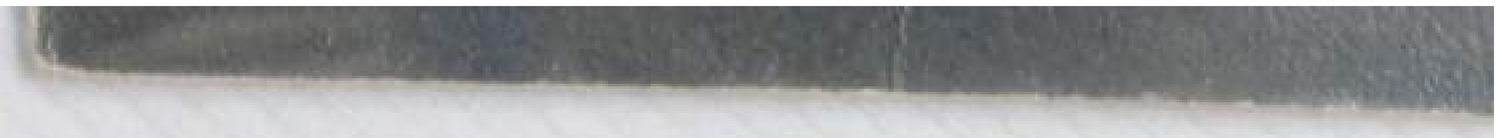
IVY Gay House

Pearl + Oda Gay + 26 Ford

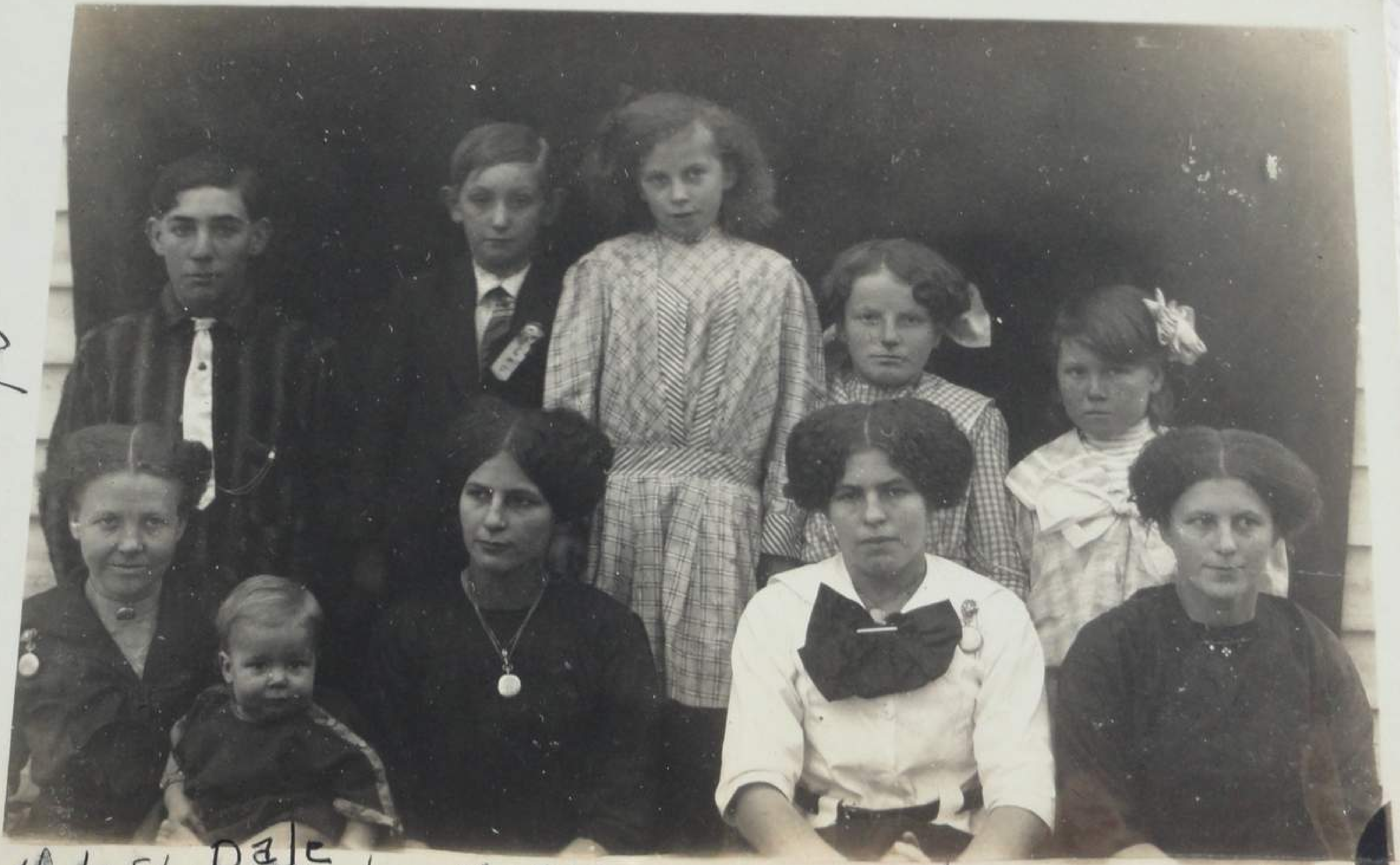
Merv Sharp

in yard at Austinsharp House

Earl Moore Jean Ryder



Fertigs



Dale

Nola Sharp Fertig Verna Maude Leta

John W. Tyler

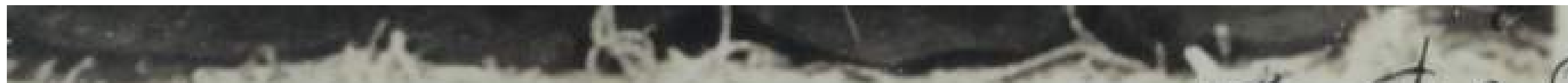
Joe thomas
+ Family

Leta Alice

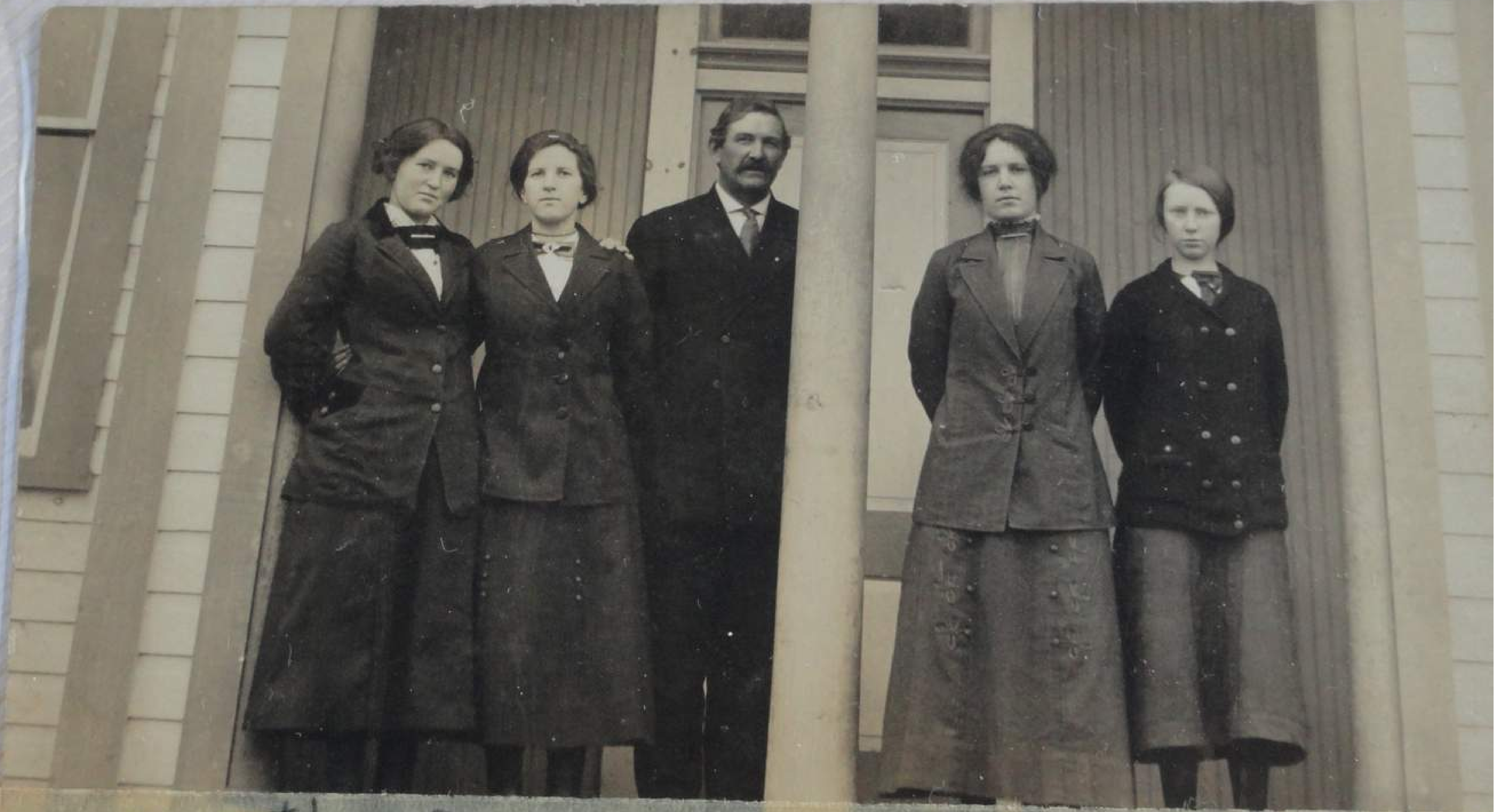
Jack Sam Carrie Pete

Carrie Harper & grand child

JoAnn + Jack Crickard

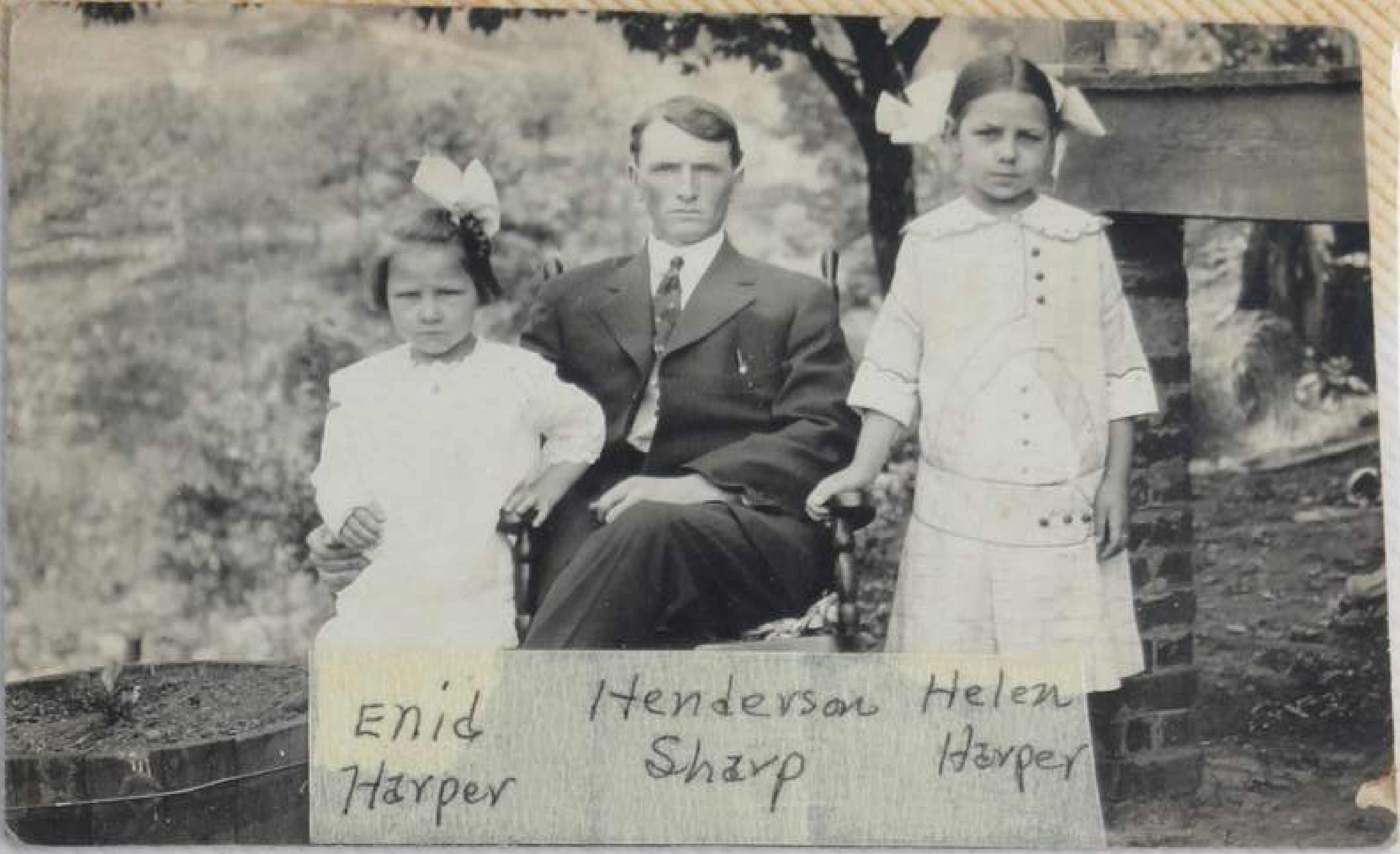


Fertigs

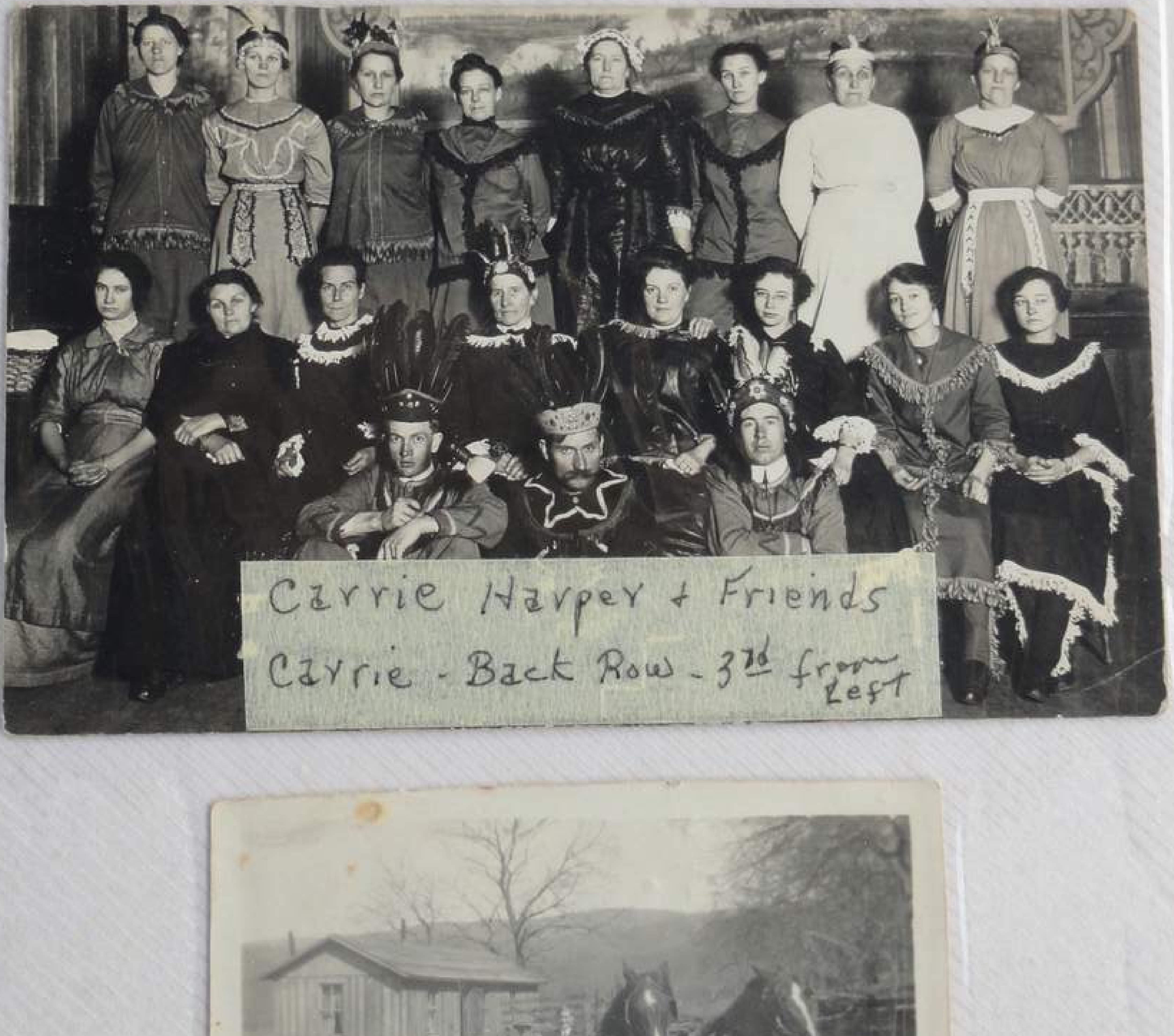


Myrtle - Eugenia - teacher - Margie Carrie
Dreppard - Curry - Sydenstricker Curry Dreppar

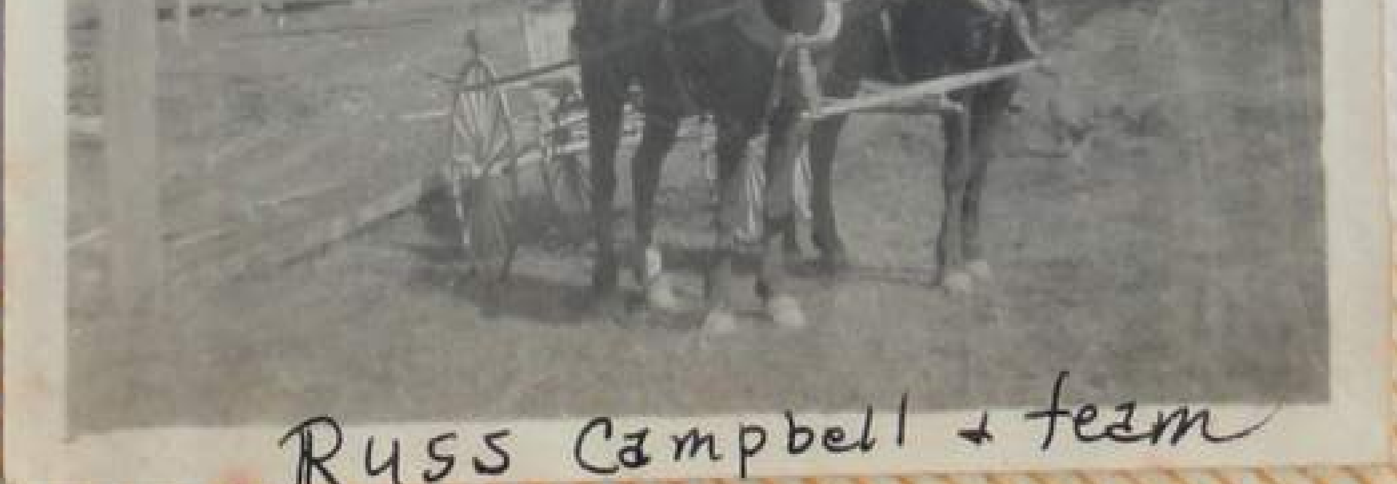
Frost School in background



Enid Harper Henderson Sharp Helen Harper



Carrie Harper + Friends
Carrie - Back Row - 3rd from Left



Russ Campbell + team

Bess
Frank
Meg
Mitch
Lelah
Gilmer

Sharps

Porter

1st PLATOON
-CO. C-
3rd BATTALION

Gary Grimes

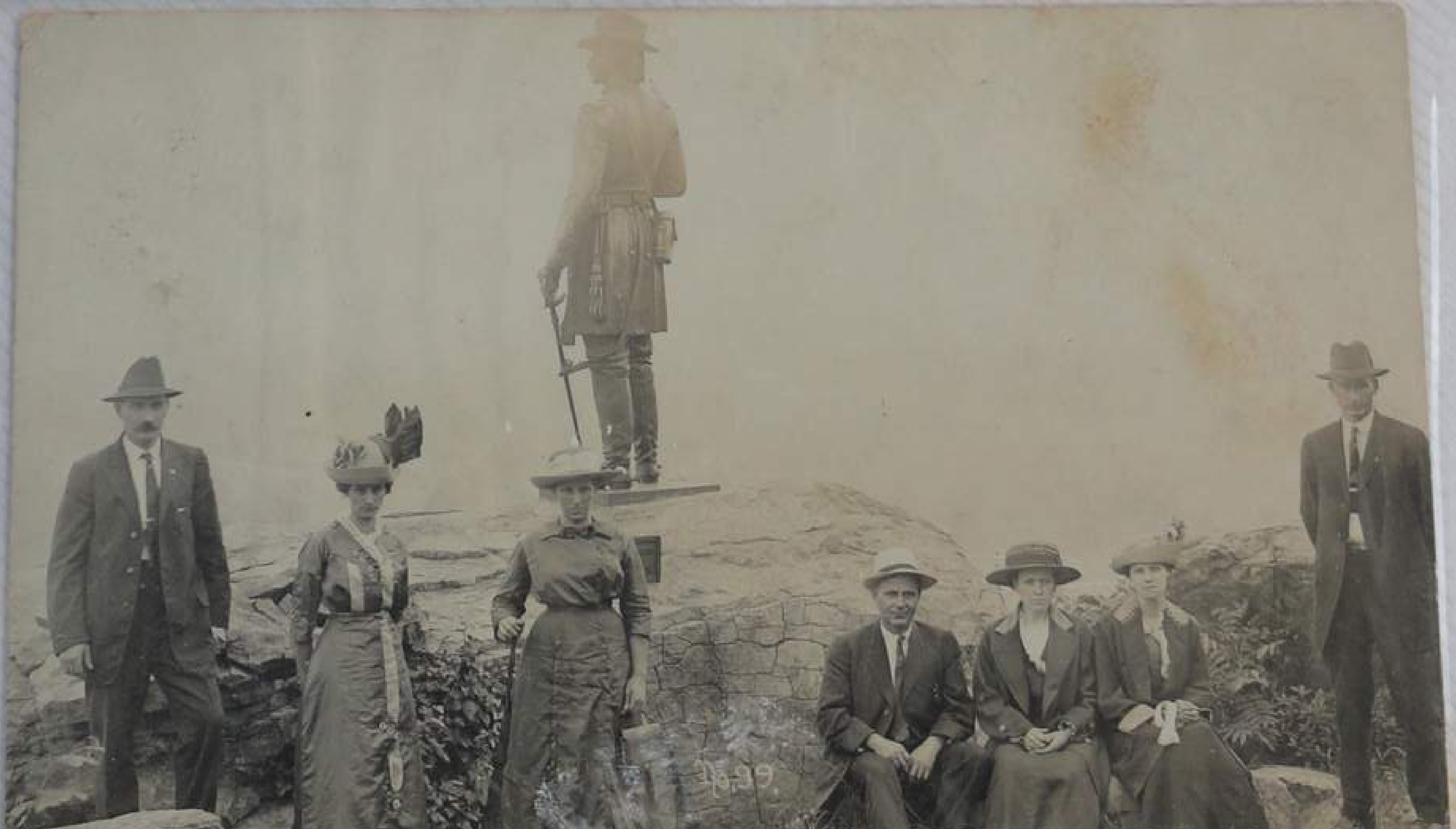
Carl Grimes

Carl Gri

Dale
Fer

Sam SHARP

Sam Sharp

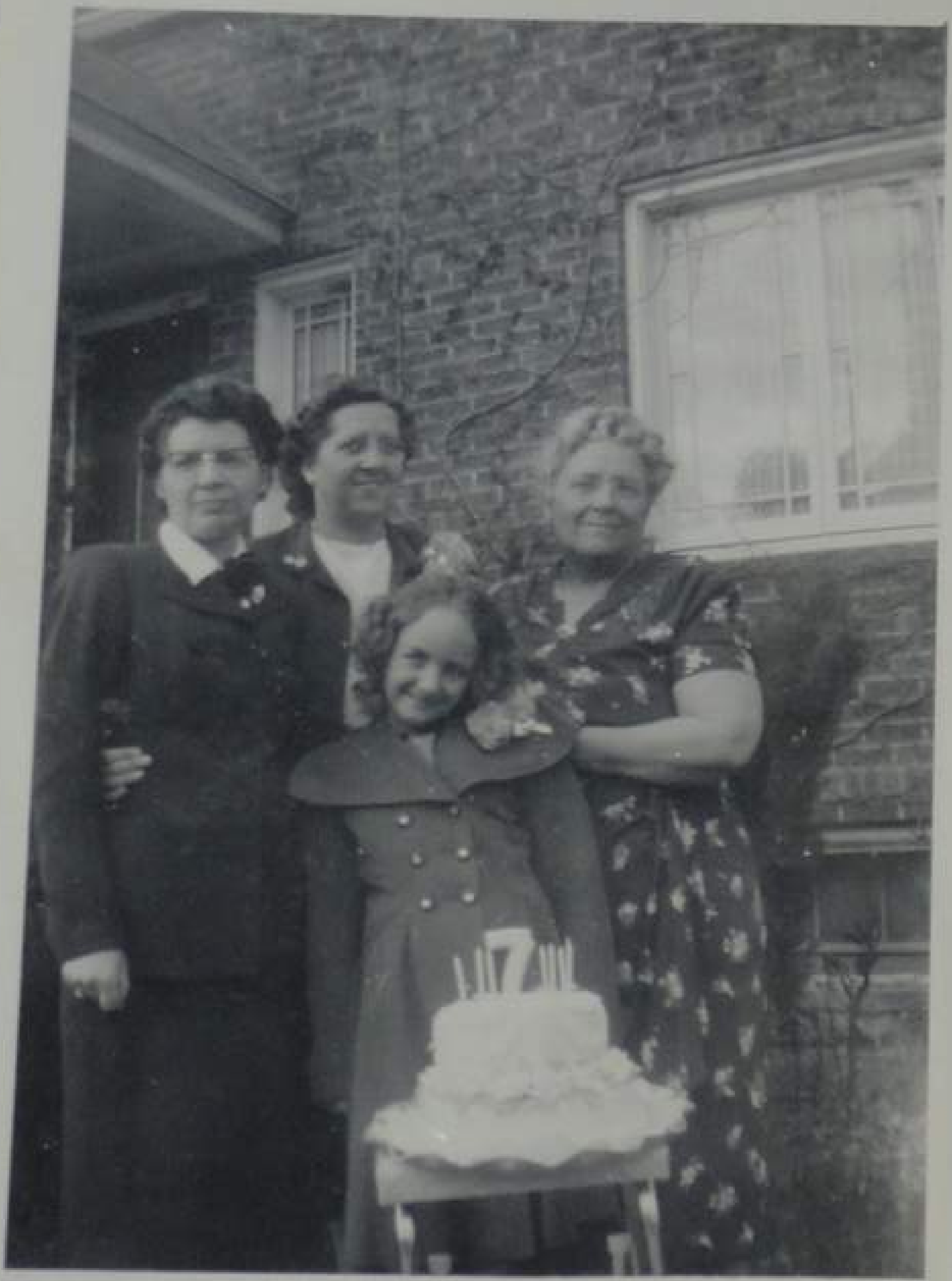


Carrie
Sharp Harper

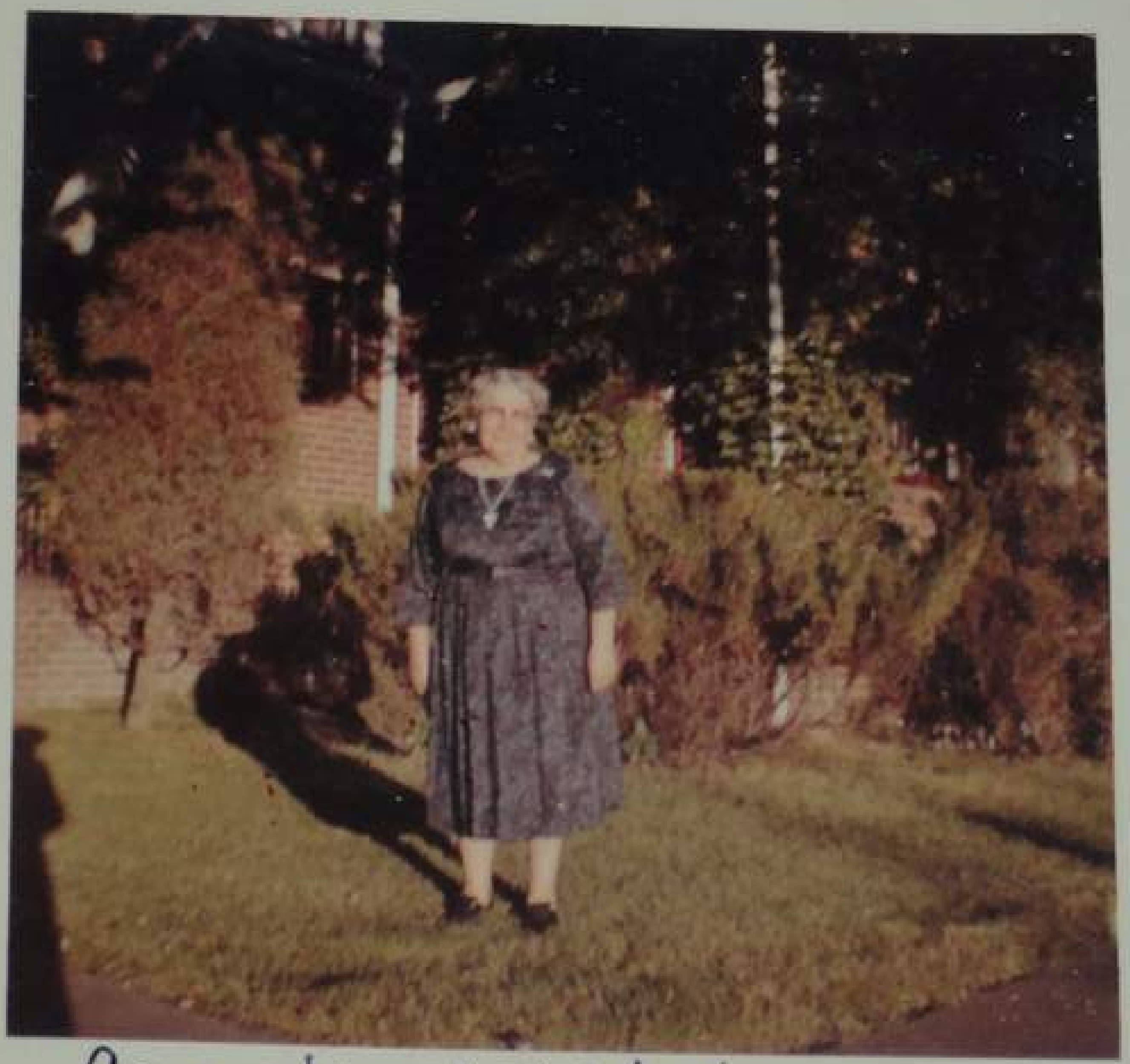
Cary
Sharp

Leta
Sharp

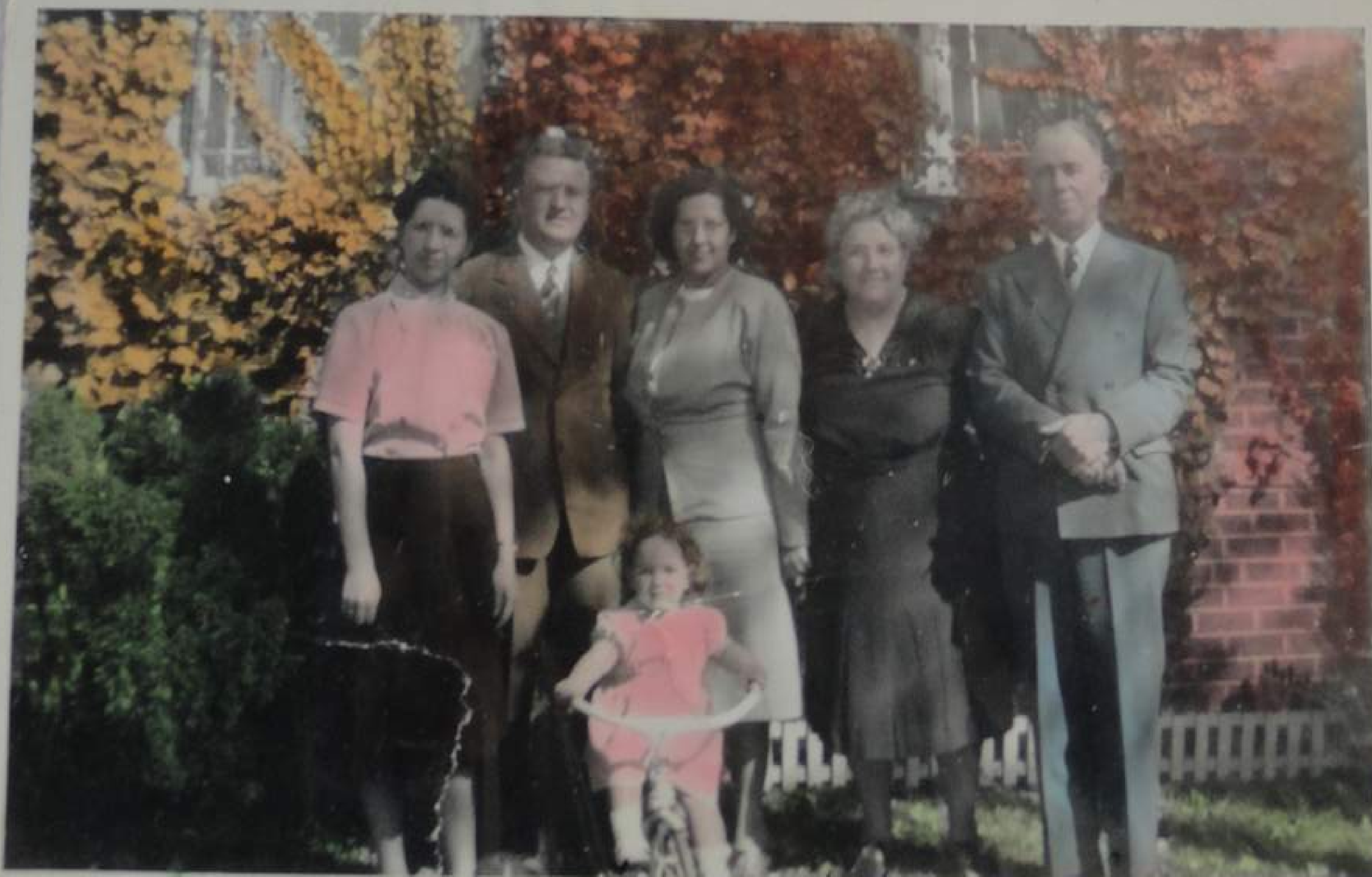
Jesse
Shrader



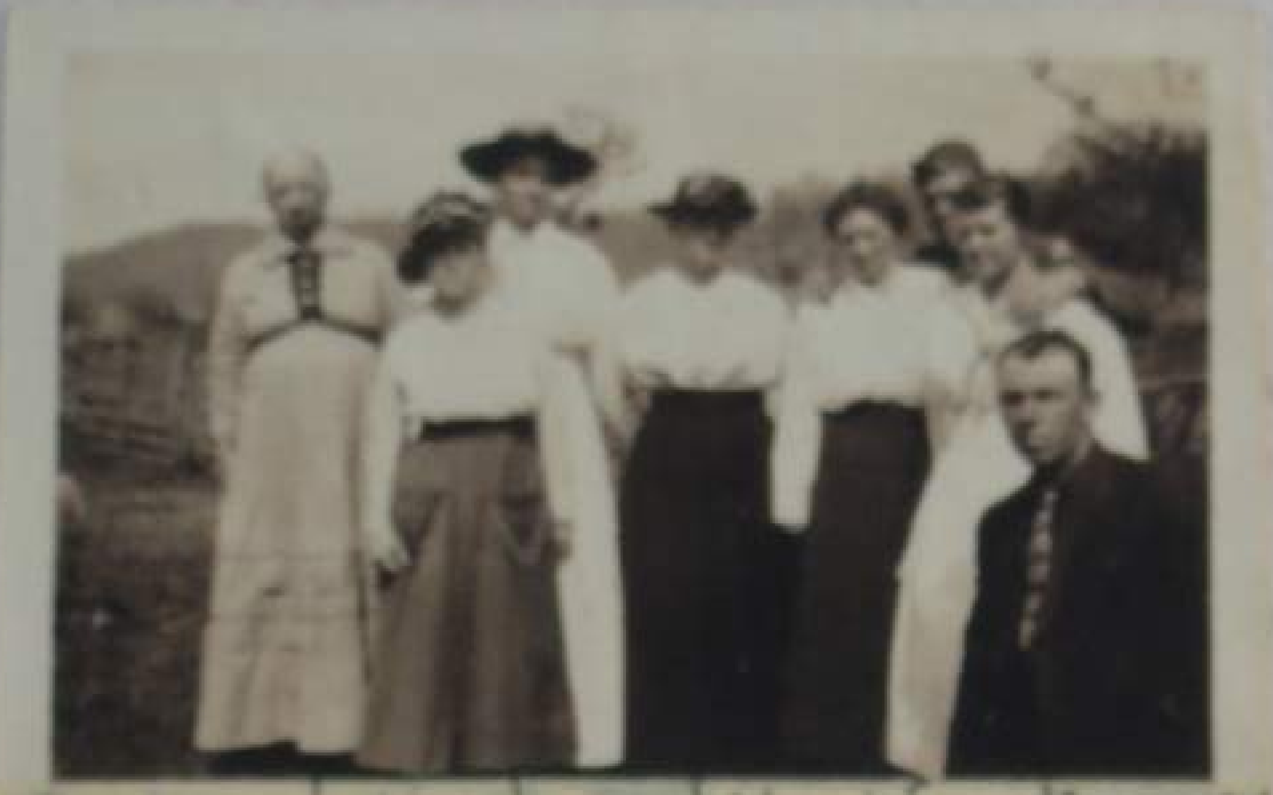
Georgia Welch + daughters



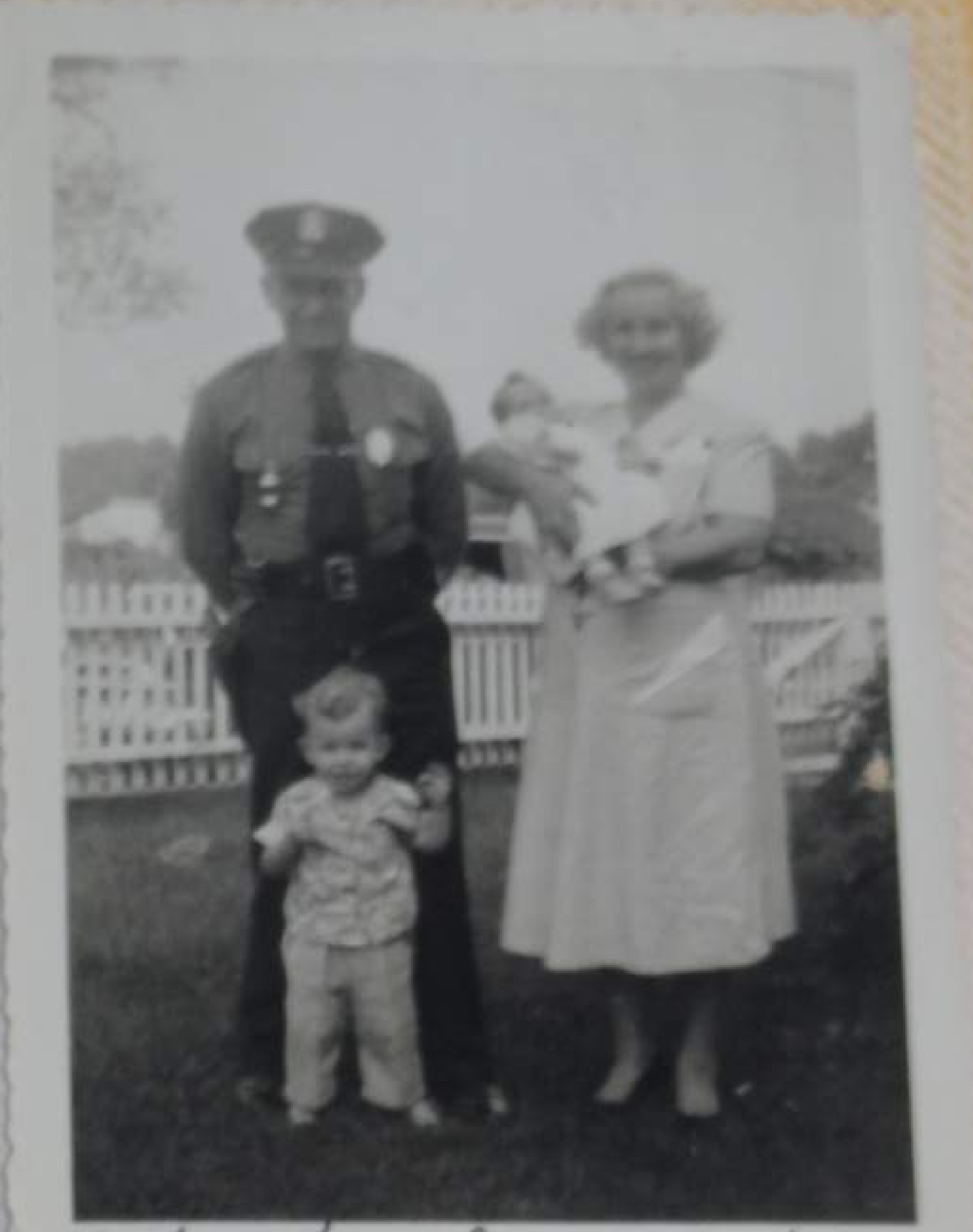
Georgia Welch -



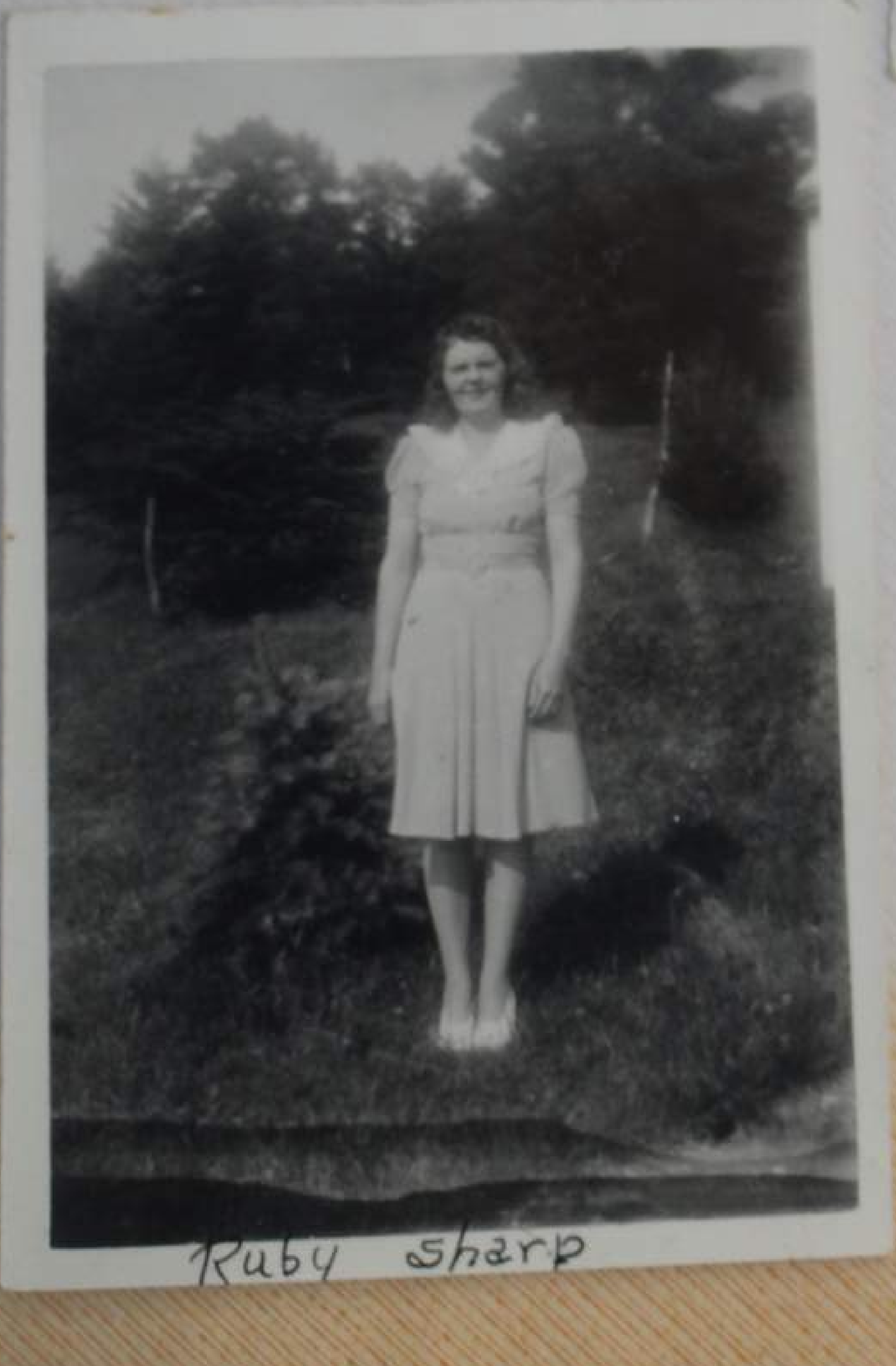
Georgia Welch + Family



Becky Thomas
Odessa Sharp
~~Sally~~ ~~[illegible]~~ Etta Thomas Sharp
Vinnie Sharp
Ivy Gay
Freeman Sharp
Elizabeth Sharp
Aaron Sharp

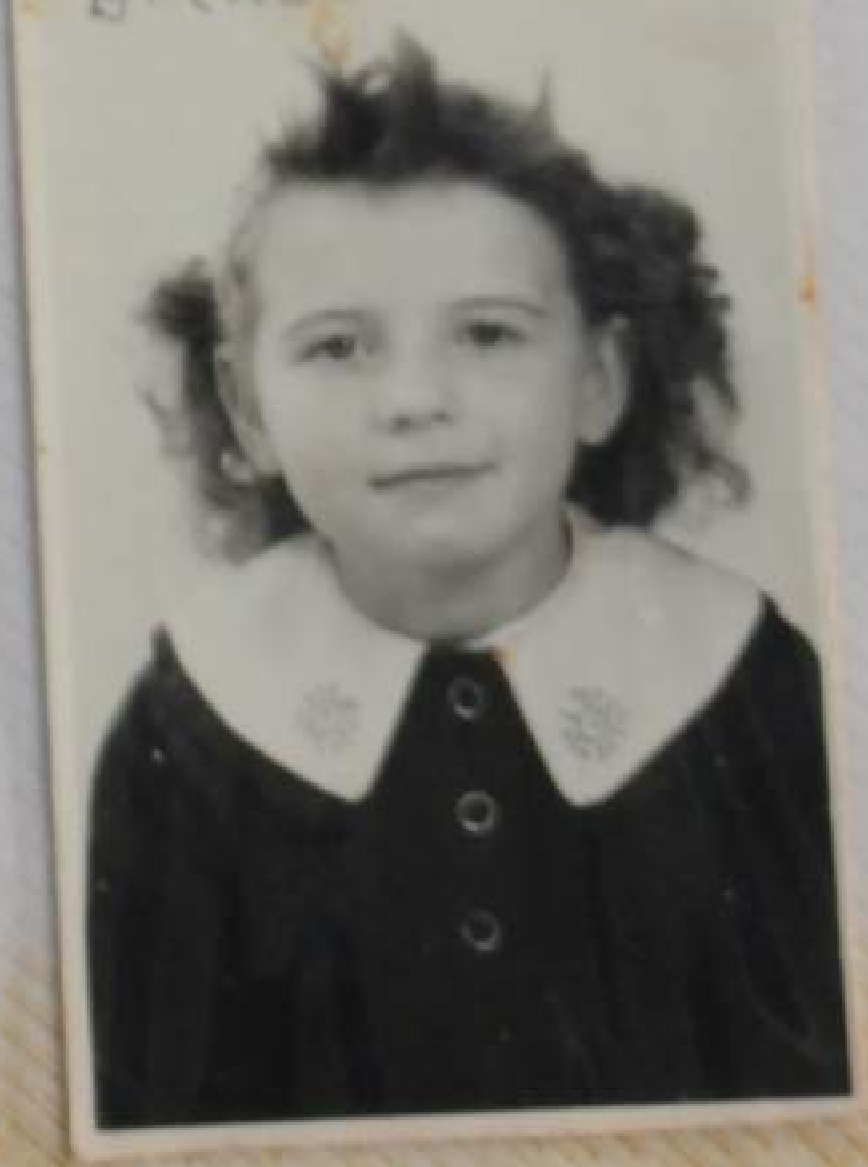


Stanley & Fanny Curry & Family



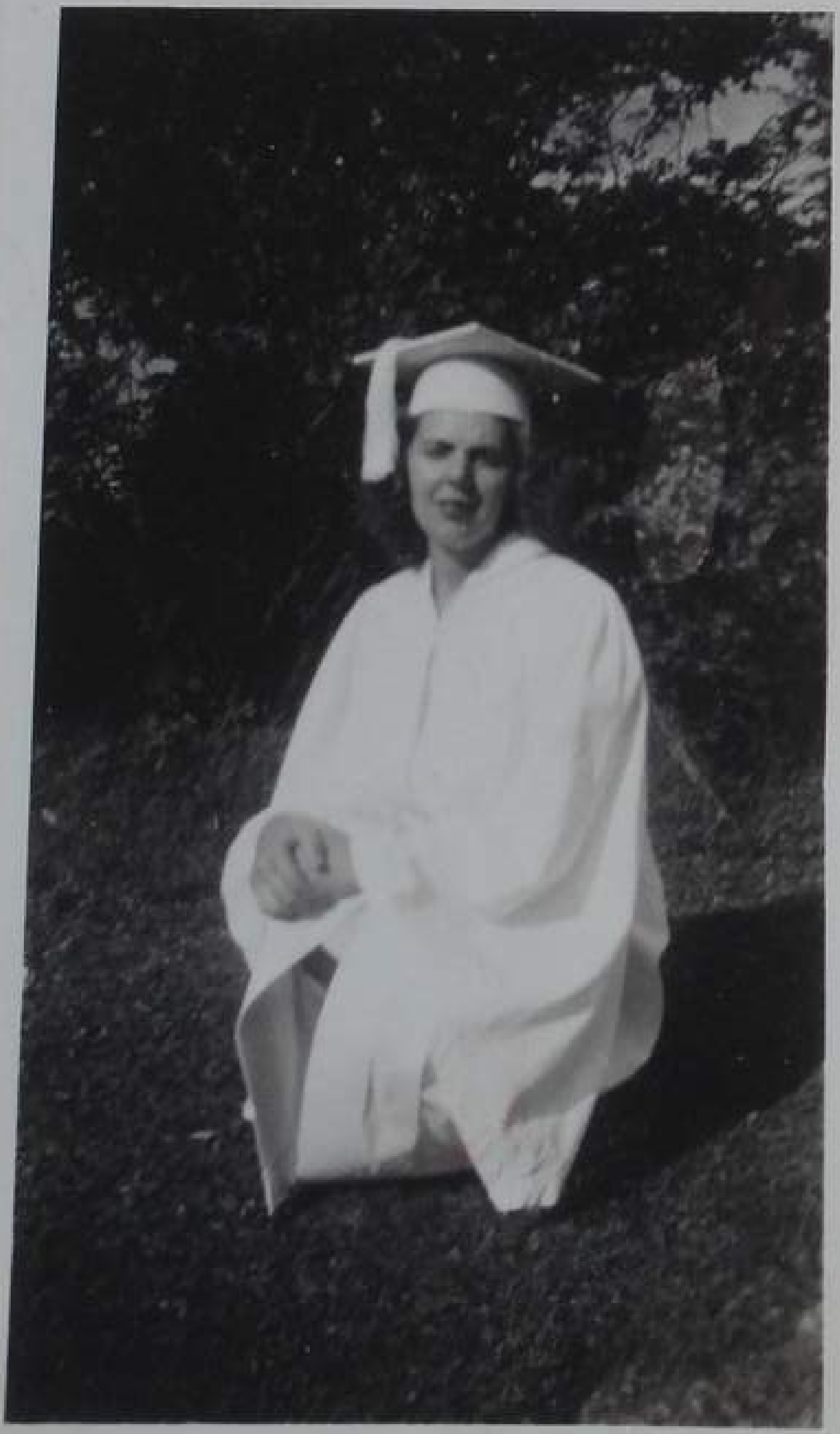
Ruby Sharp

Brenda



Alice Wooddell

1946

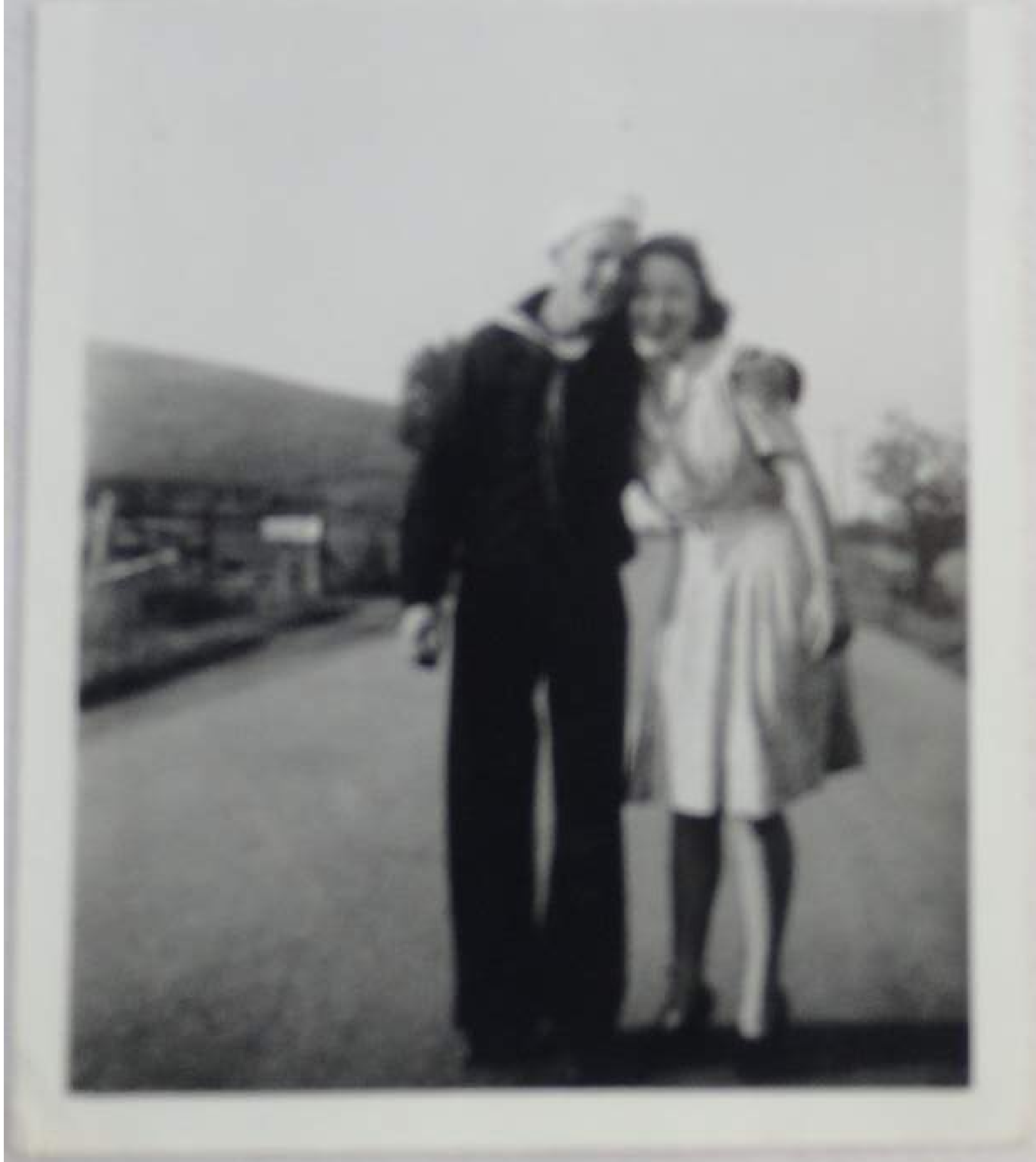


Naomi Sutton

Potter

Juanita
& Sam

Paul Pratt



SAM SHARP

Lennie Mahaffey

Carl Grimes

Harry Nelson

Dorthy Sprouse

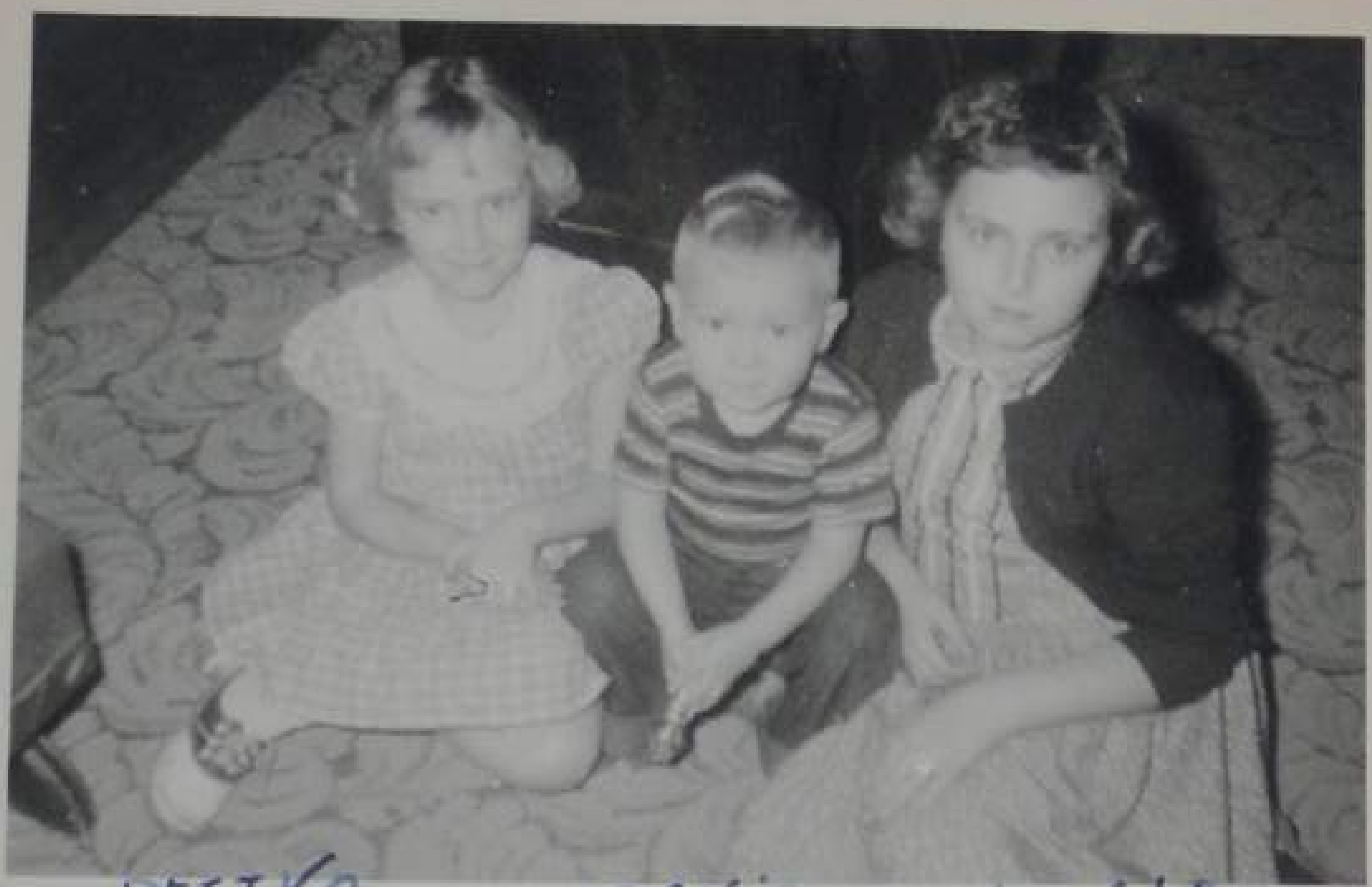
Kyle Jr.
McCarthy

Eldon Fertig

Carl - Yacho Grimes

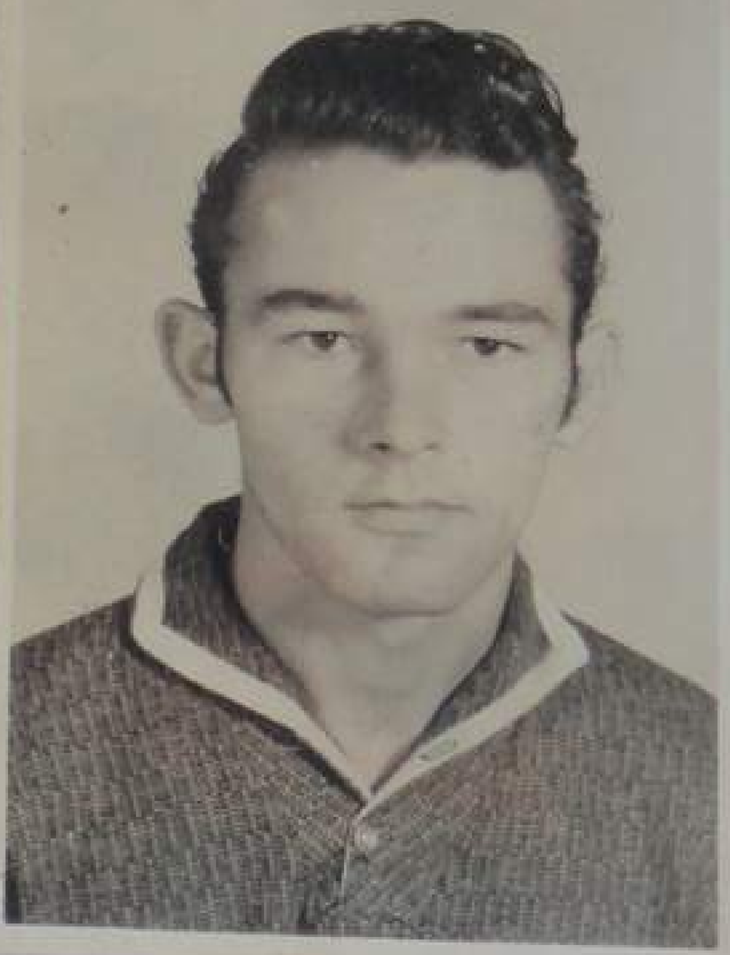
Newman Fertig Reunion

Bud Nelson

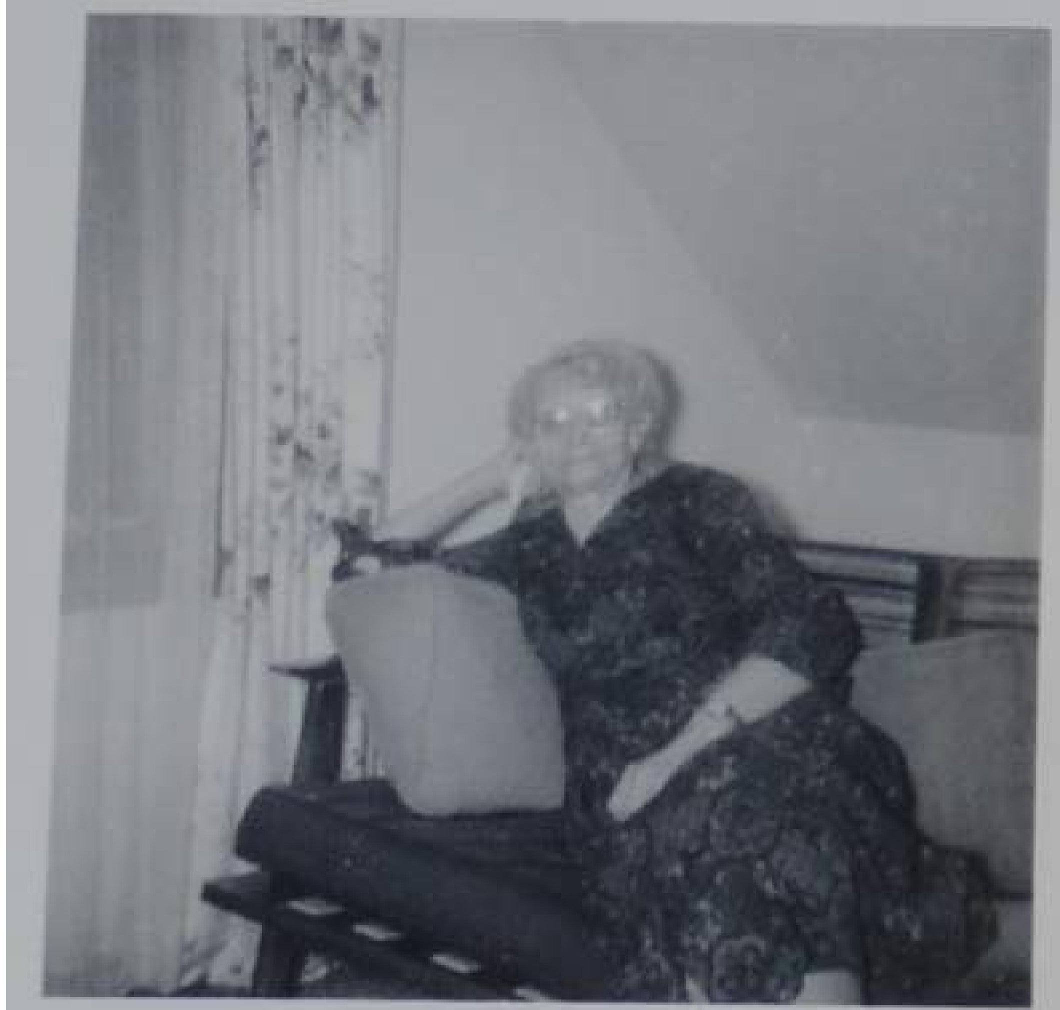


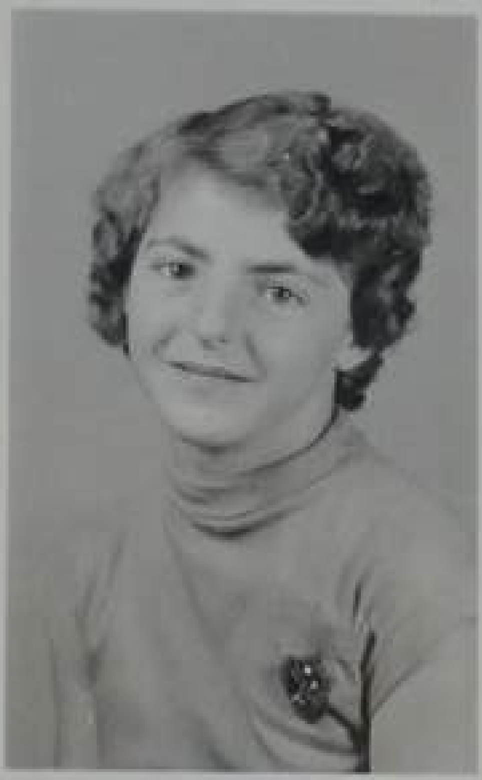
BETTYe DAVID LINDA
Simpsons 1957

Kyle Jr. McCarty



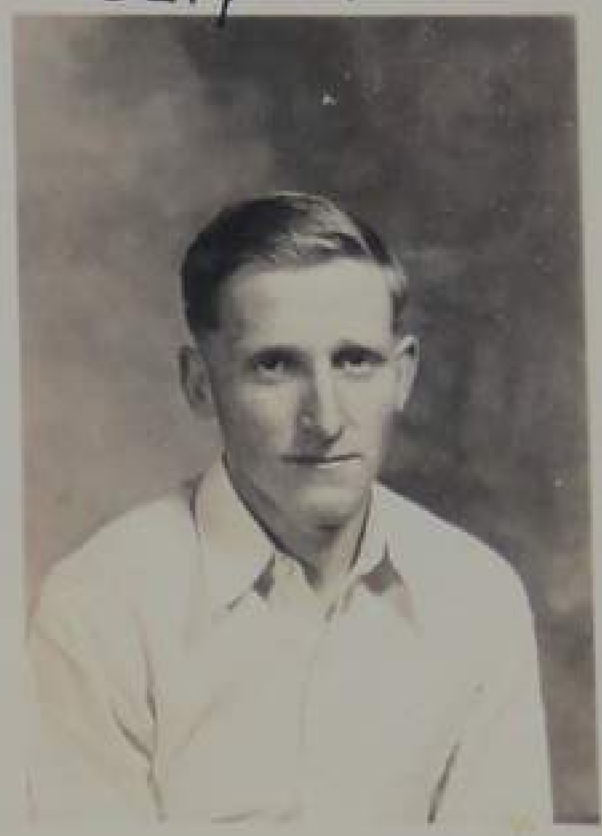
Clara Gordon Schofield

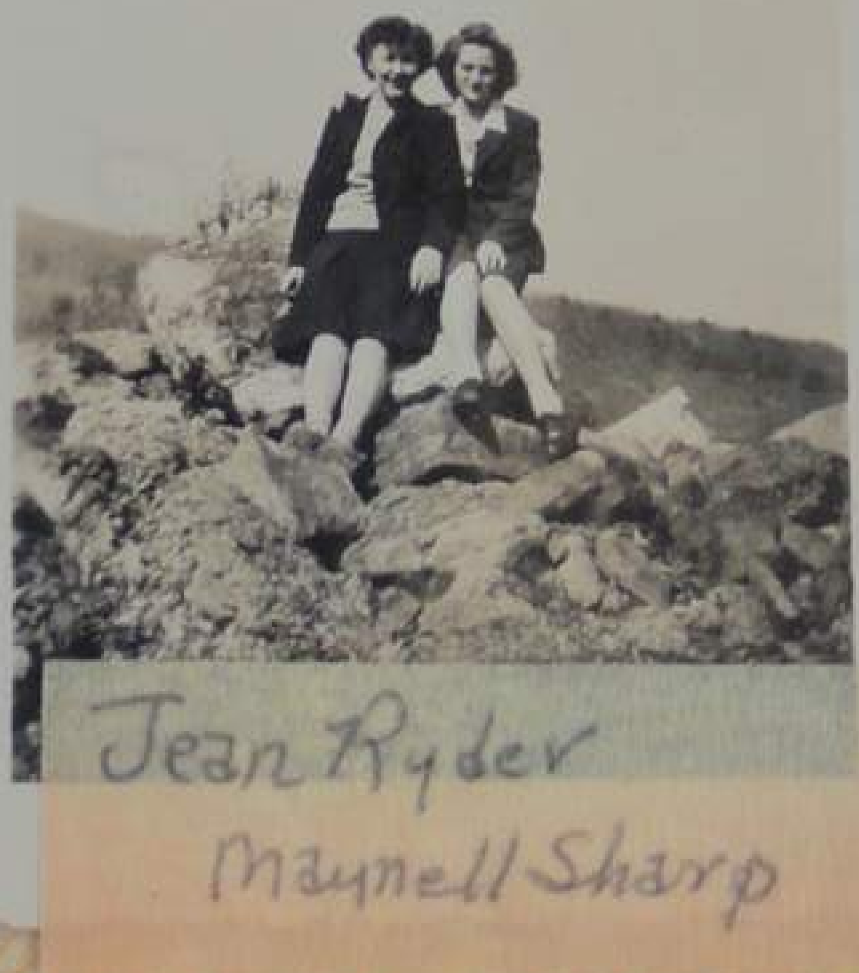




Naomi GRimes

Bernard
Carpenter 17yrs





Jean Ryder
Maynell Sharp

THE MARLINTON JOURNAL
Distinctive Job Printing

Ata Harold

Wilda

Nathan Fertig

Maynell - Pete Sharp

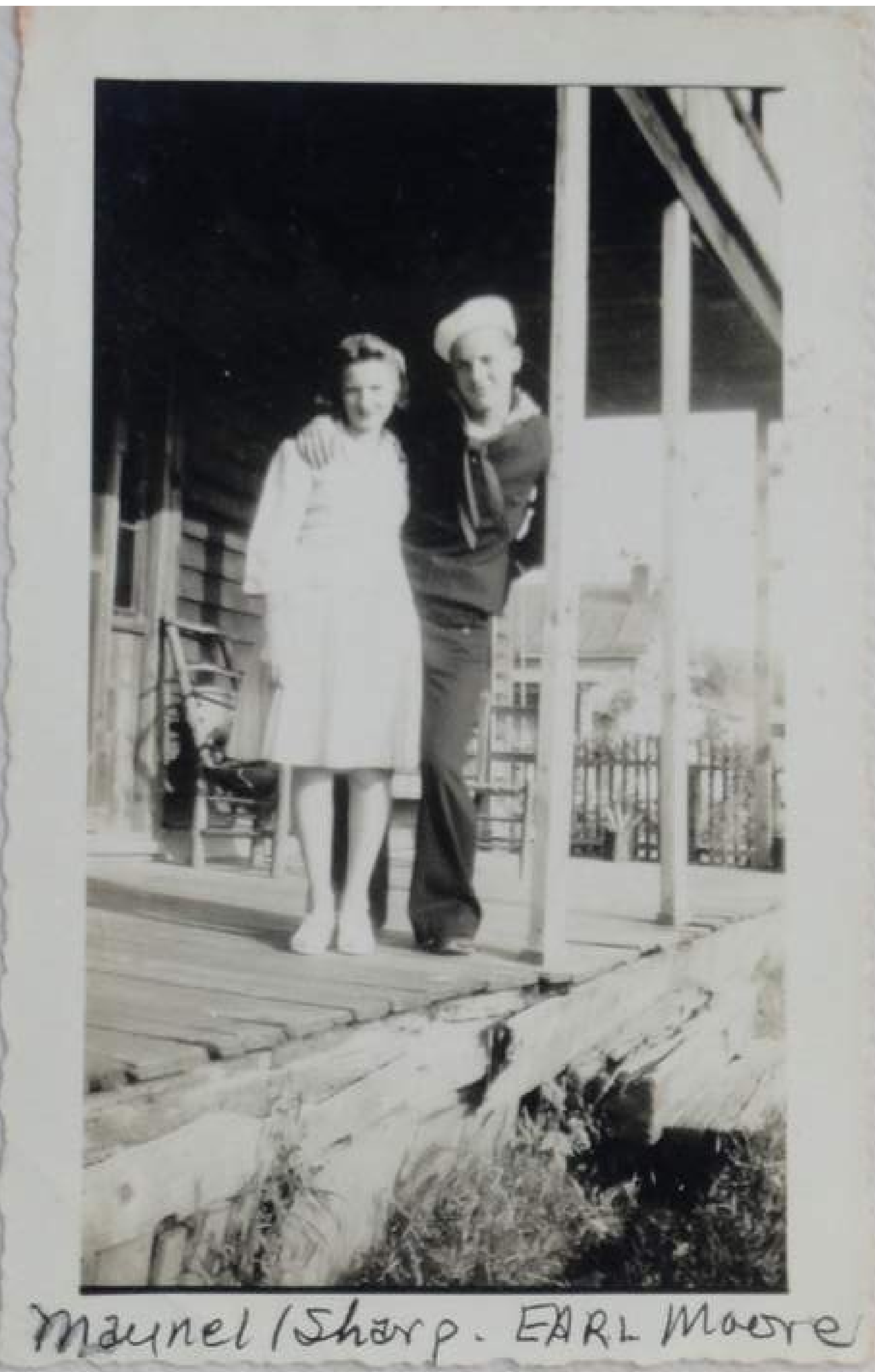
757-DSC00516.jpg

Carlene Sharp

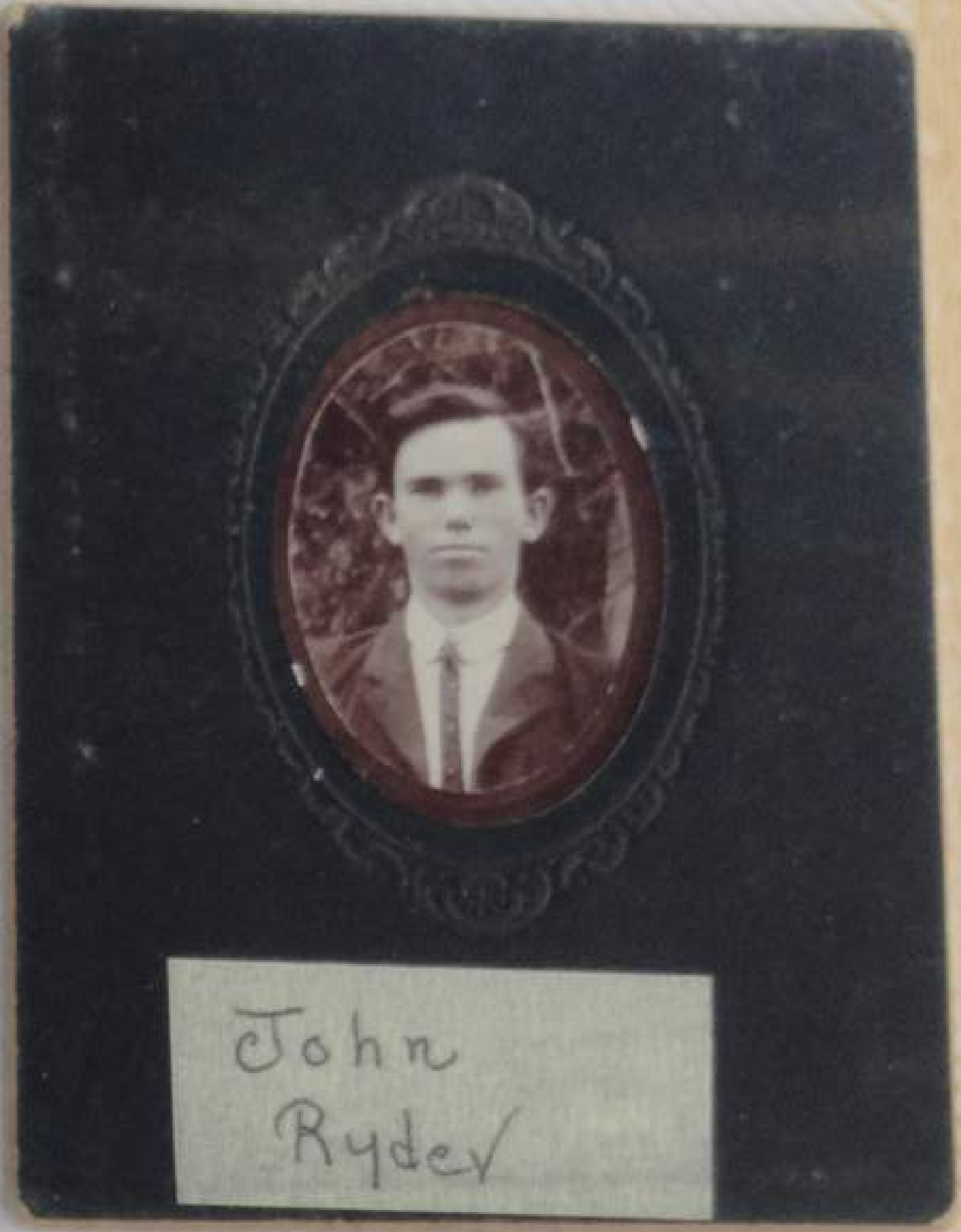
Carlene Sharp - Boots Gaines

Maynell

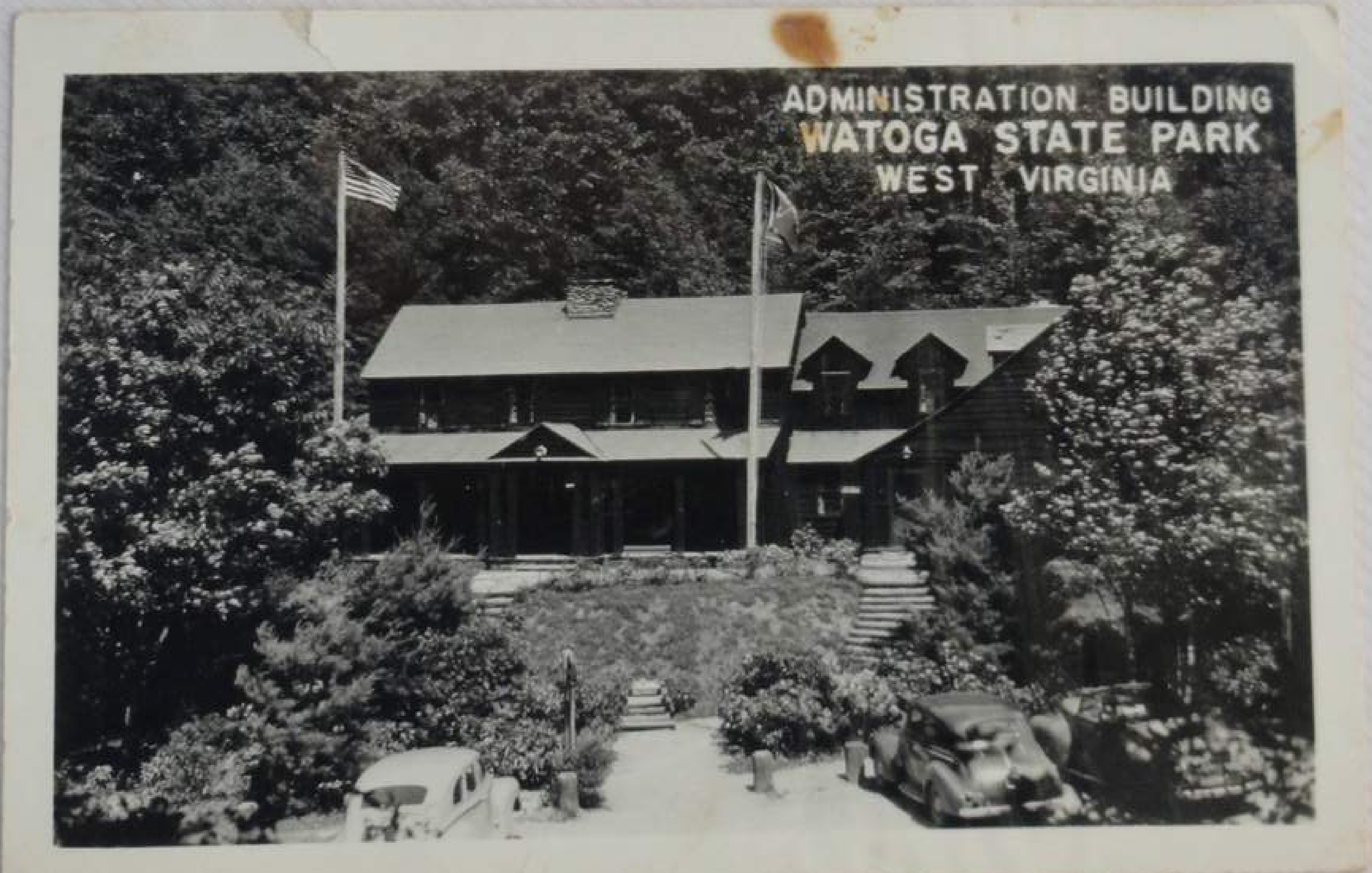
Clara Jordon Schofield



Maynel /Sharp. EARL Moore



John
Ryder



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING
WATOGA STATE PARK
WEST VIRGINIA

Howard Mace

Becky Sharp

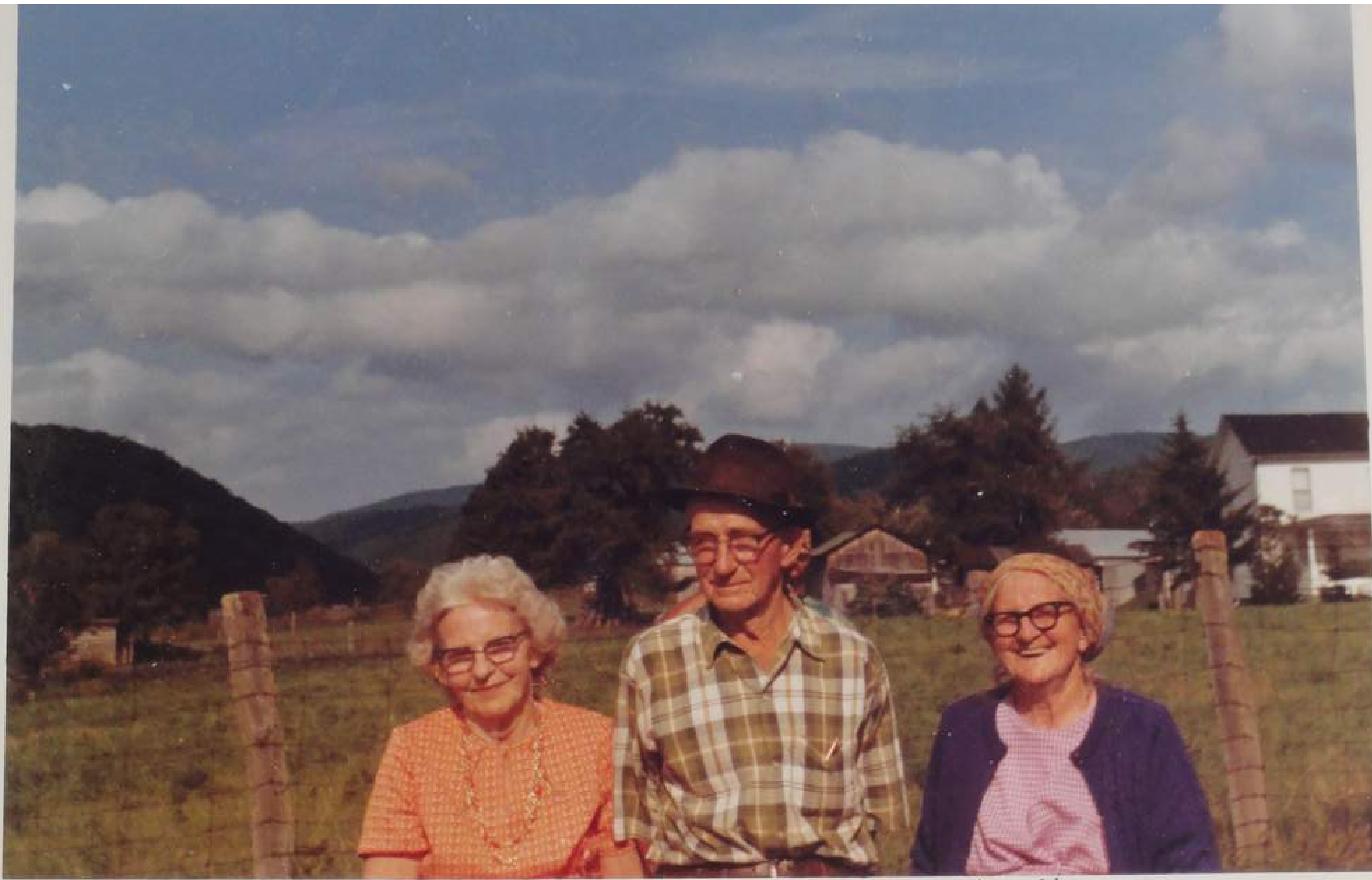
Karen
Lee Wooddell

Julie Wooddell

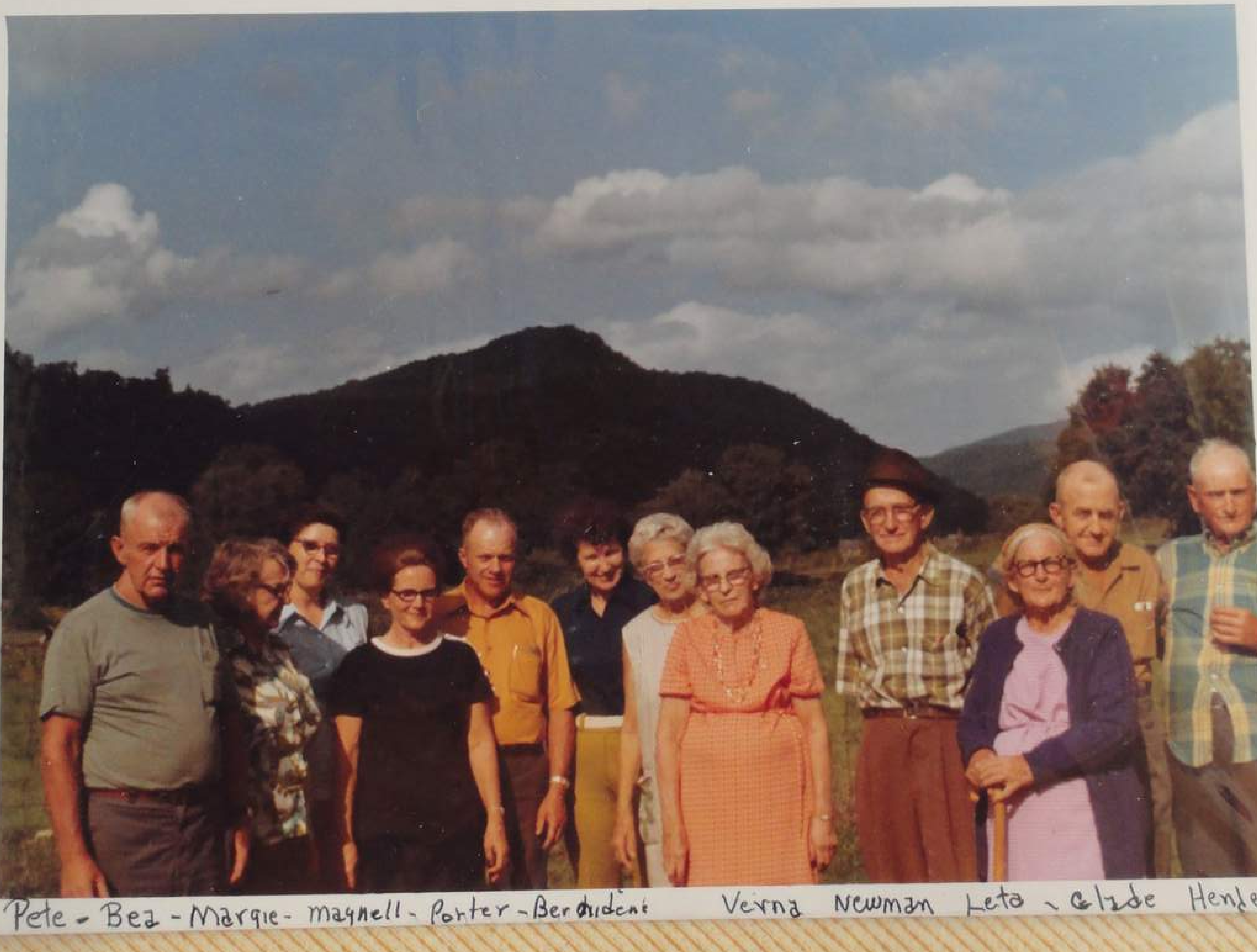
Maynell -
Granvil Moore

Becky
Sharp

Mike
Sharp

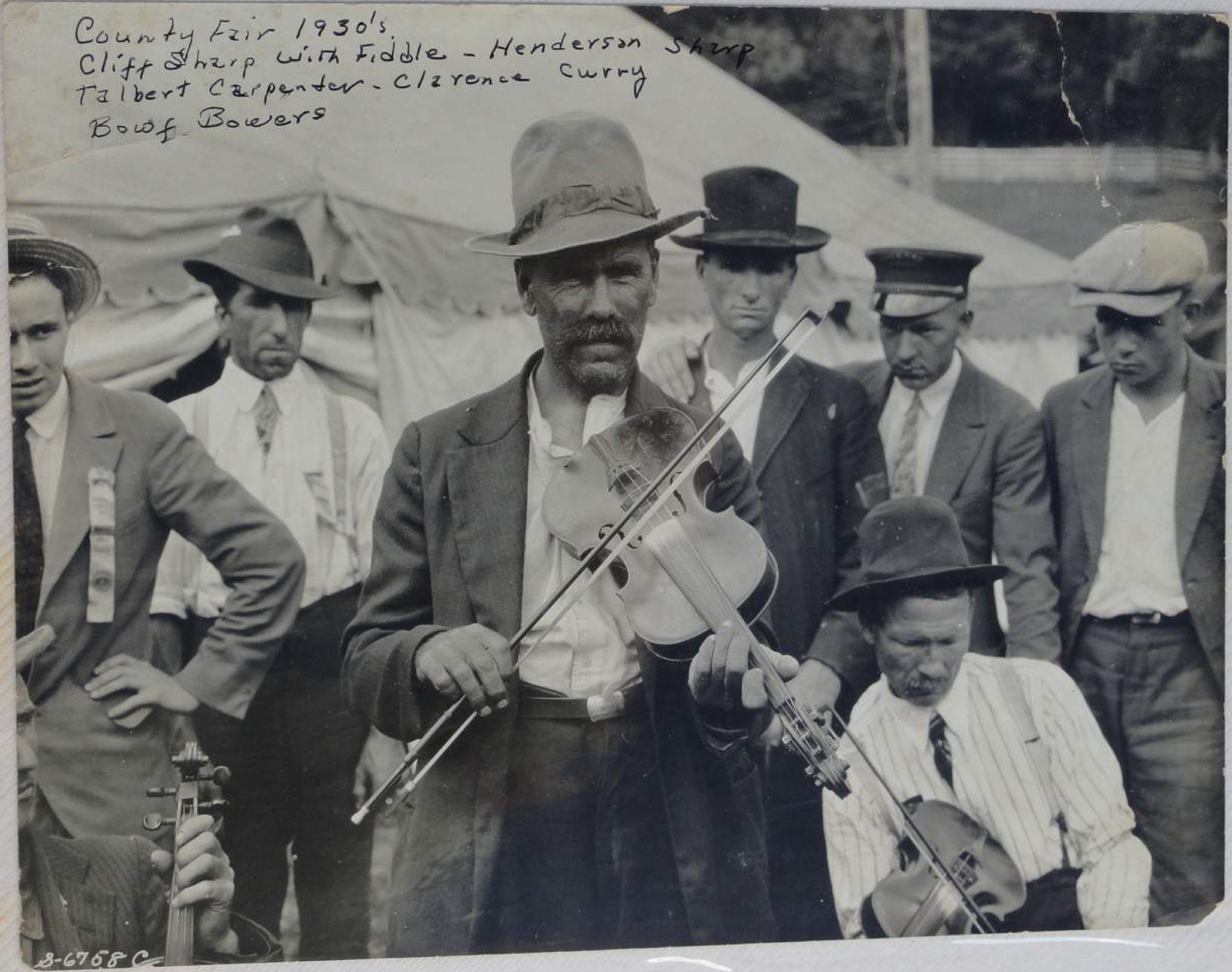


Verna Grimes Newman Fertig Leta Sharp

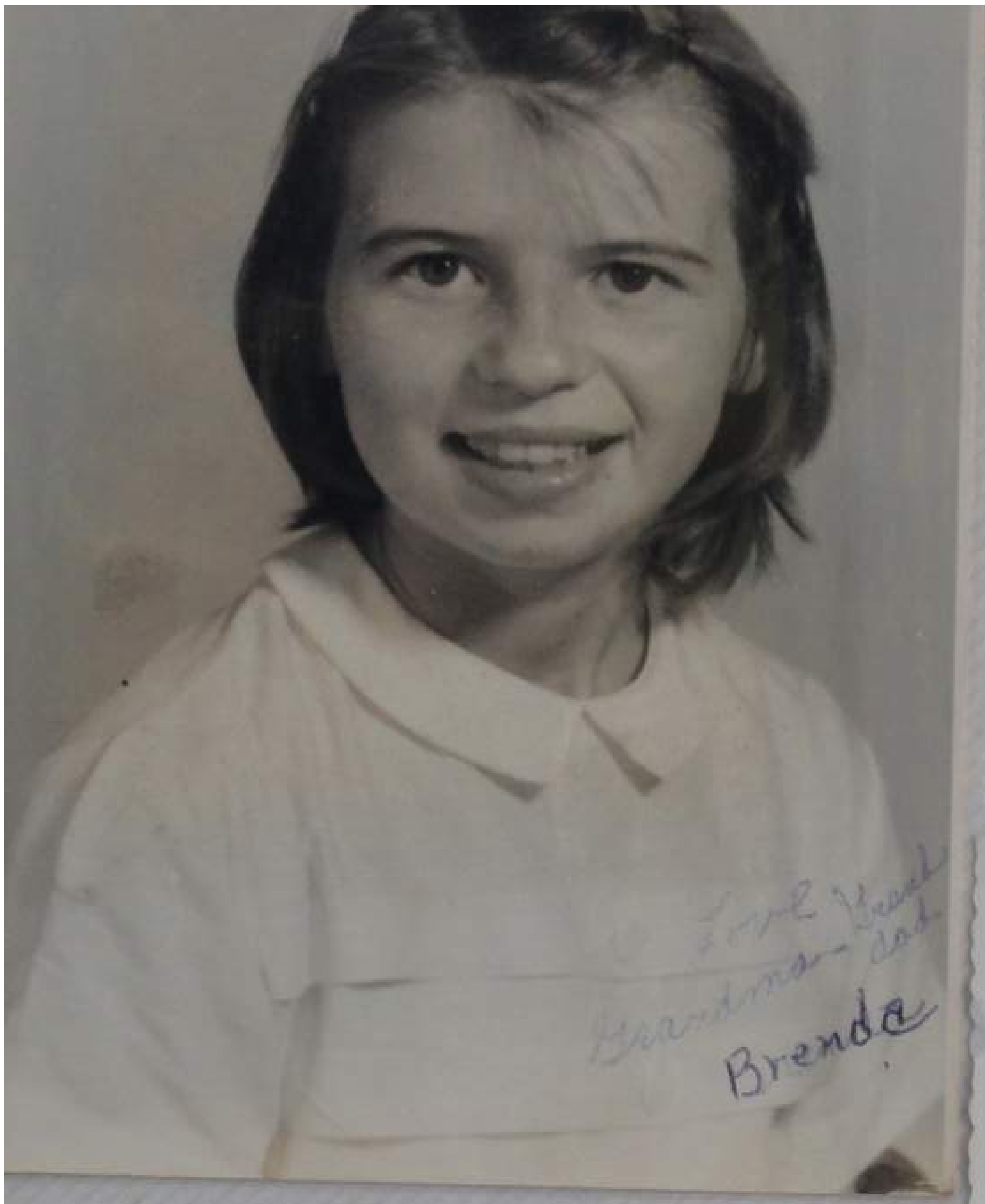


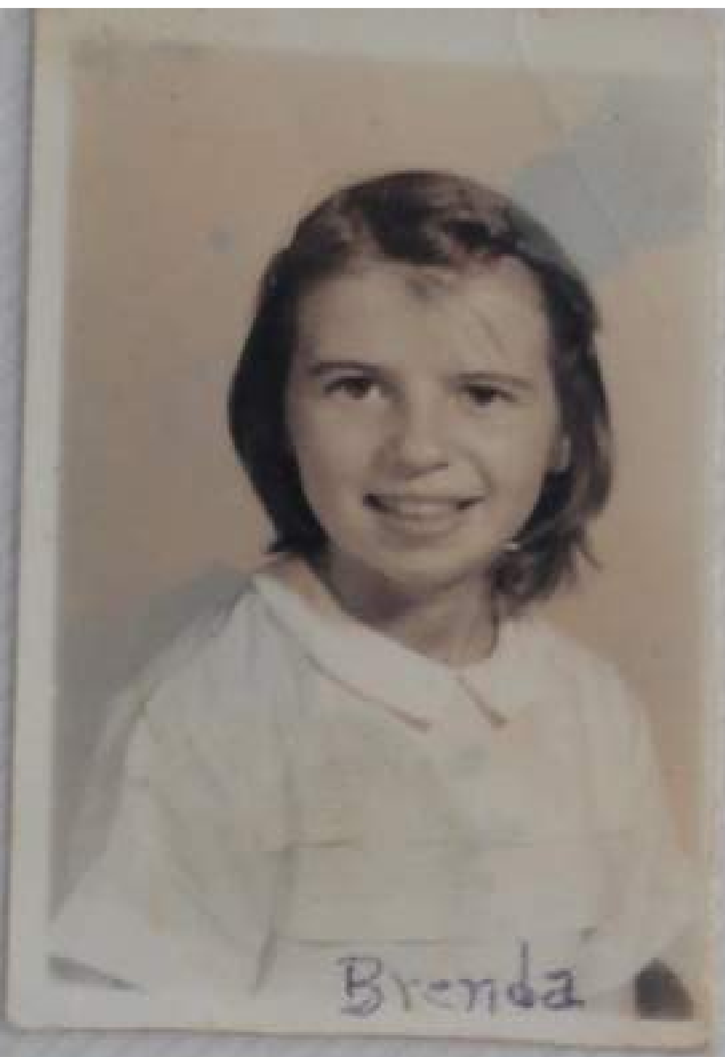
Pete - Bea - Margie - maynell - Porter - Berdidene Verna Newman Leta - Clyde Henderson

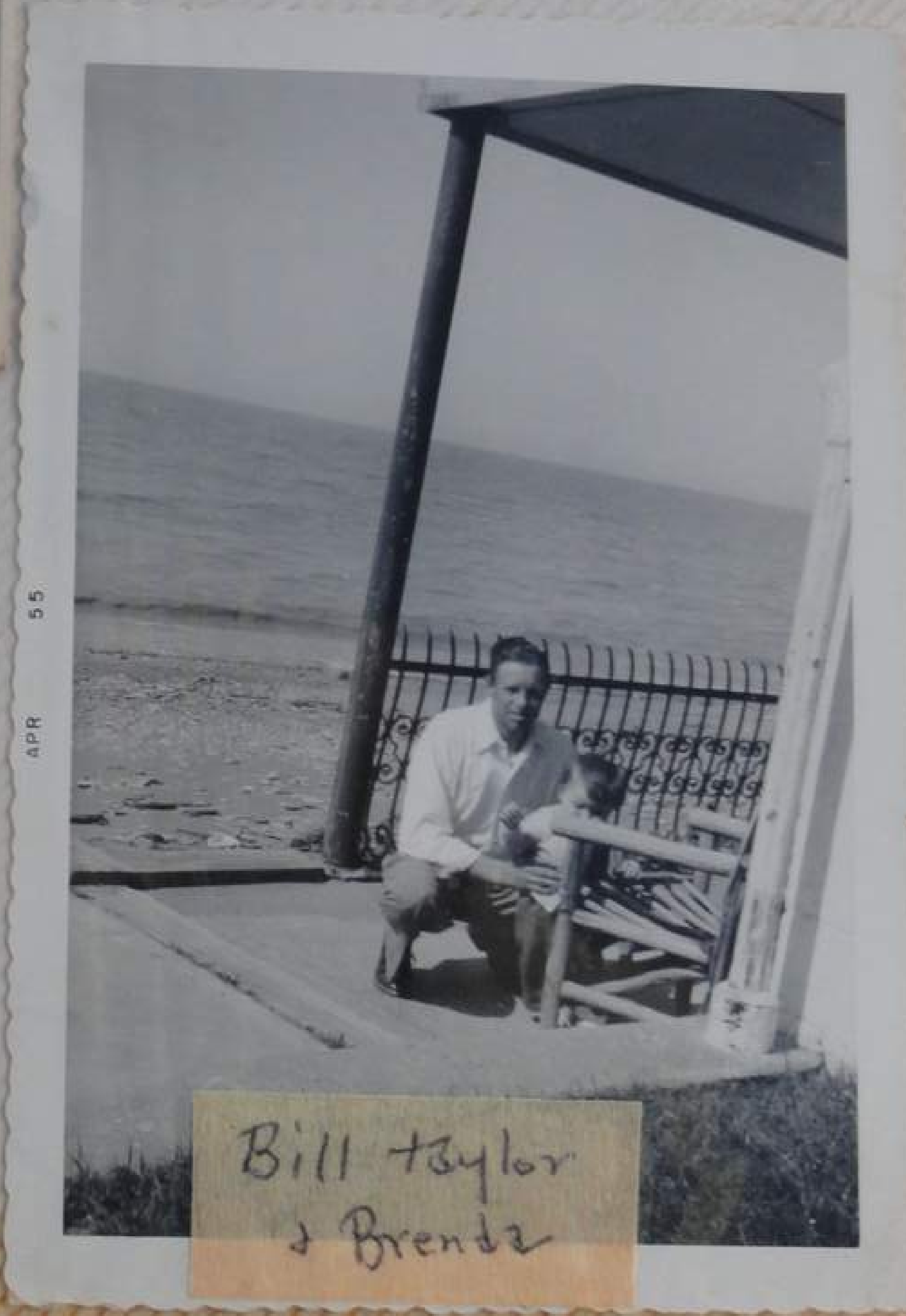
762-DSC00521.jpg



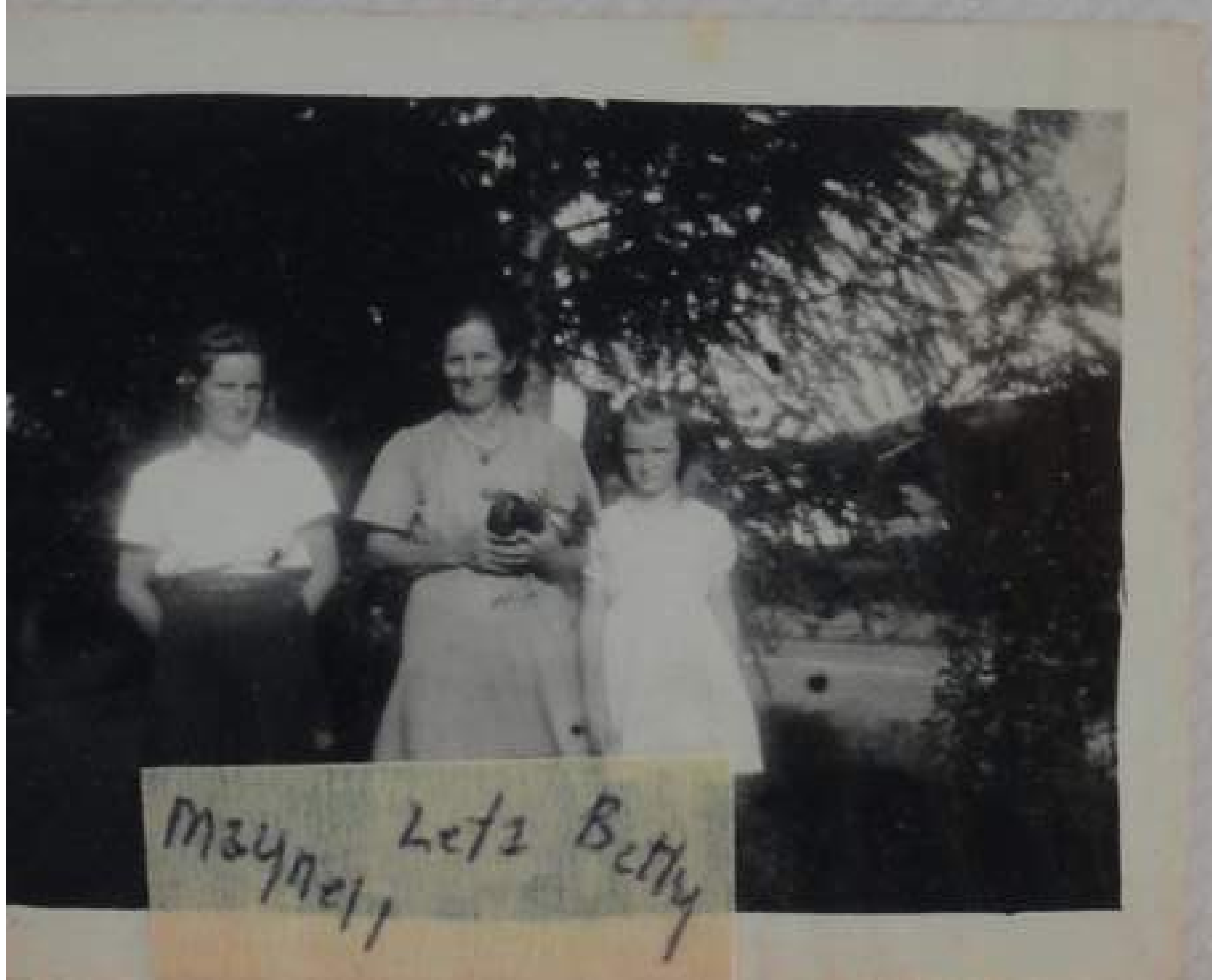
County Fair 1930's
Cliff Sharp with Fiddle - Henderson Sharp
Talbert Carpenter - Clarence Curry
Bowf Bowers


Love Grand
Grandma-dad
Brenda


Brenda


APR 55

Bill taylor
& Brenda


Maynel, Leta Betty

Maynell Betty

Betty & Danny

Danny

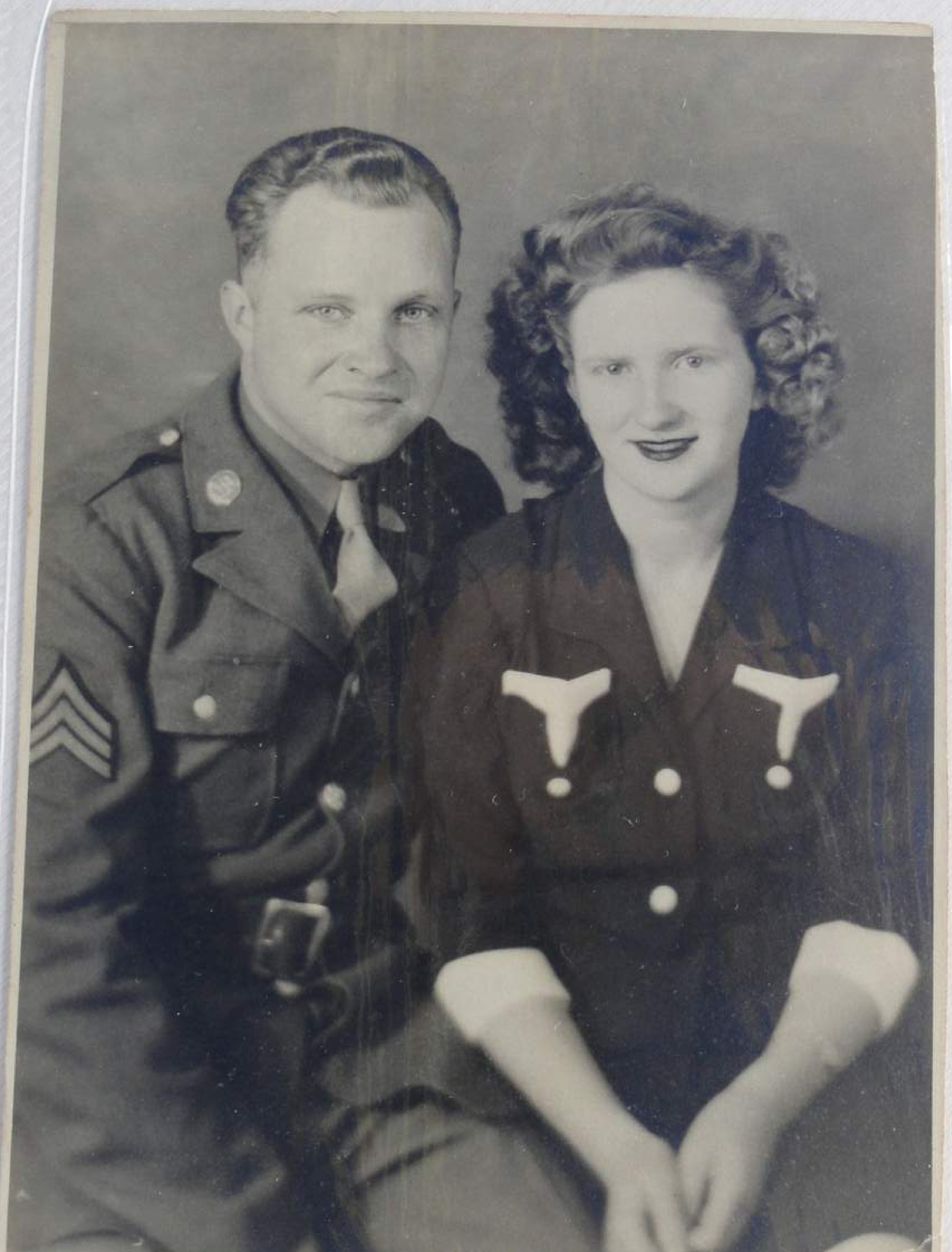
Brenda

Danny

Maynell Porter

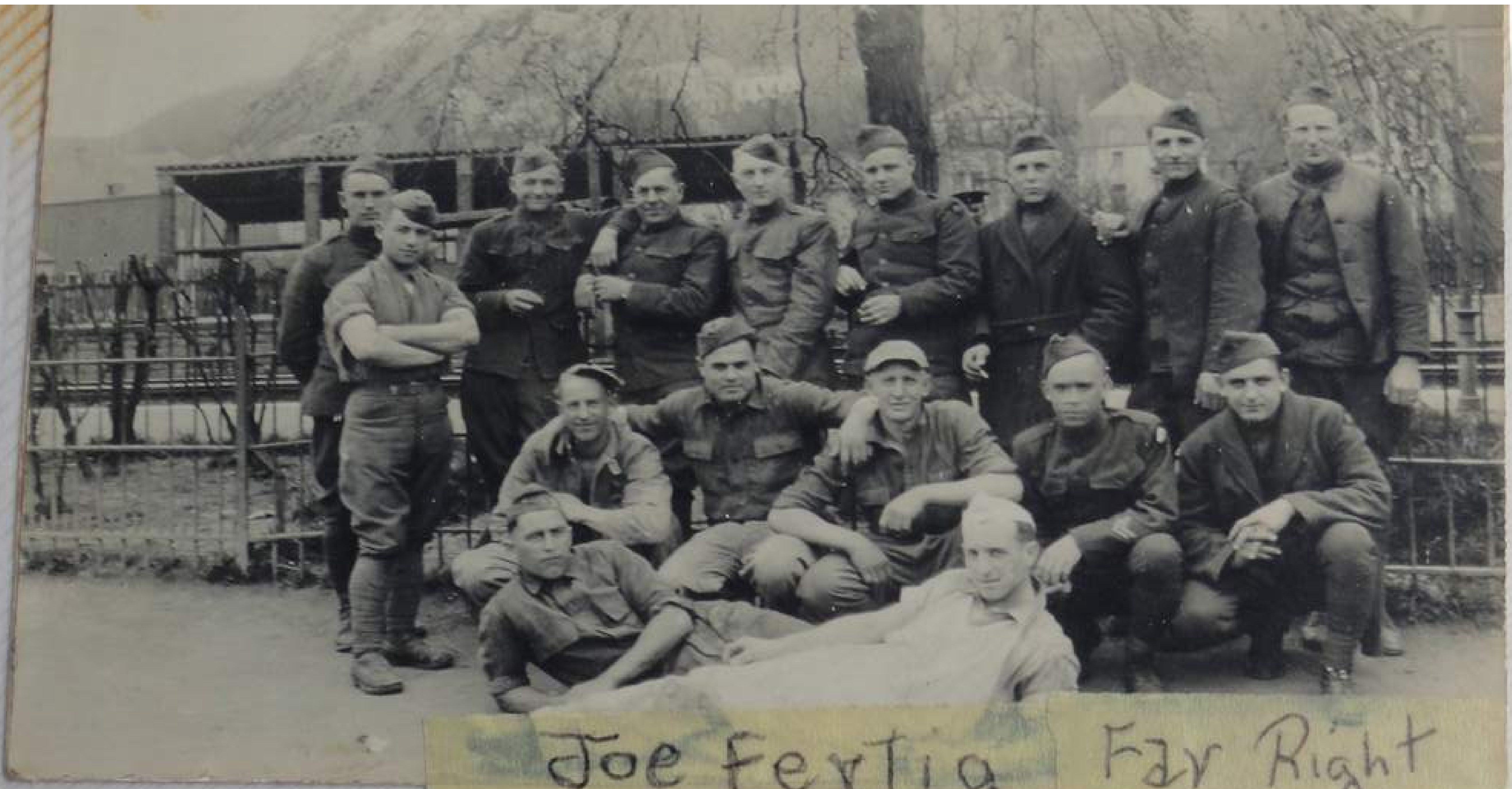
Pete David Lee Taylor

Carla Jean Sharp



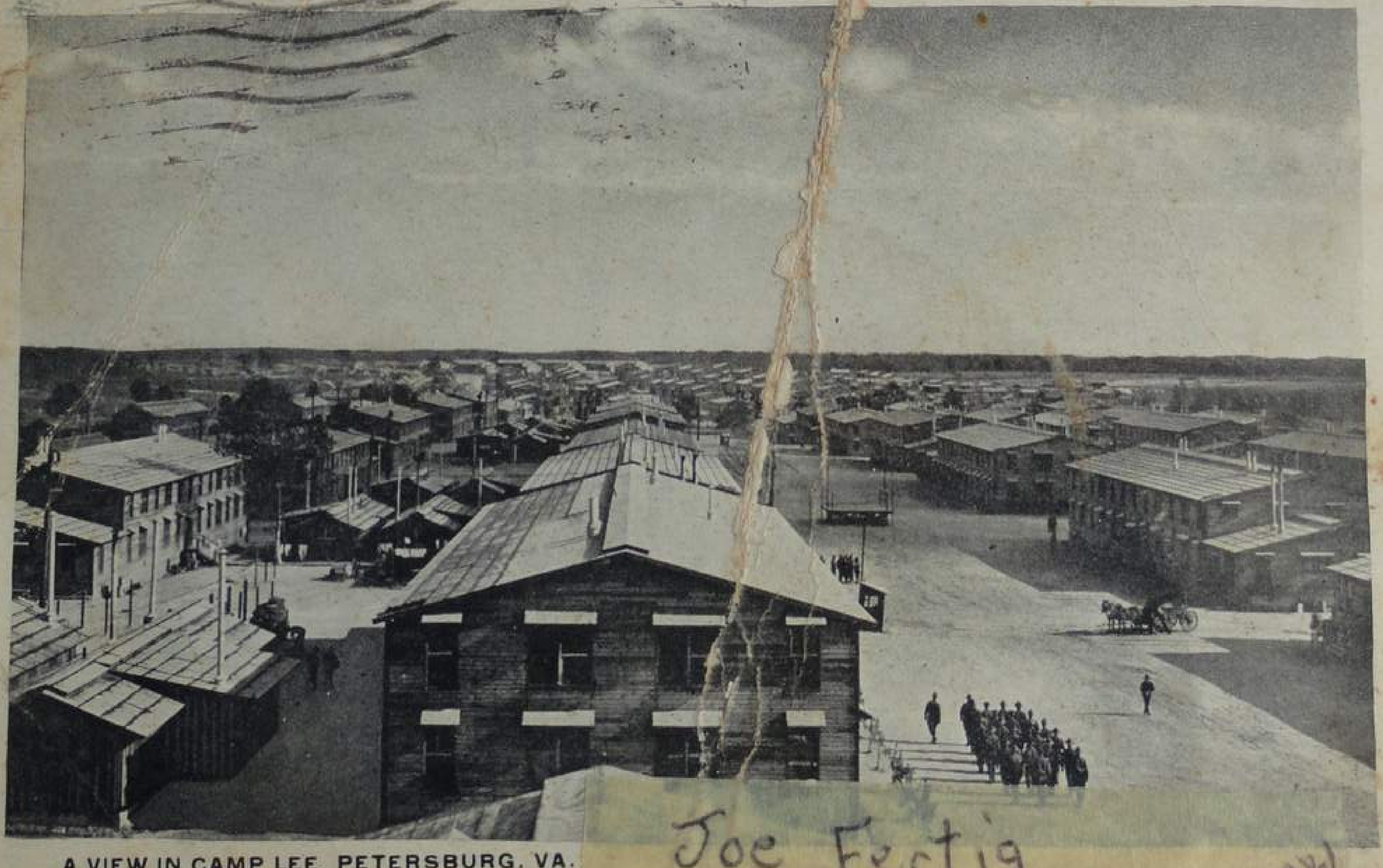
Porter + Maynell

Planting Potatoes At Gibsons Farm



Joe Fertig
+ Army Buddies

Far Right
Standing



A VIEW IN CAMP LEE, PETERSBURG, VA.

Joe Fertig
Stationed here in Army

Sharp Pinic at Seneca

Maude + Eufama
Carpenter

Maynell

MAR · 57

Brenda Taylor

· MAY · 66

Betty + Pet
B Lamb

Uncle Alvie Aunt Maude

Betty Geneva Porter mayhall
Wooddell

JUN • 57

Zeb Taylor
& Son.

Porter

Lois Ellen
Tennant

Steve

Lena & Ruby

SEP · 60

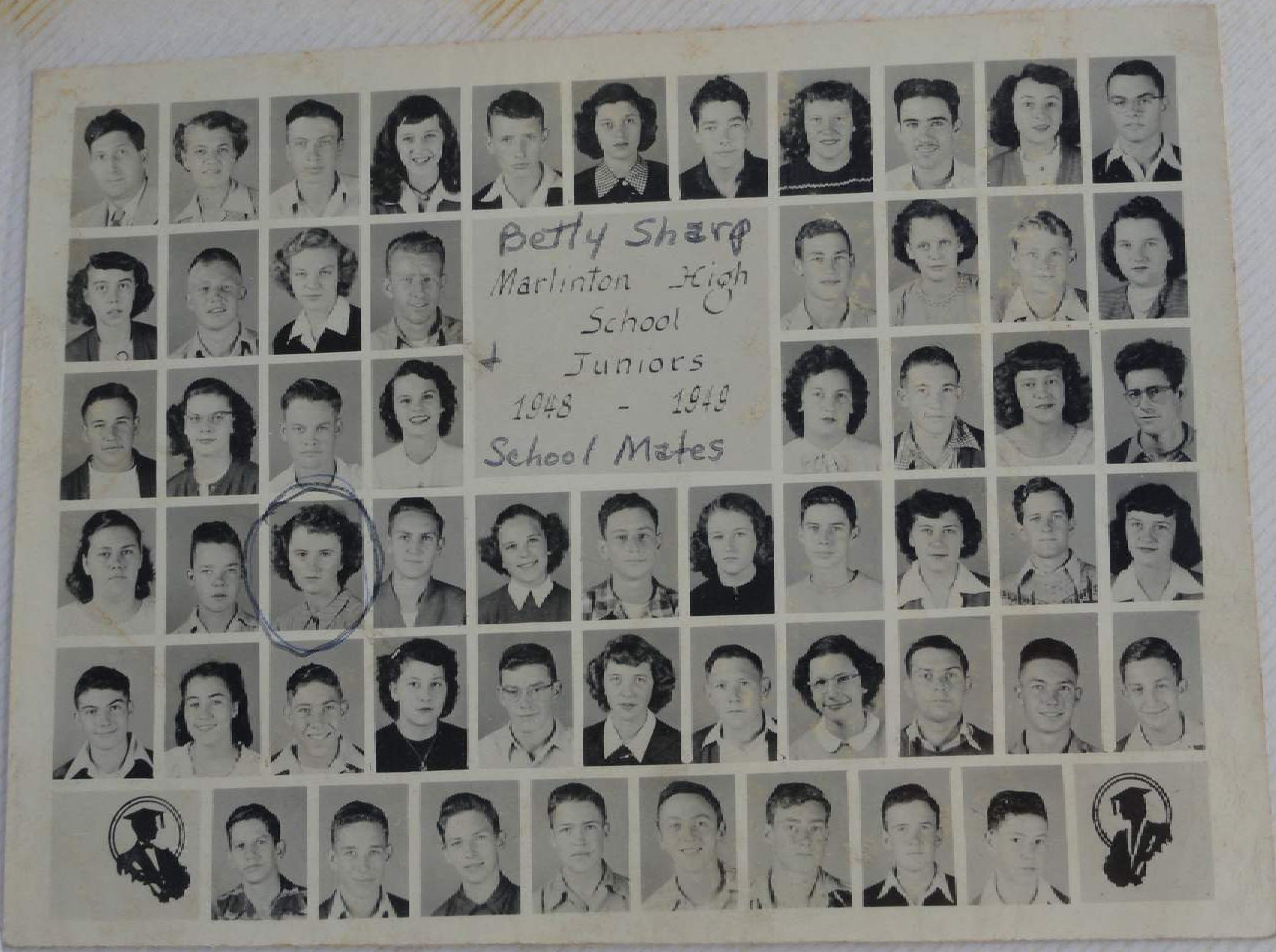
Gary Grimes

Sam

DANNY

Zelma Moore & Leta

Leta & Brenda



Betty Sharp
Marlinton High School
+ Juniors
1948 - 1949
School Mates

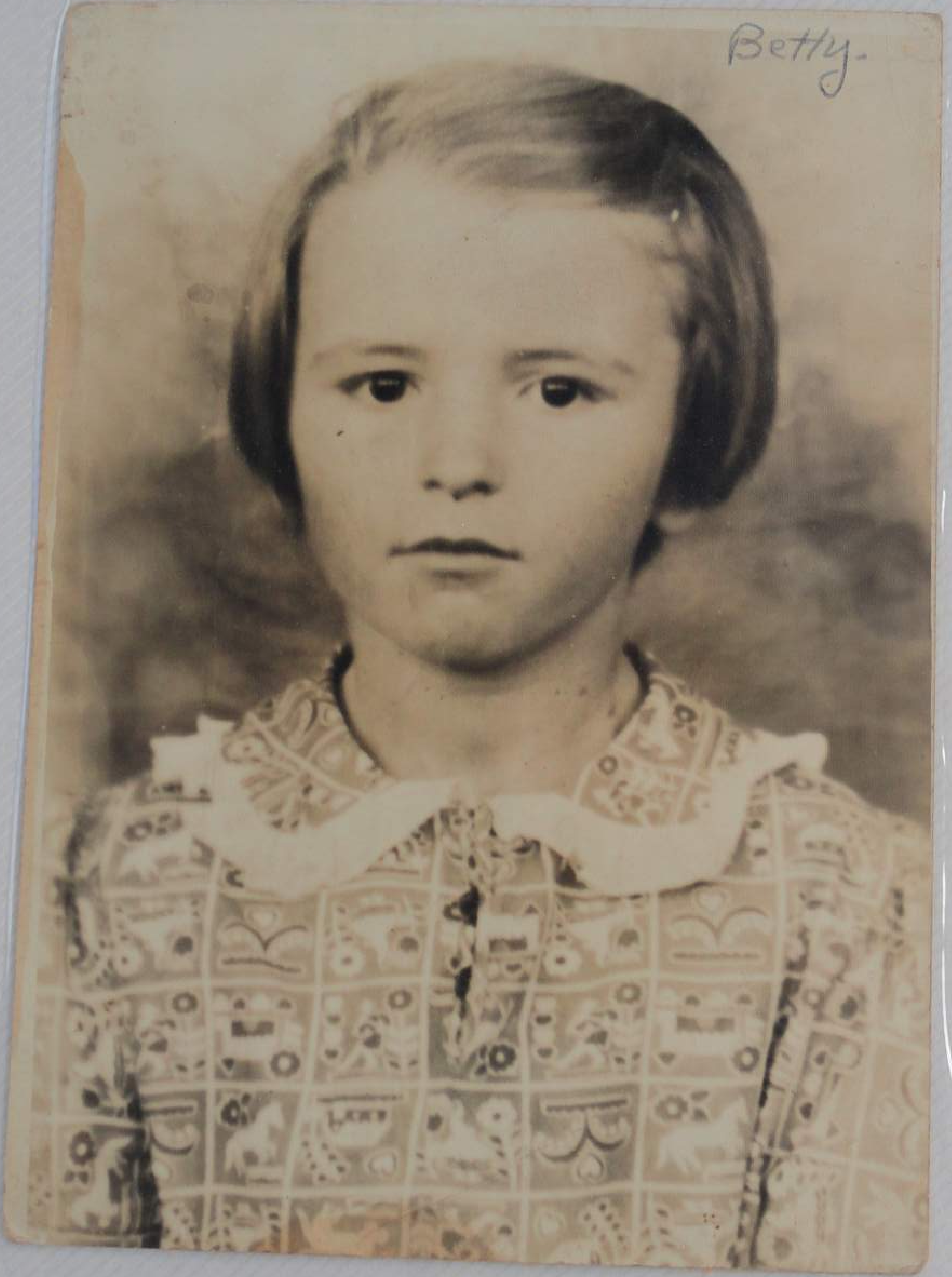
Steve-

3 yr. old

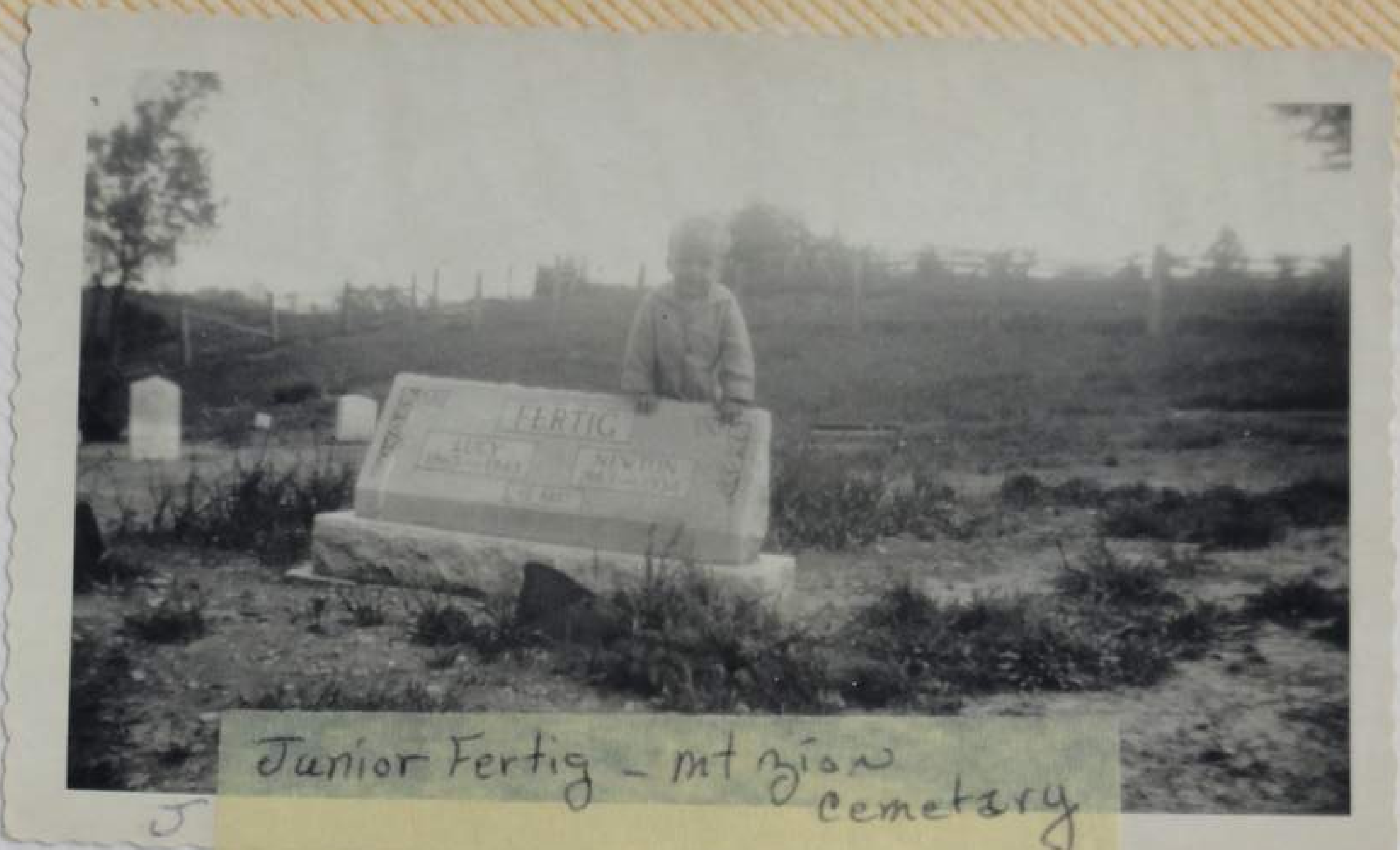
LeTa - Henderson - Danny

BeTTY + DANNY

Steve Betty

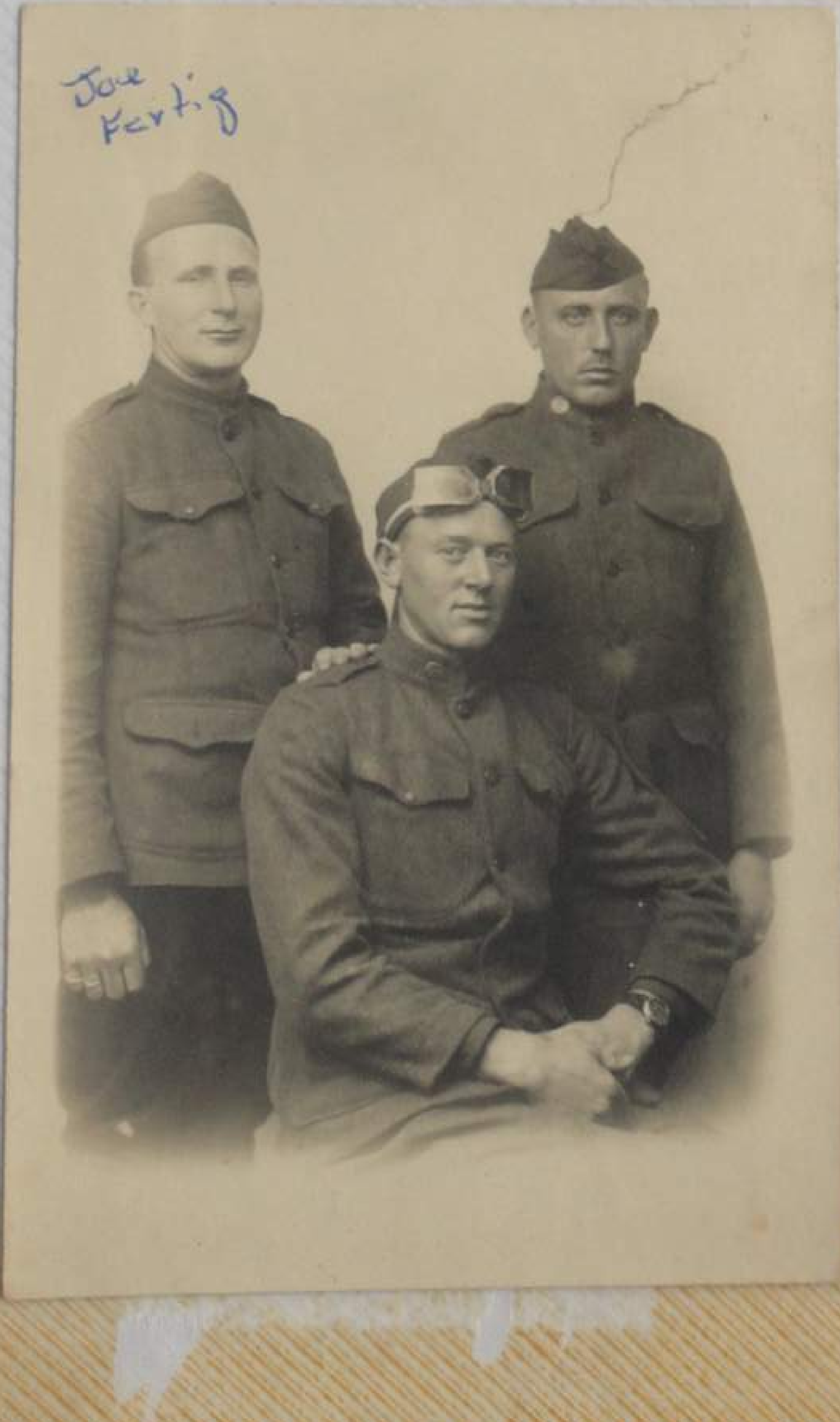


Betty-

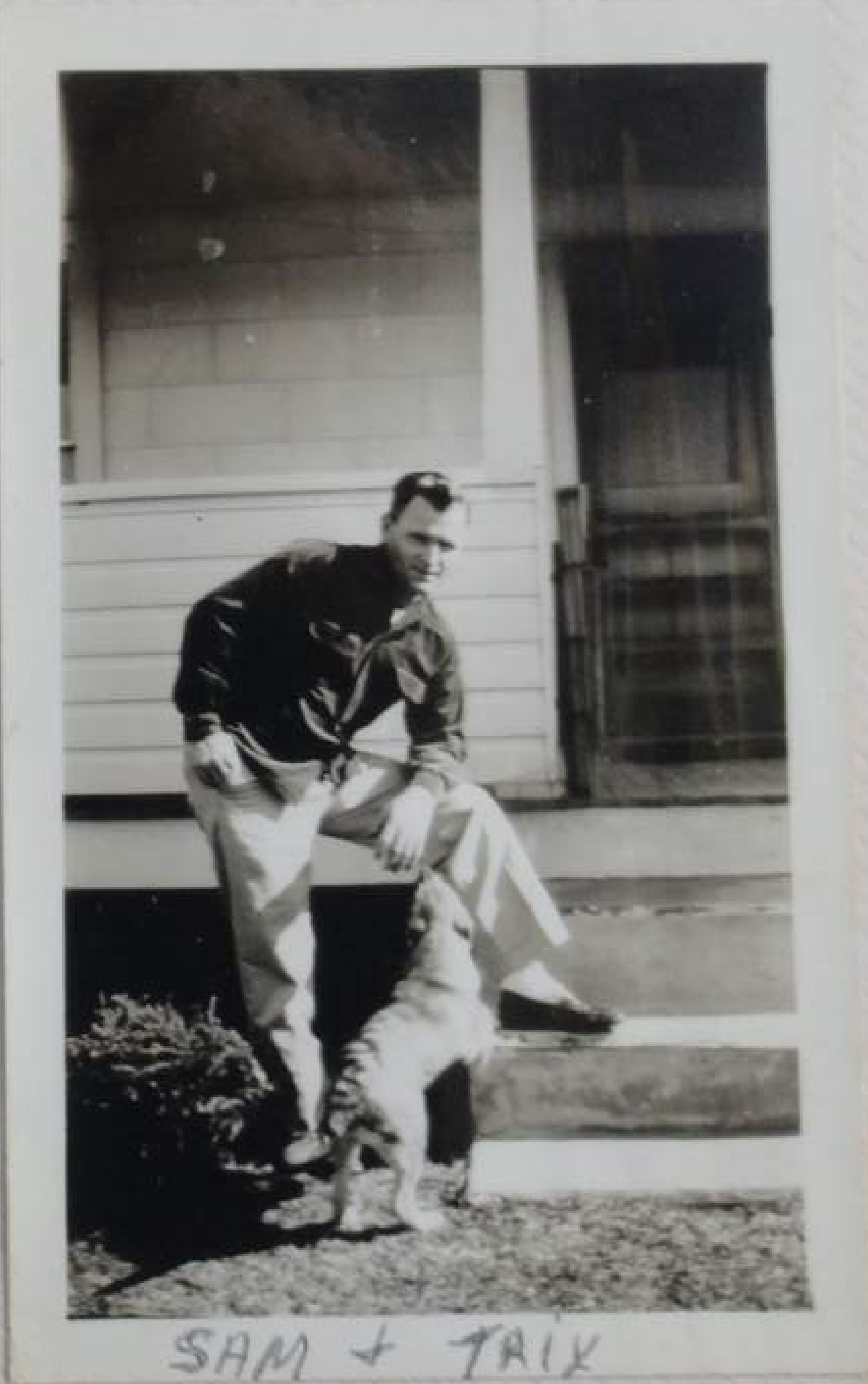

FERTIG
LUCY
NEWTON

Junior Fertig - mt zion cemetary

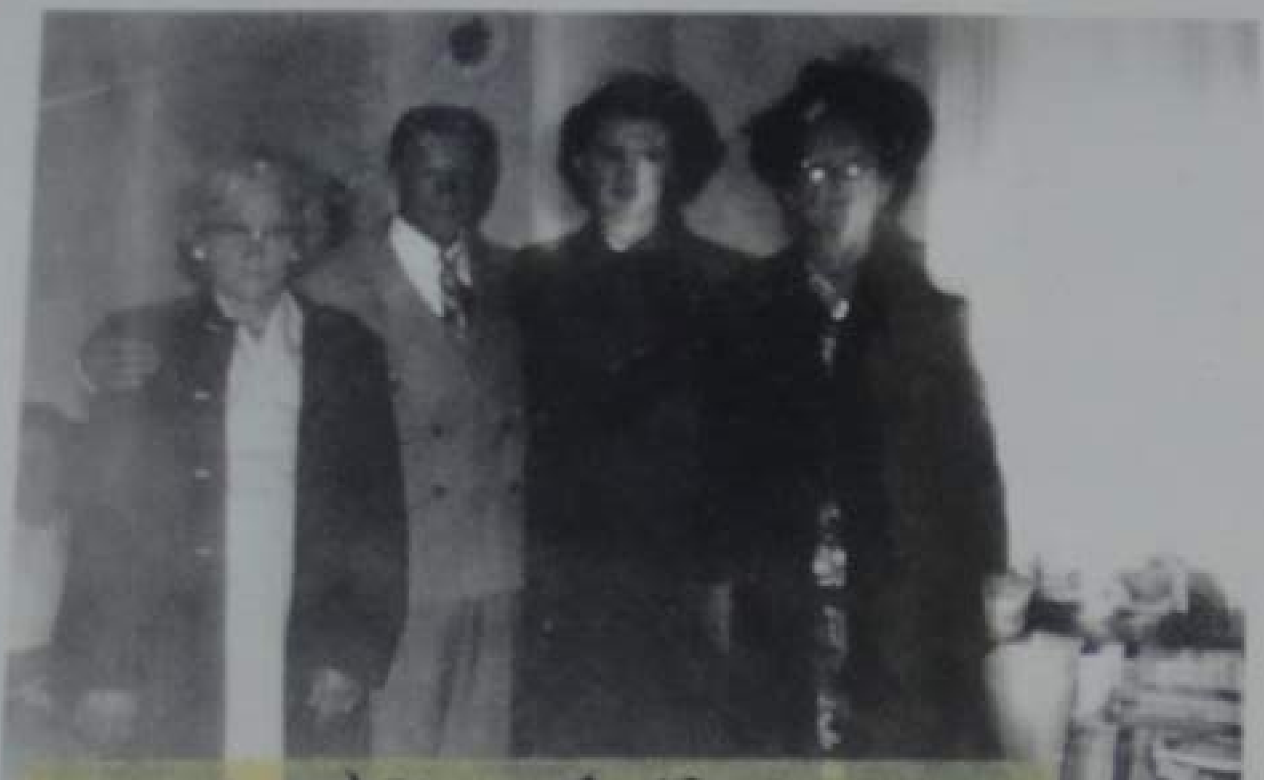
J



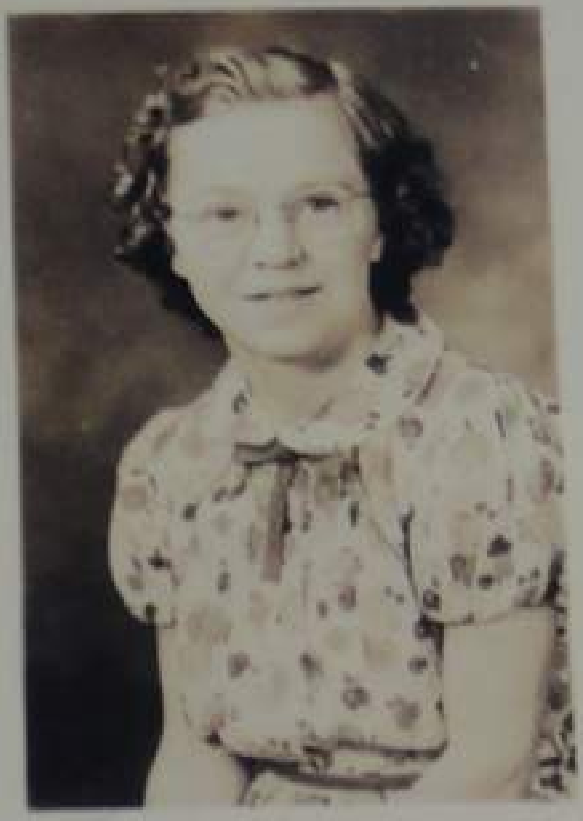
Joe Fertig



SAM + TRIX

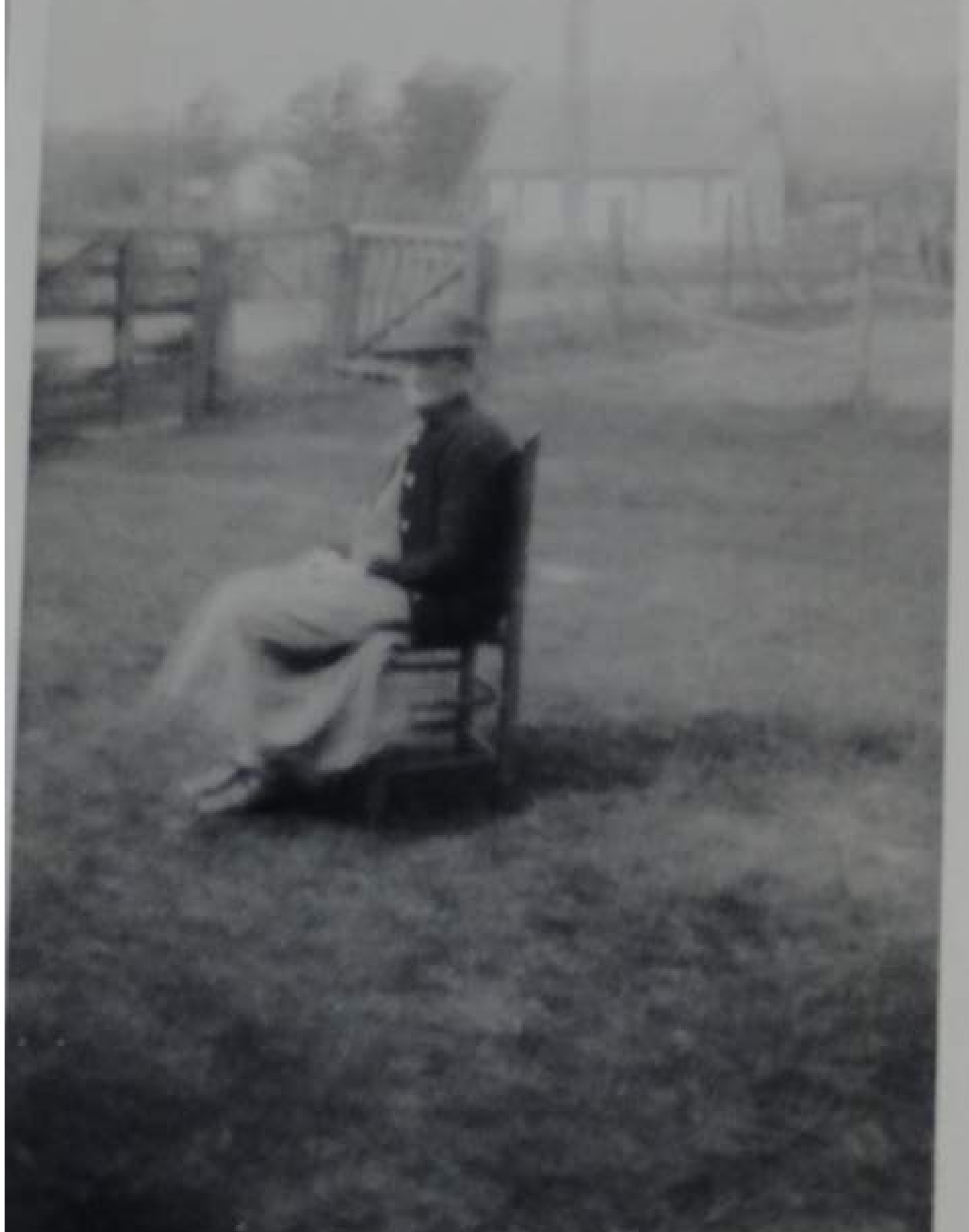


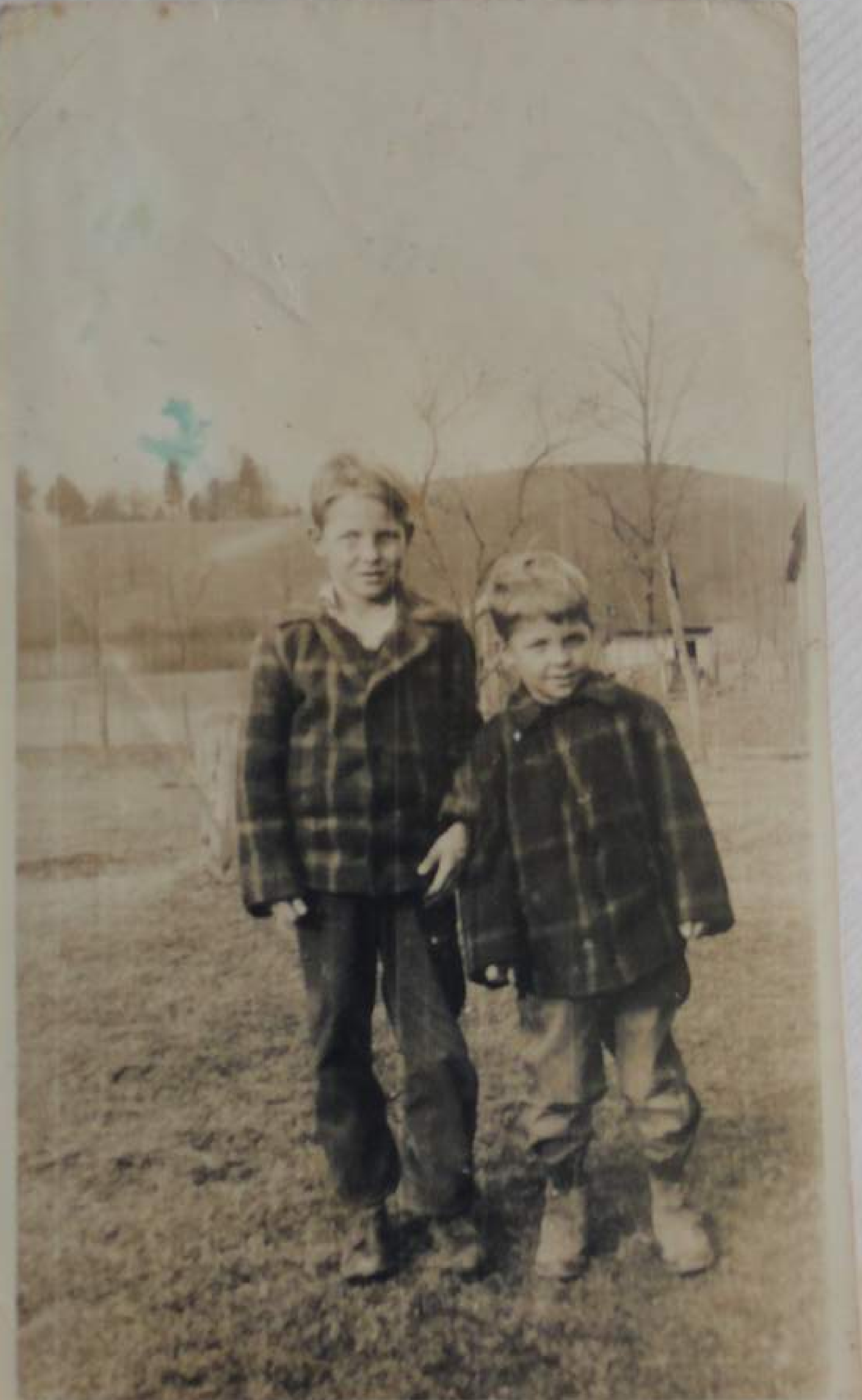
Thelma } Bill + Betty { Leta
Taylor - McCarty Taylor } Sharp



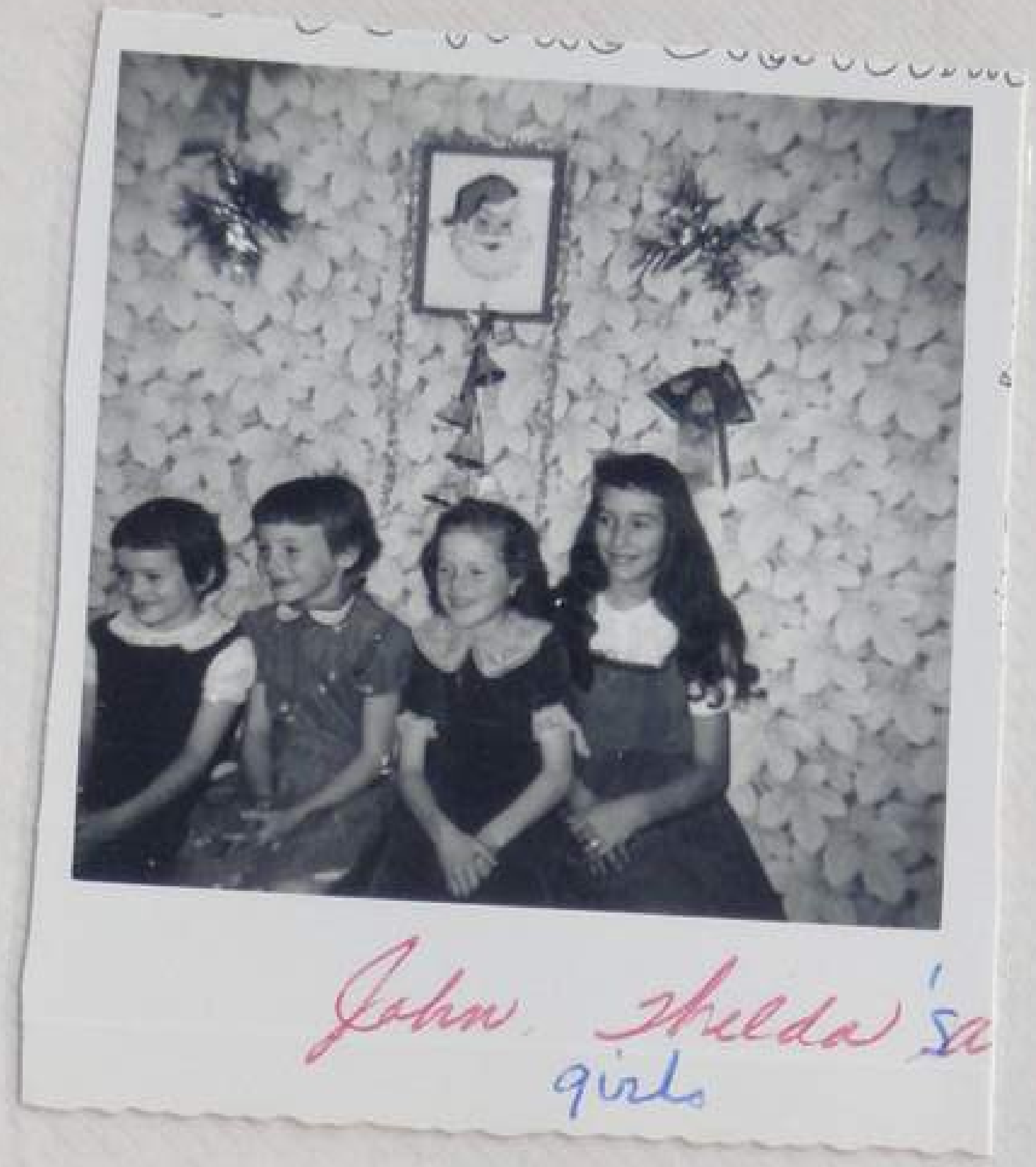
EUFAMA

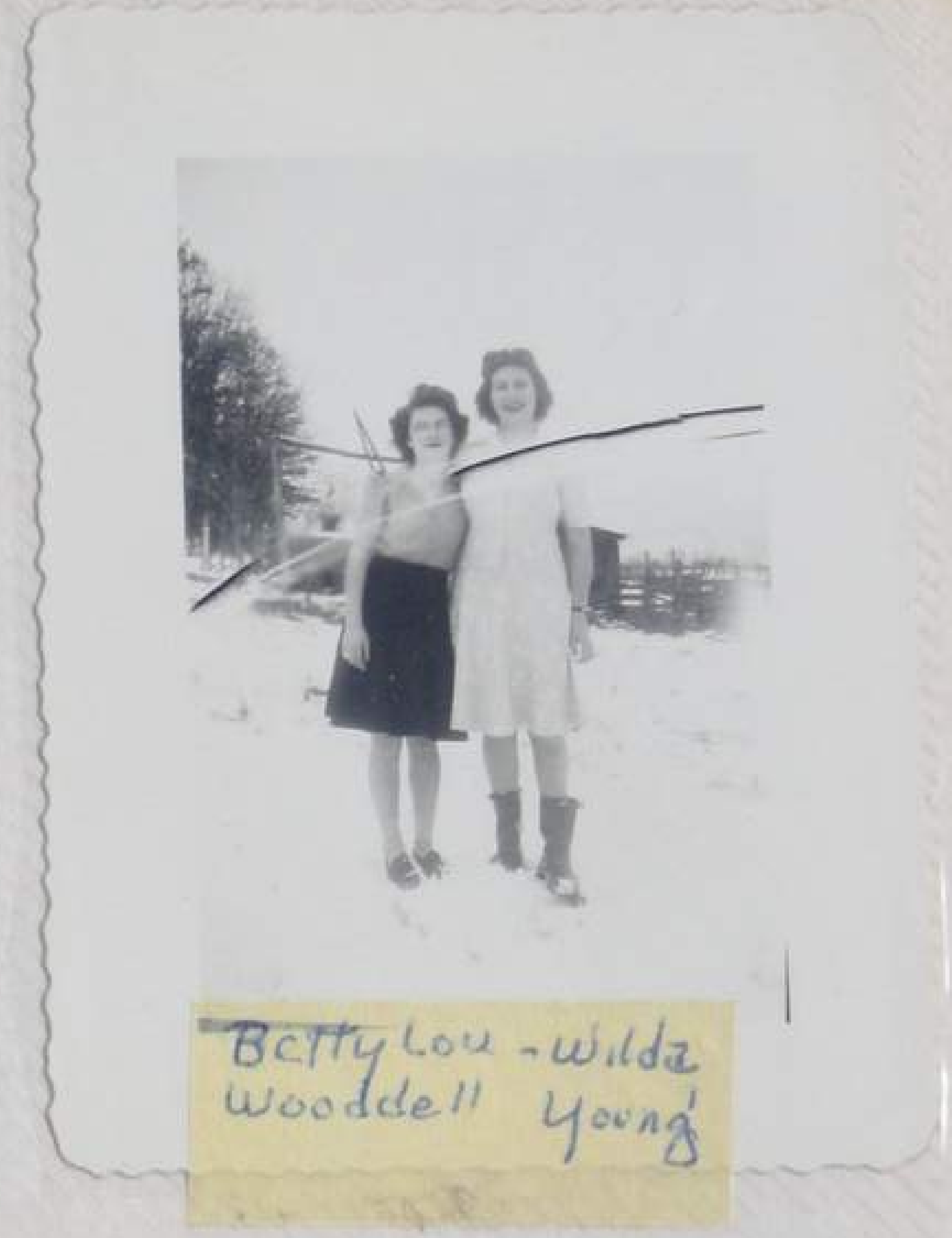
Gran - Alice Sharp

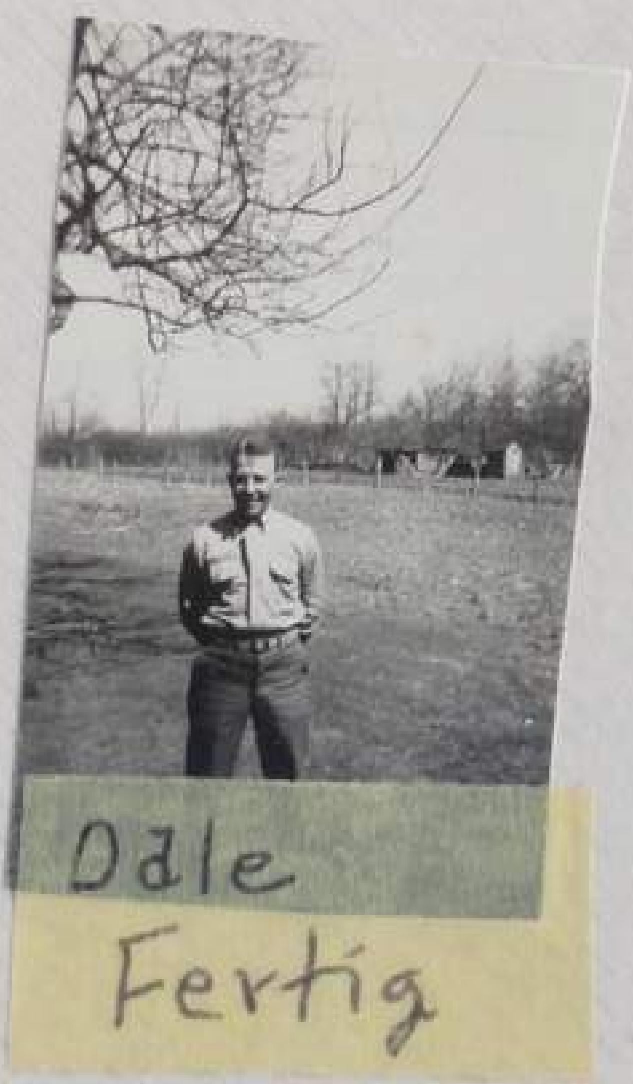


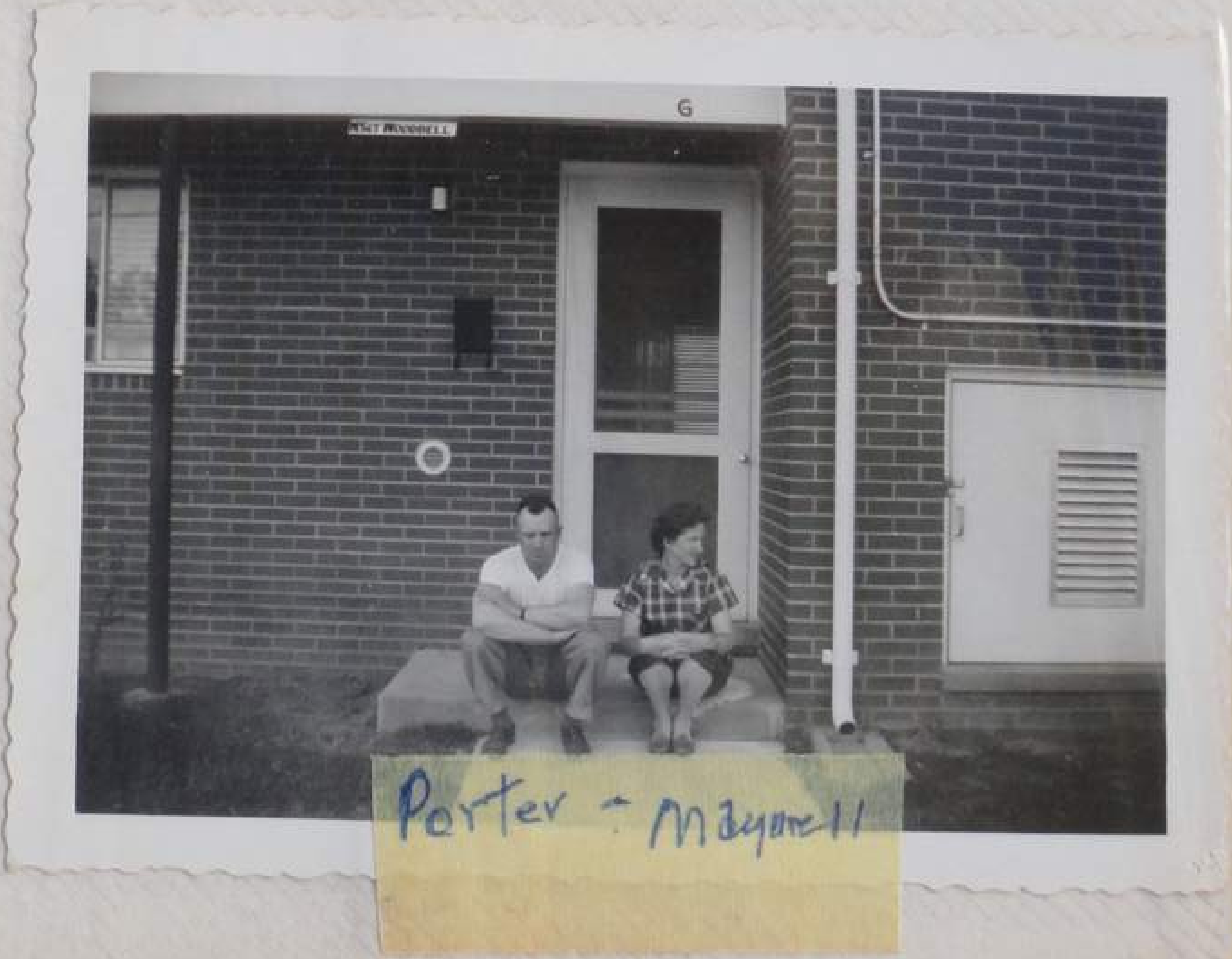


Earl + Gary Grimes


John Thelda's girls


Betty Lou - Wilda
Wooddell Young


Dale
Fertig



Porter - Mayrell

John & Wilda
Chappels.
girls

Betty

Dale Fertig

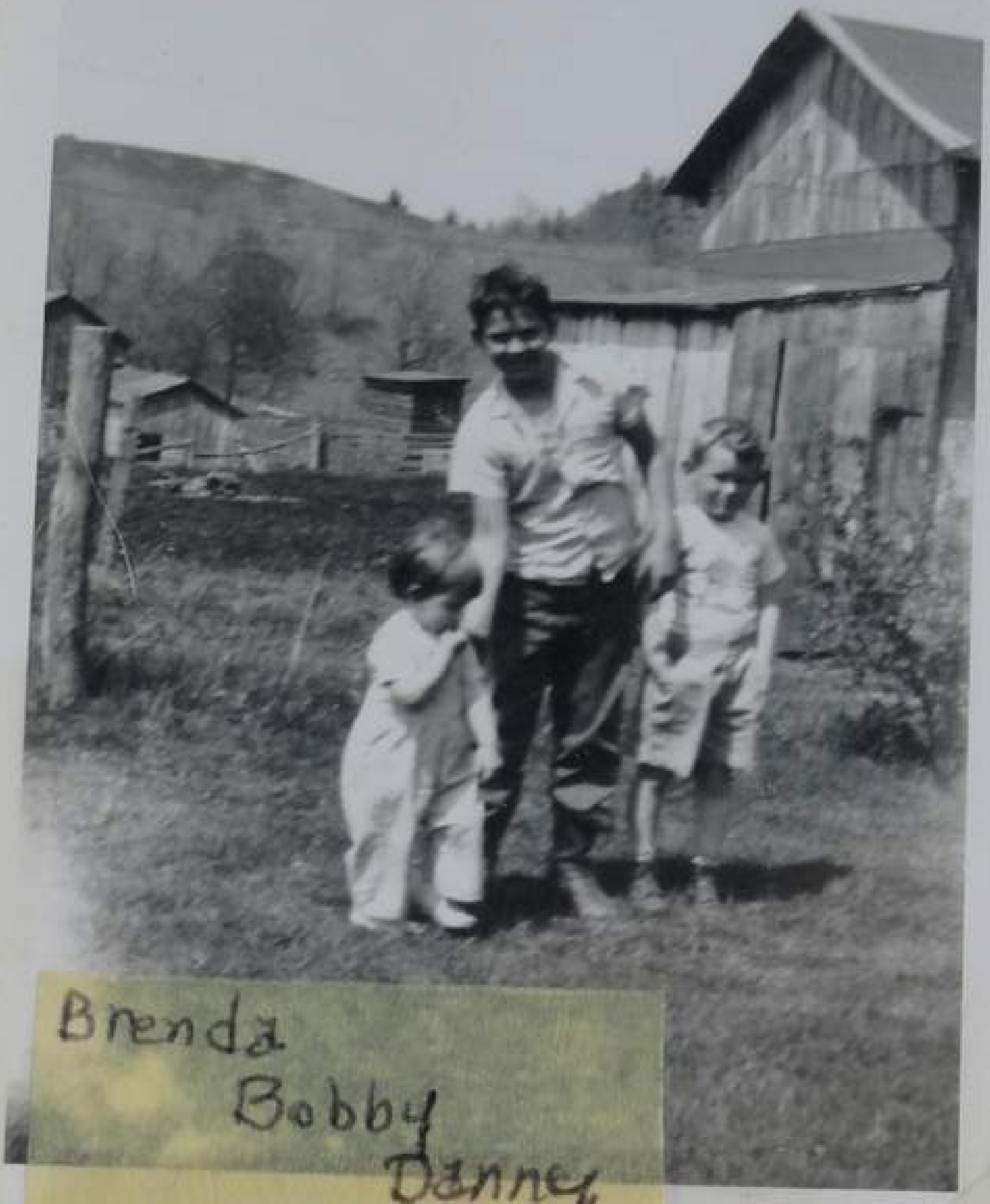
Berg. Jane - Lynn

the Whitts Girls
(Marie & Charles Parents)

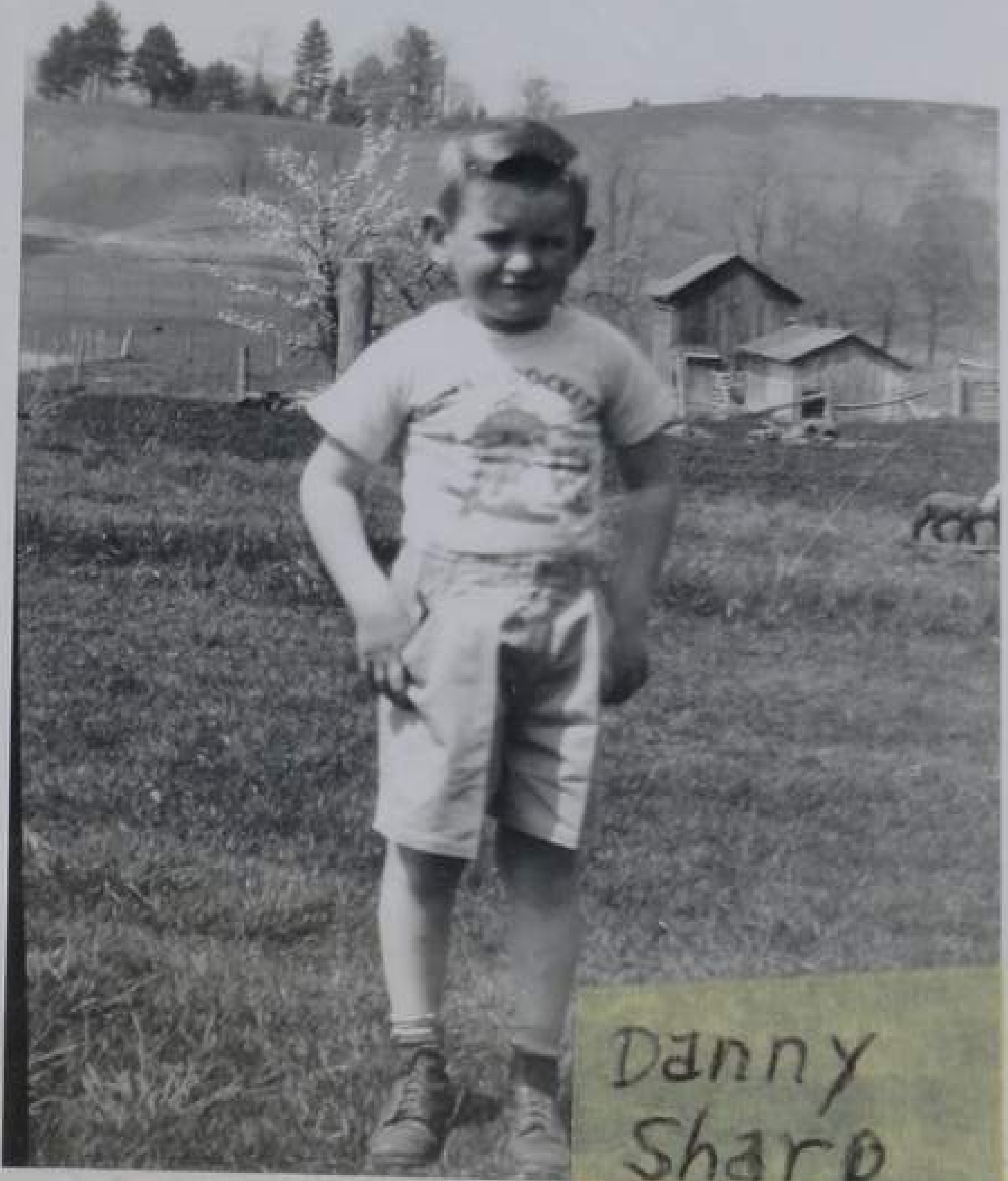
Dolly Shrader Marie Curry

Charles Curry & Ryder Girls

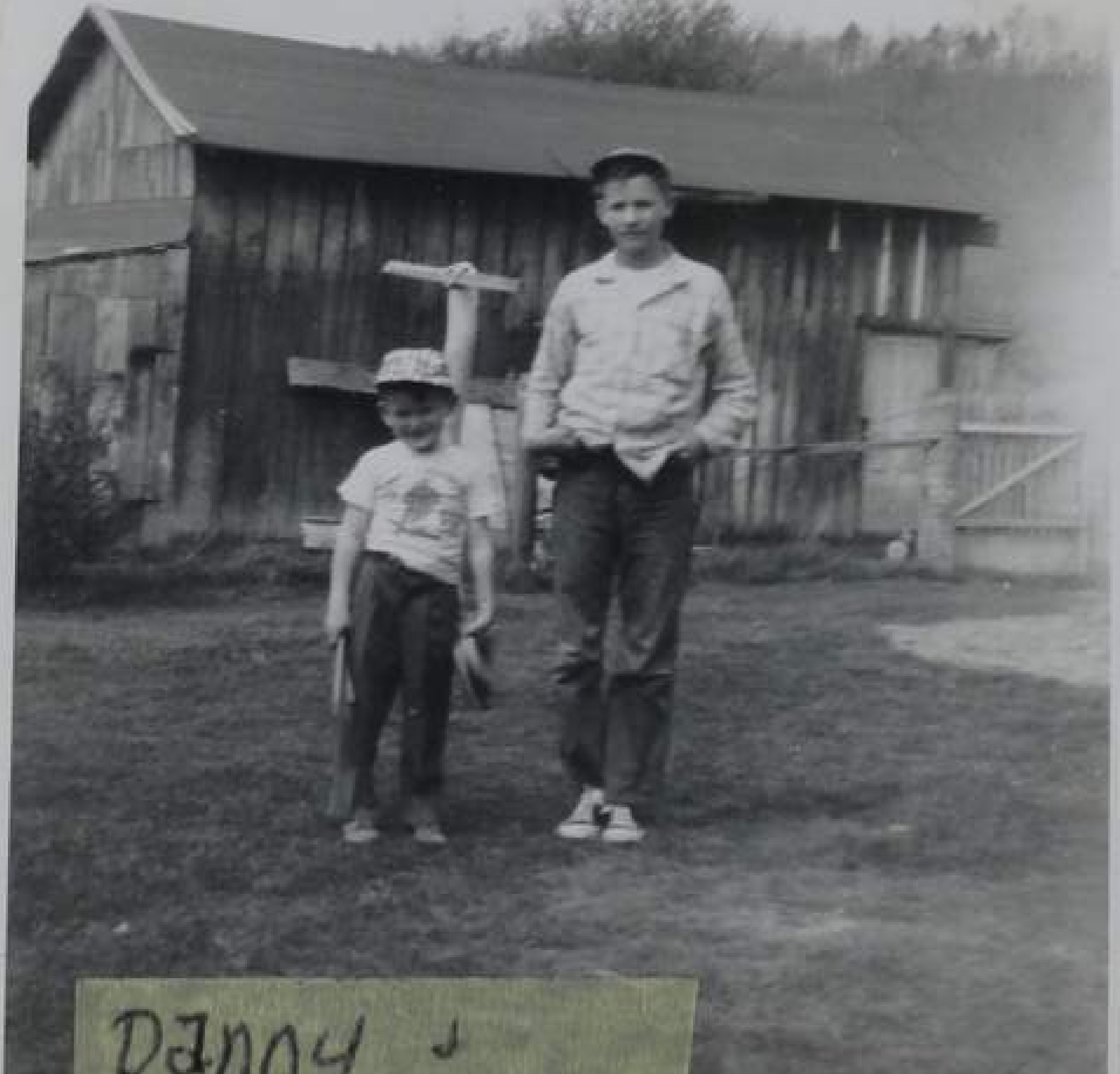
Albert Fertig — Meade Curry
seated
Luther Shrader



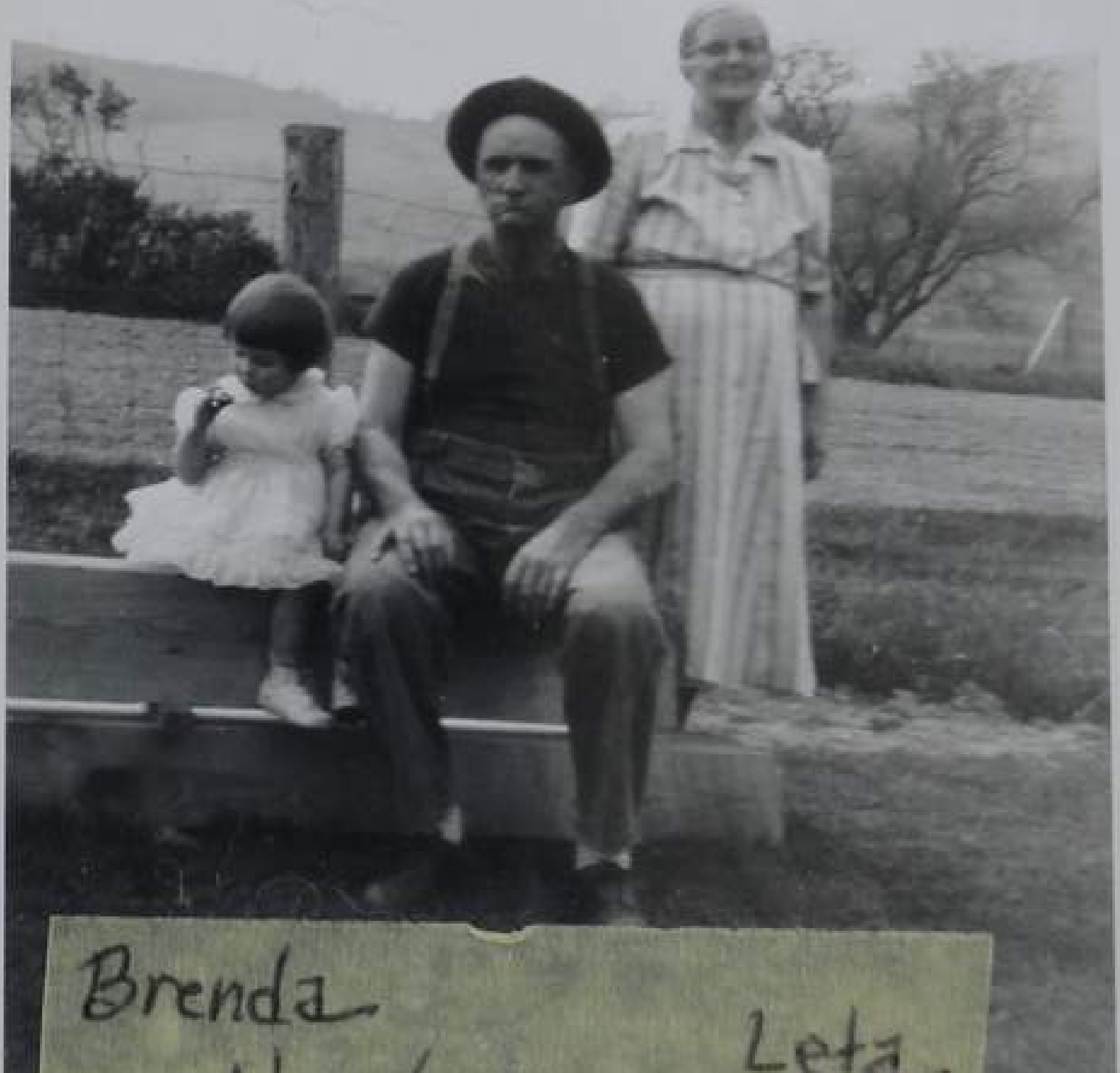
Brenda
Bobby
Danny



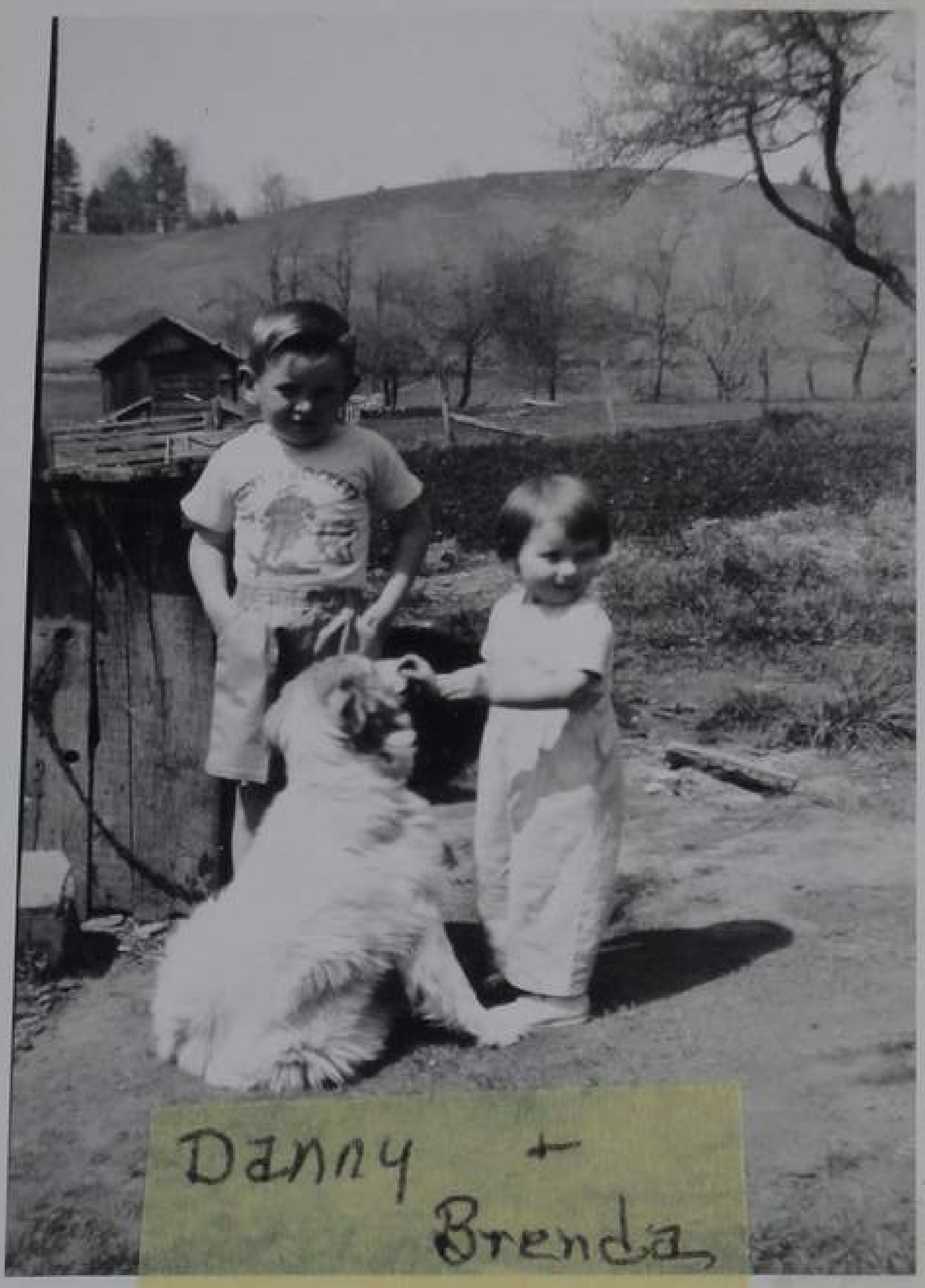
Danny
Sharp



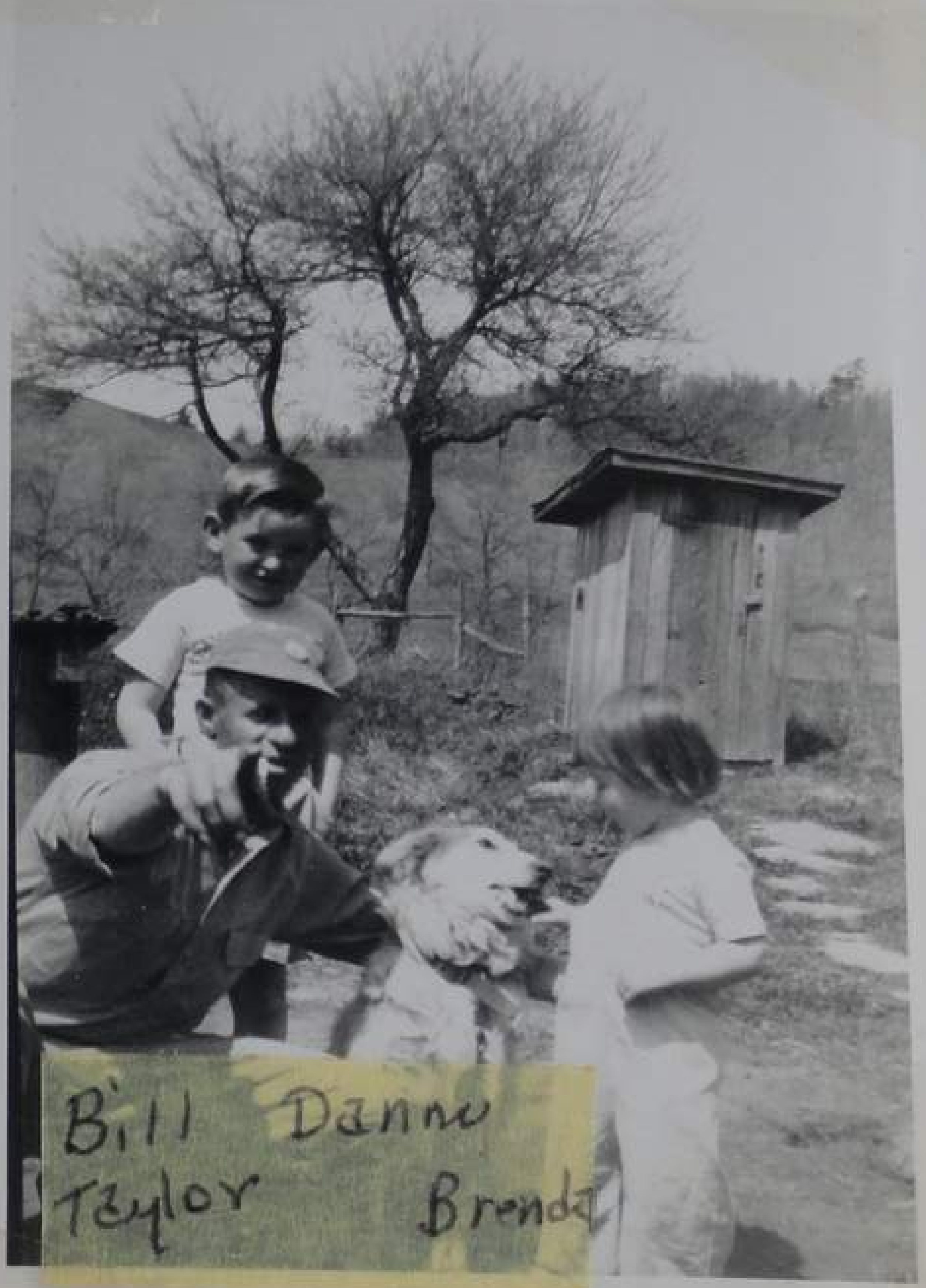
Danny &
Steve



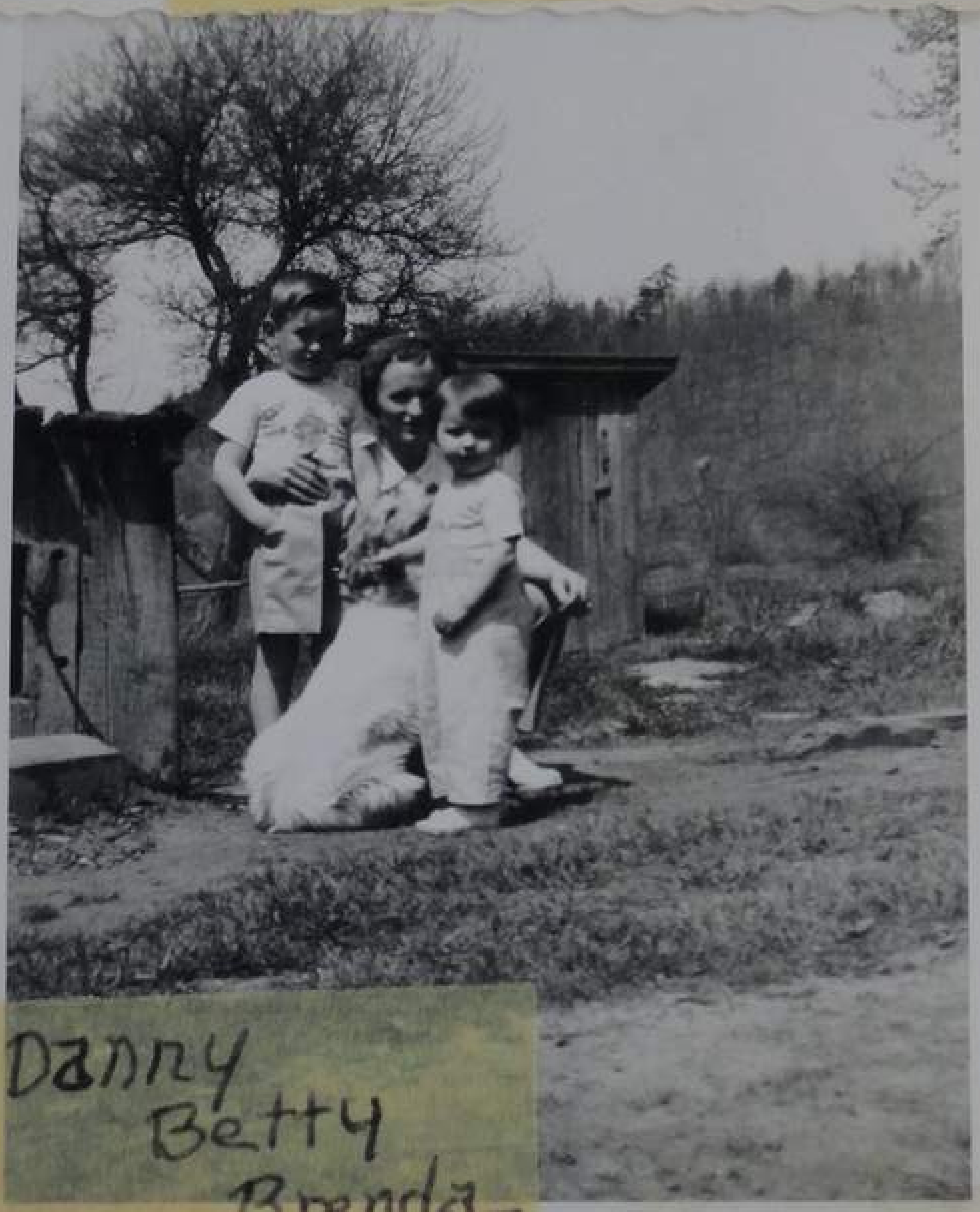
Brenda
Henderson Leta



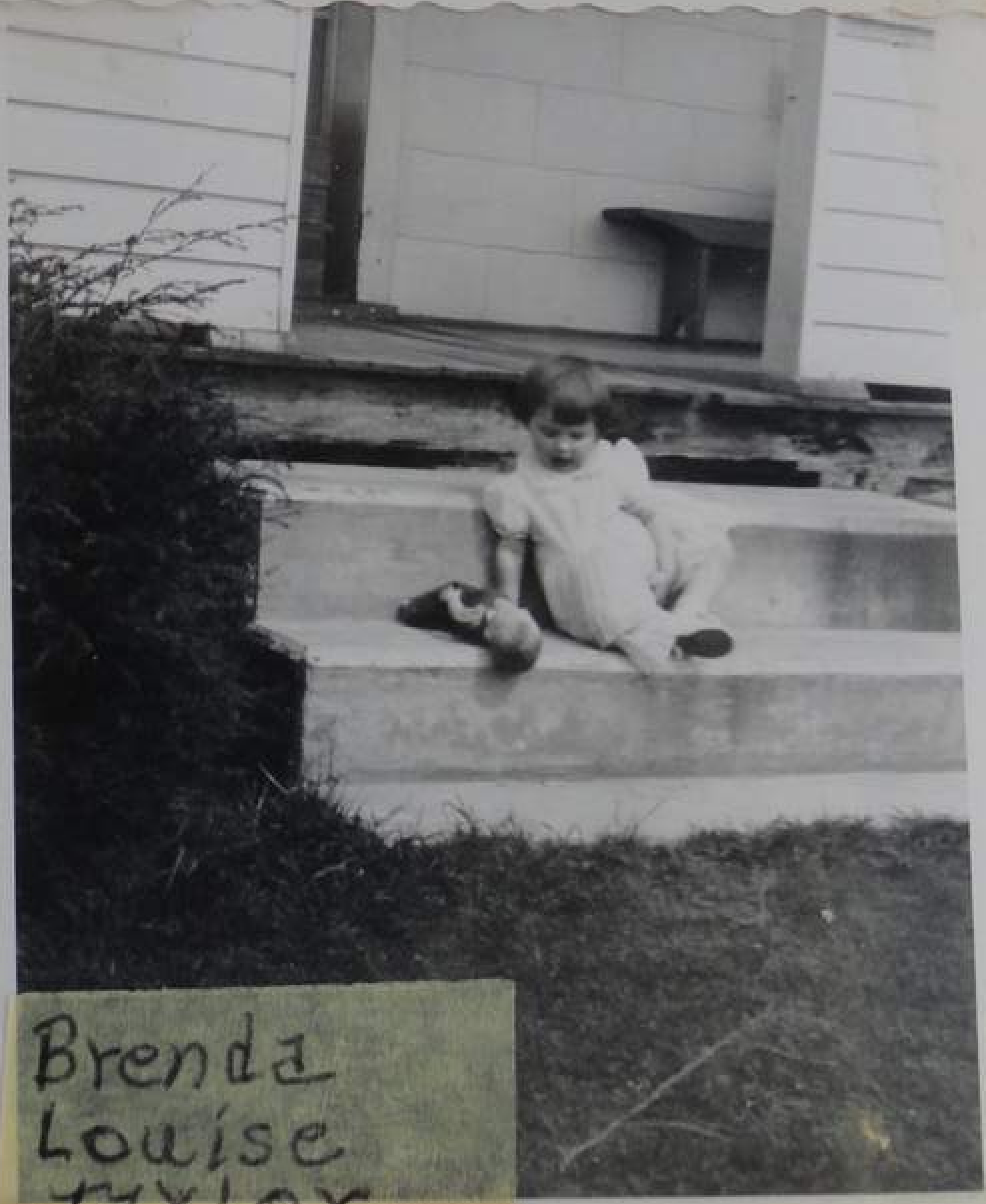
Danny + Brenda



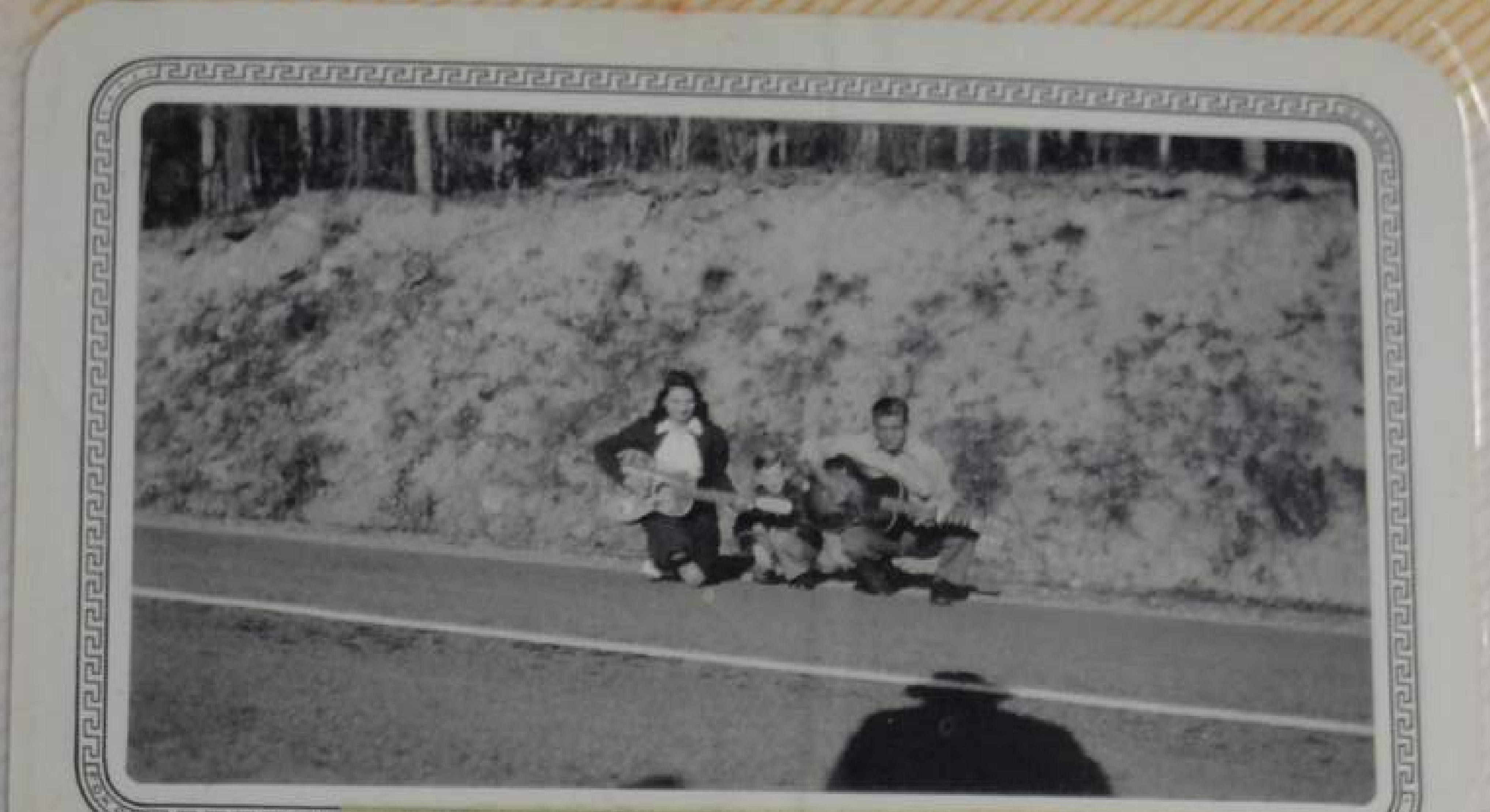
Bill Dann
Taylor Brenda



Danny
Betty
Brenda

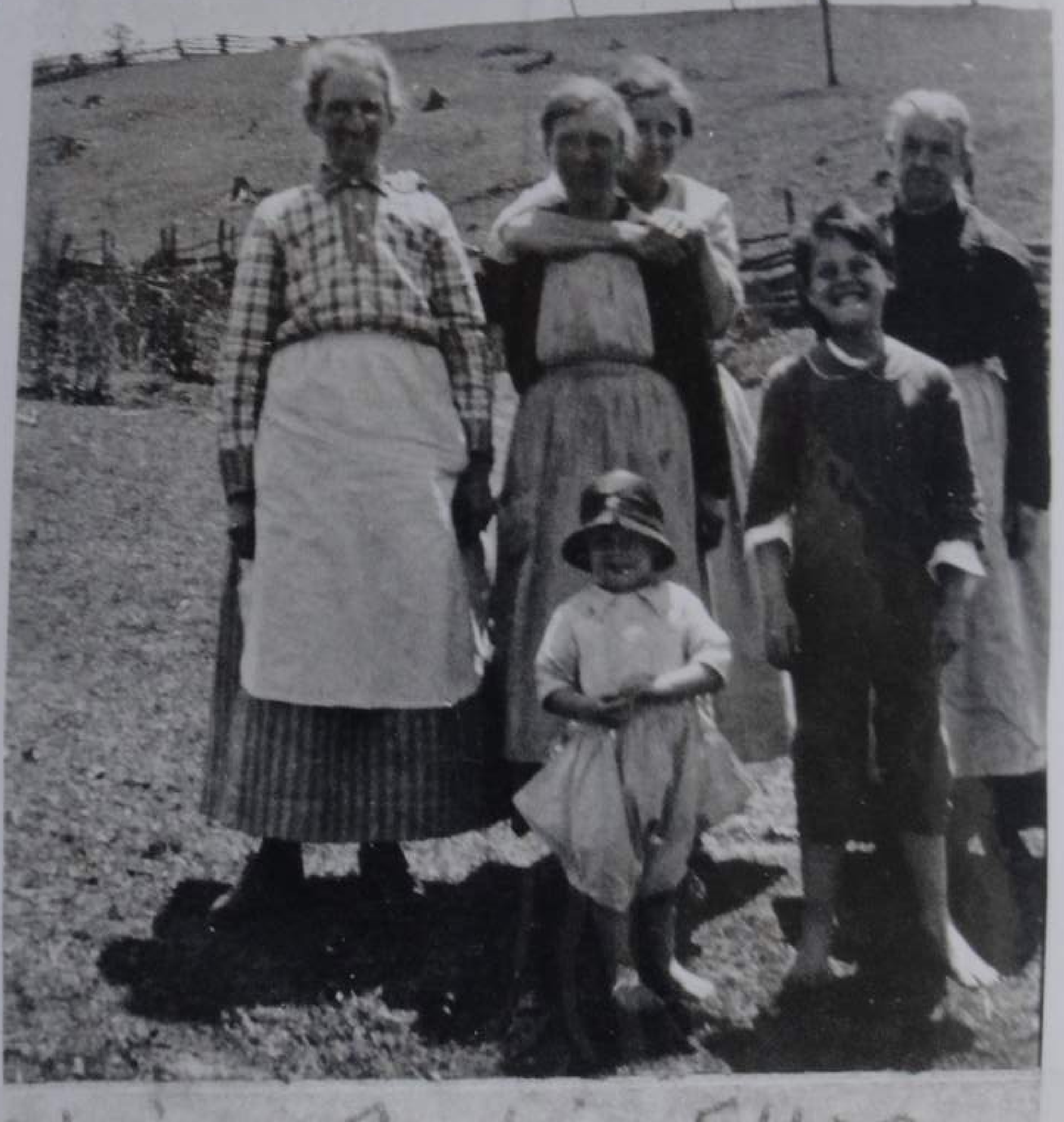


Brenda
Louise
Taylor



Mary Carol Marshall
Jane Gilmer Chestnut
Chestnut Chestnut

Pennybacker
Family



lice Pauline Ellen

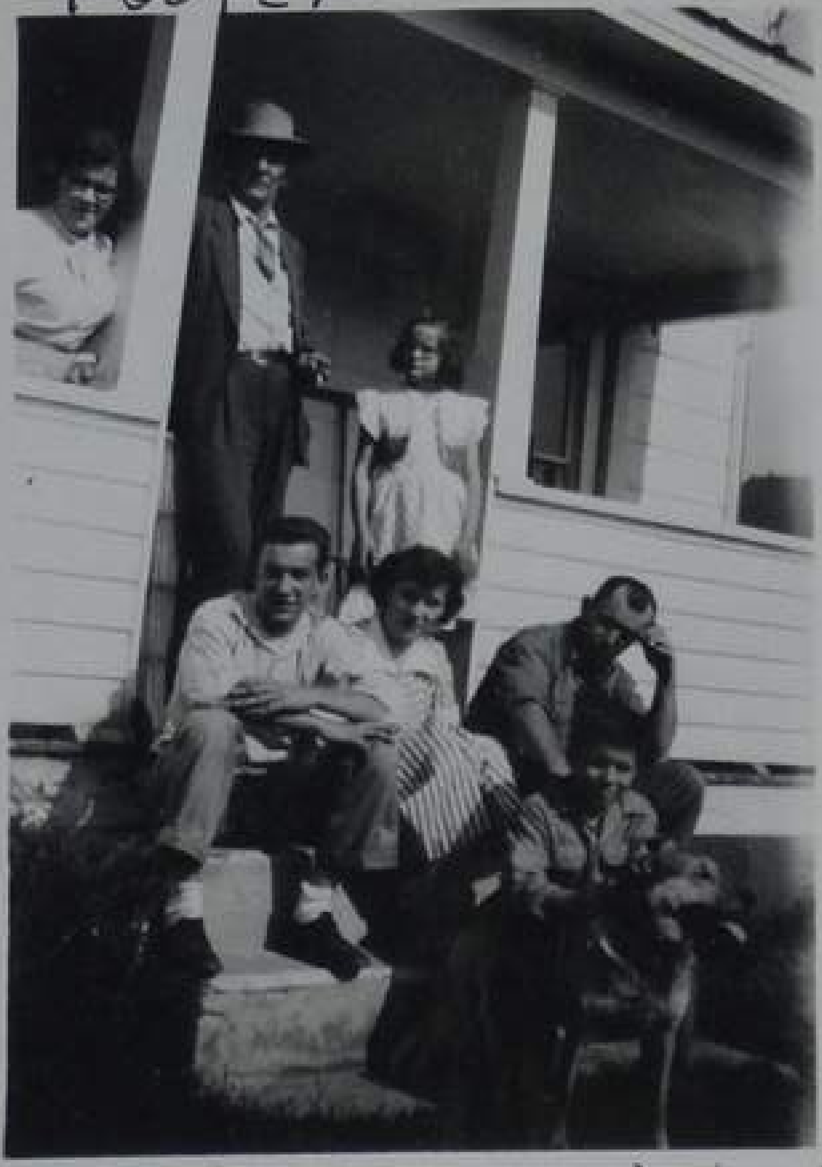
Betty - Danny - Brenda

Betty Sharp

Jean Wilda
Ryder Young

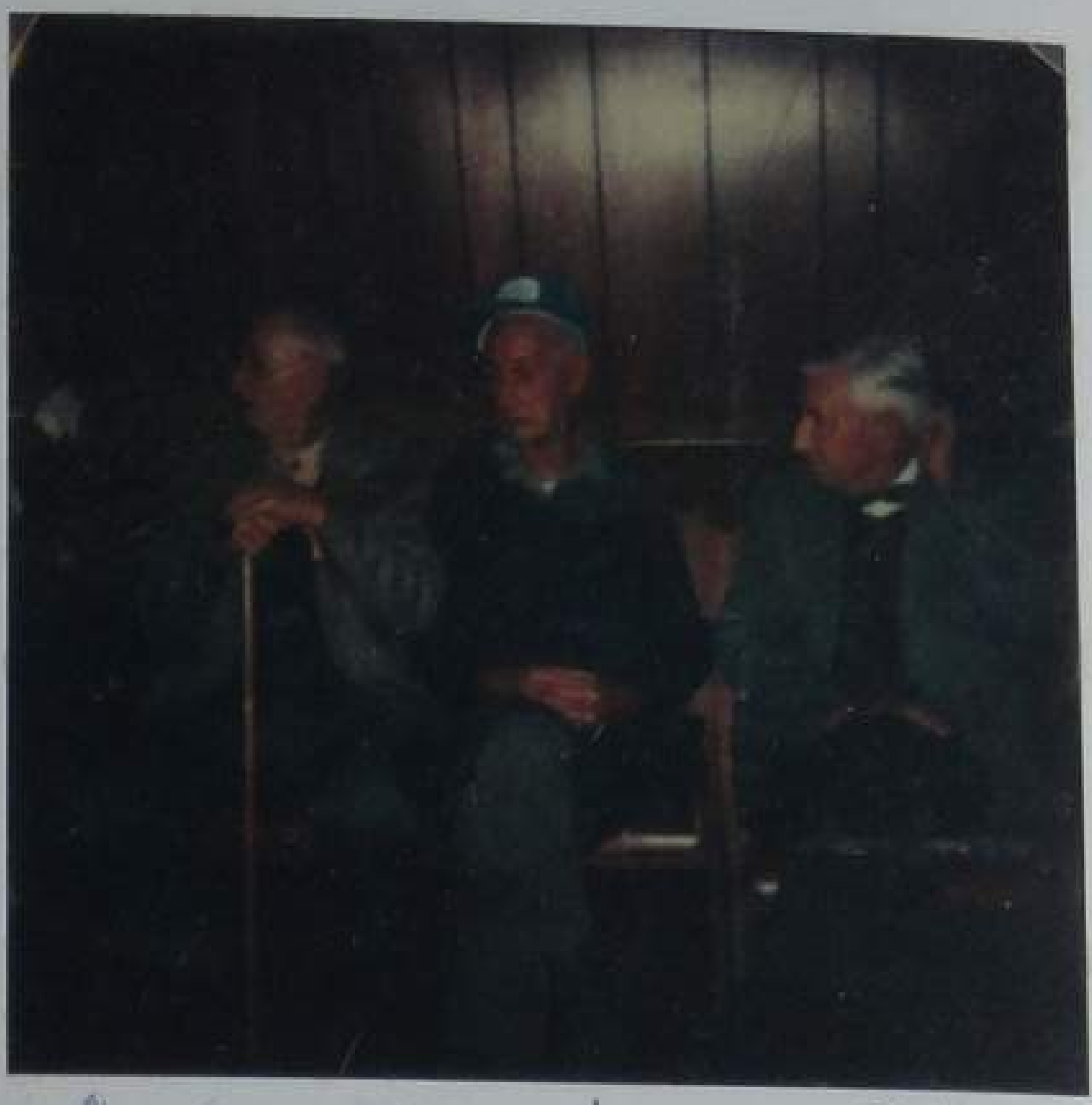
Bea Olson

Fosters



Betty

Lock. Bob - Margie - Pete - Jim

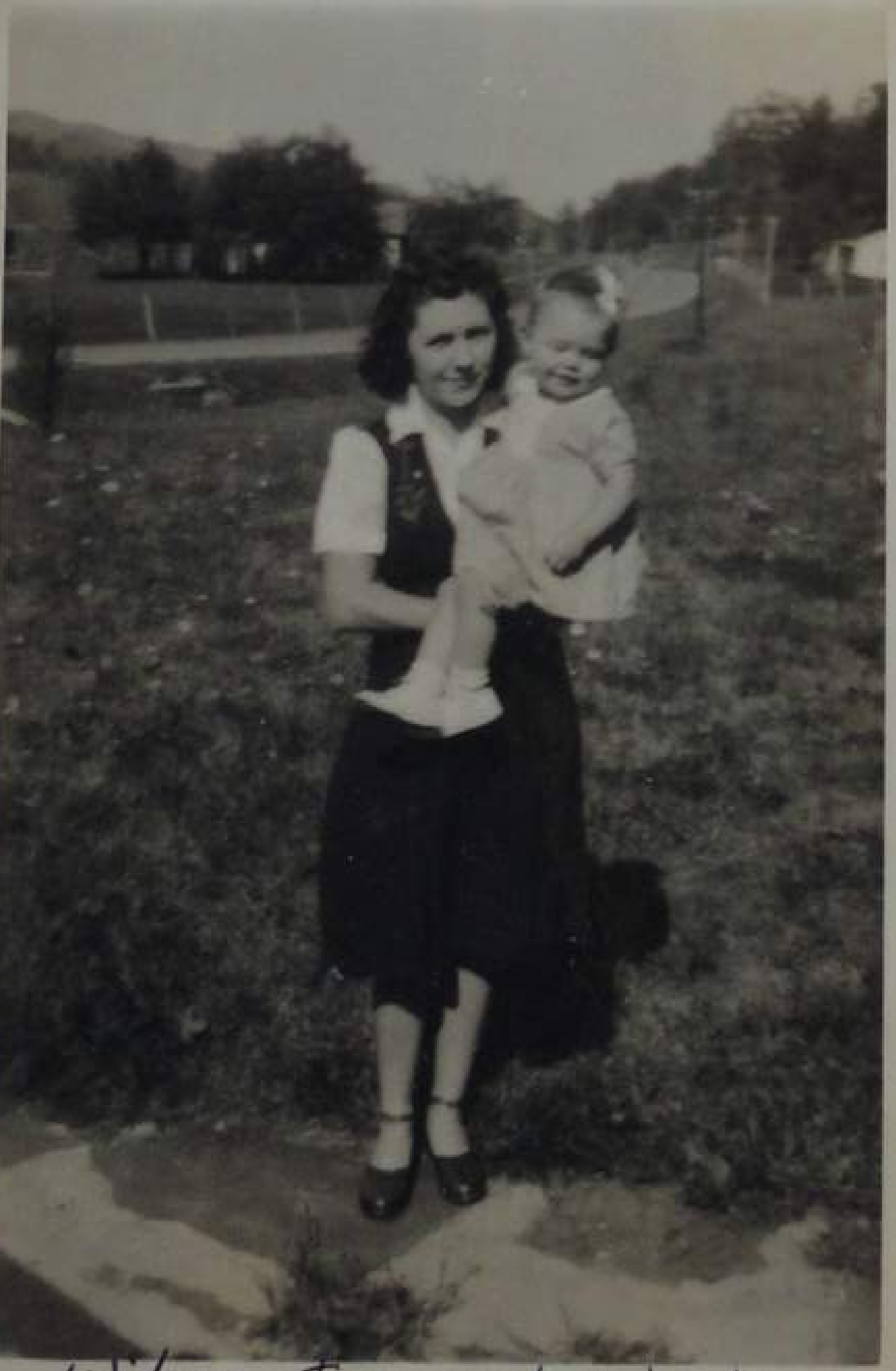


[illegible] Henderson Sharp

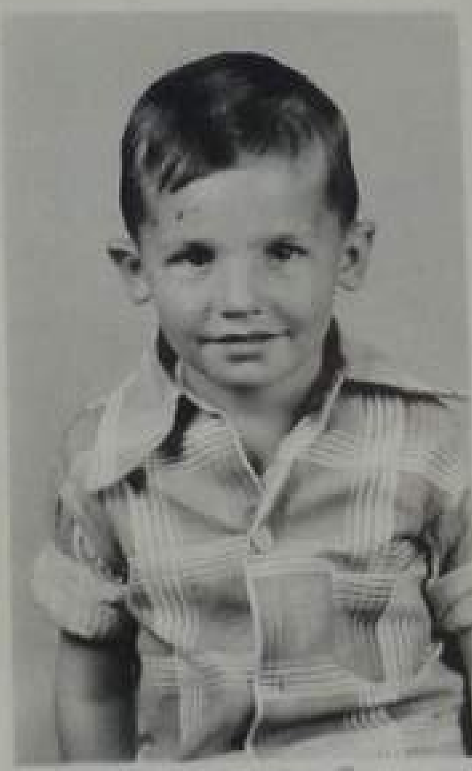
Forest Griffen

Bob Hiner

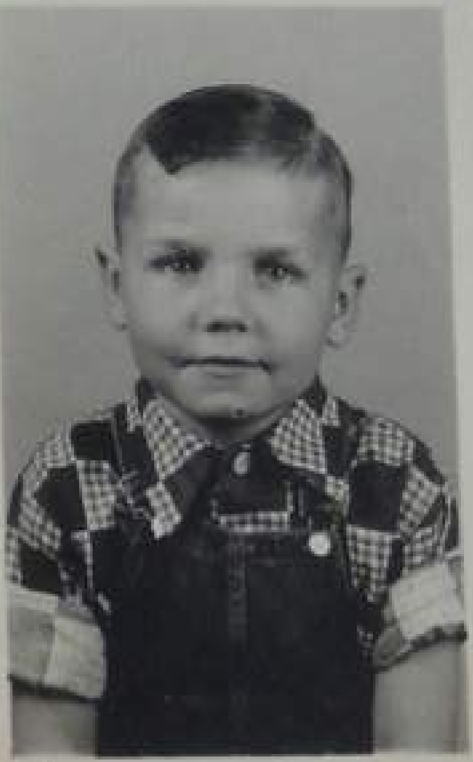
Forest Birthday 1980



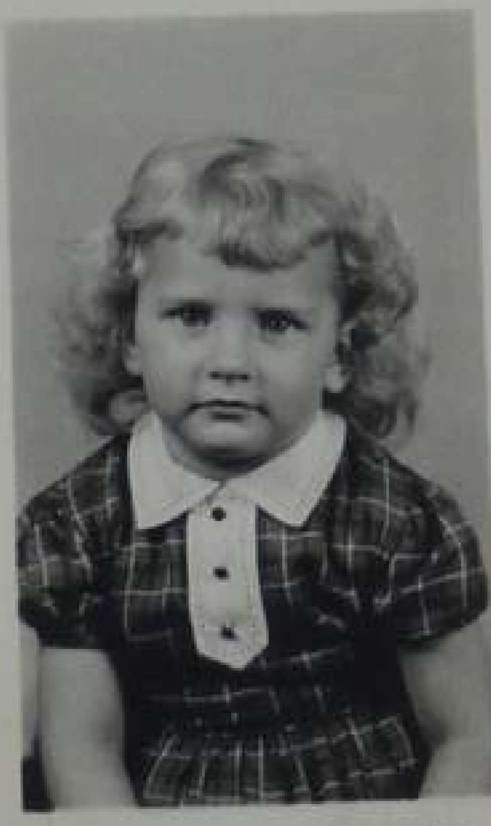
Wilma Tennant & Lois



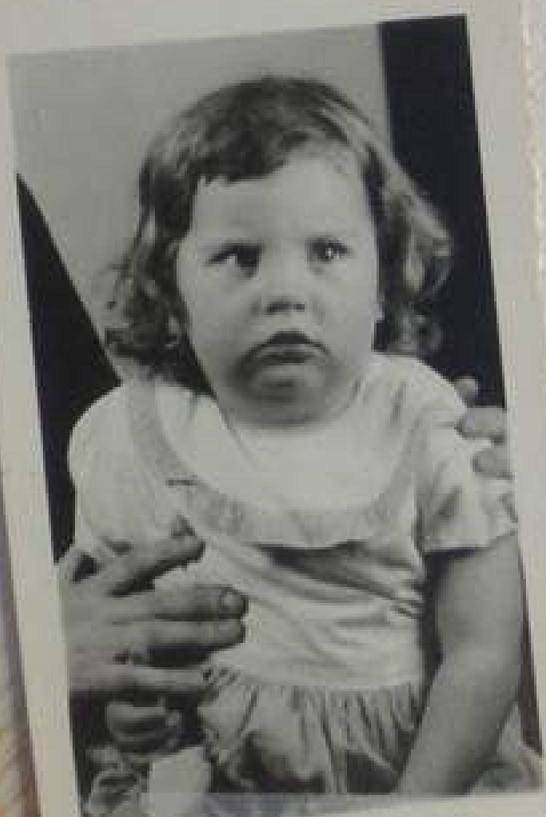
Douglas McCarty



Dewey [illegible] McCarty



BONNIE McCarty



Connie McCarty

Betty Fisher. Pete Sharp

Henderson Betty Lela

Alice Wooddell

Ledford Shrader & Maynell

Merry Christmas
— and a
Happy New Year

Lovingly, Norma!

NAOMI GRIMES

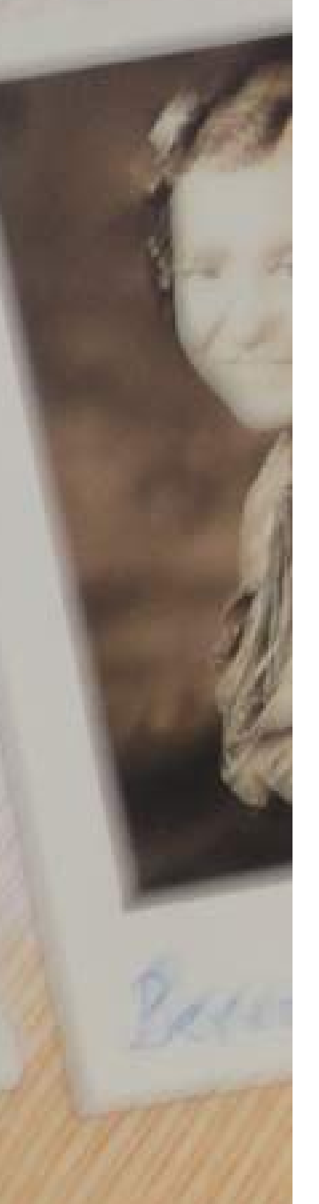
Preston

Mike Gibson

Gary

Rose Nelson

Billy Allen



Merry Christmas
— and a
Happy New Year

Love family, Norri

NAOMI GRIMES

Brenda

Denny

Mike Gibson

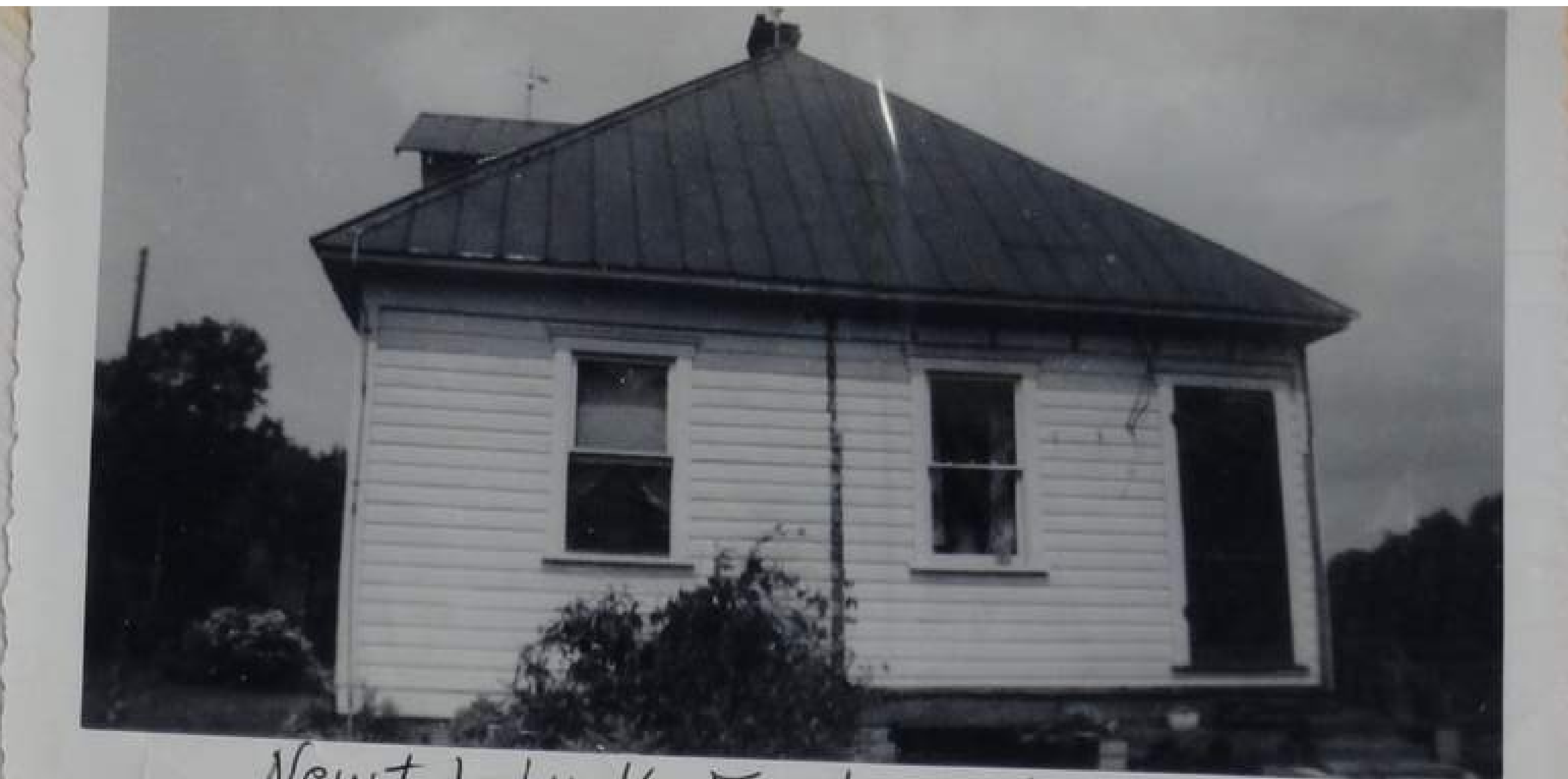
Freddie

Gary

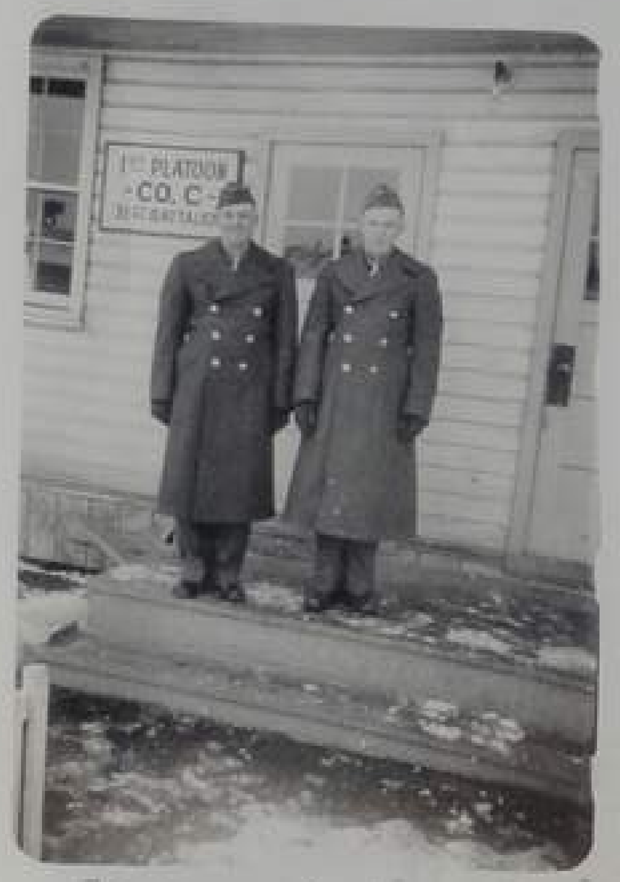
Rose Nelson

Billy Nelson

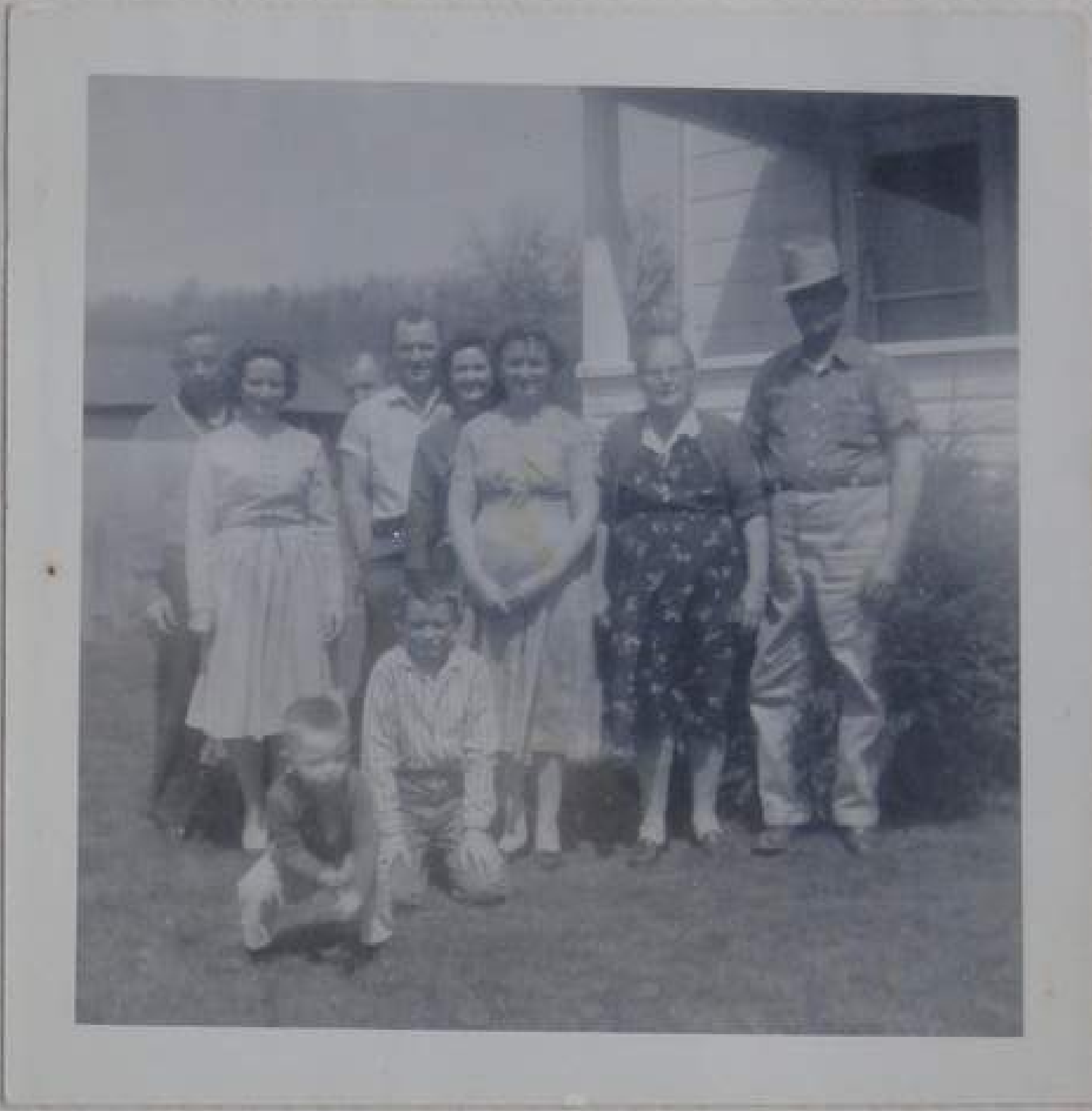
Berredine



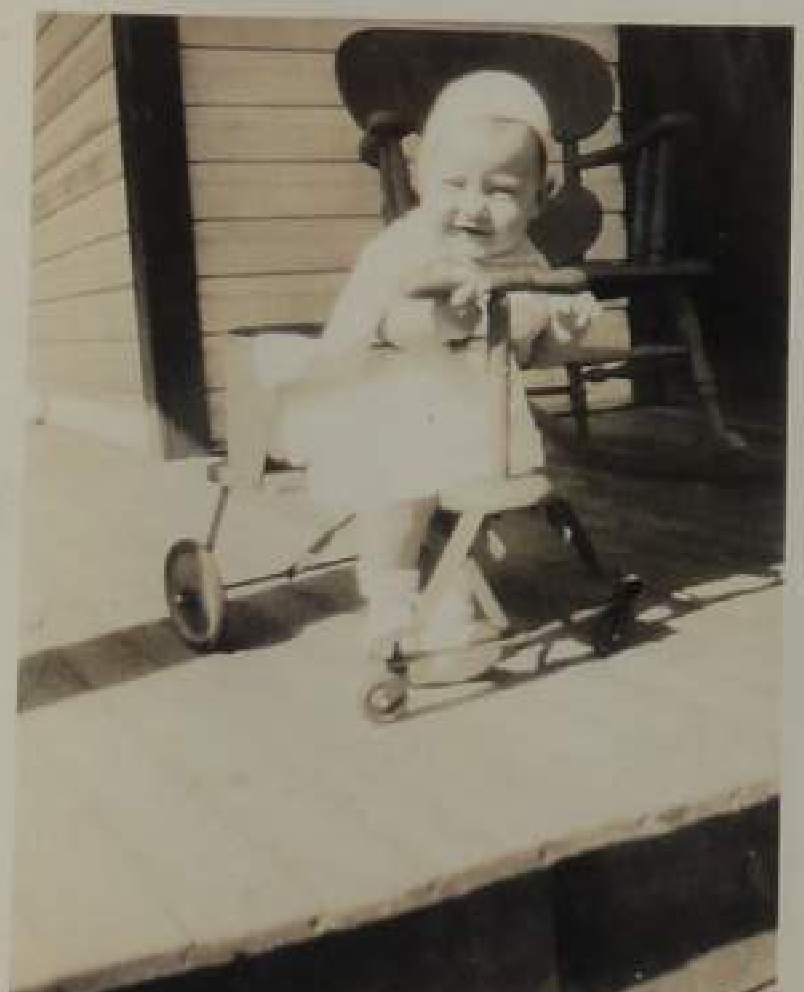
Newt + Lucy Fertig House


1ST PLATOON
CO. C

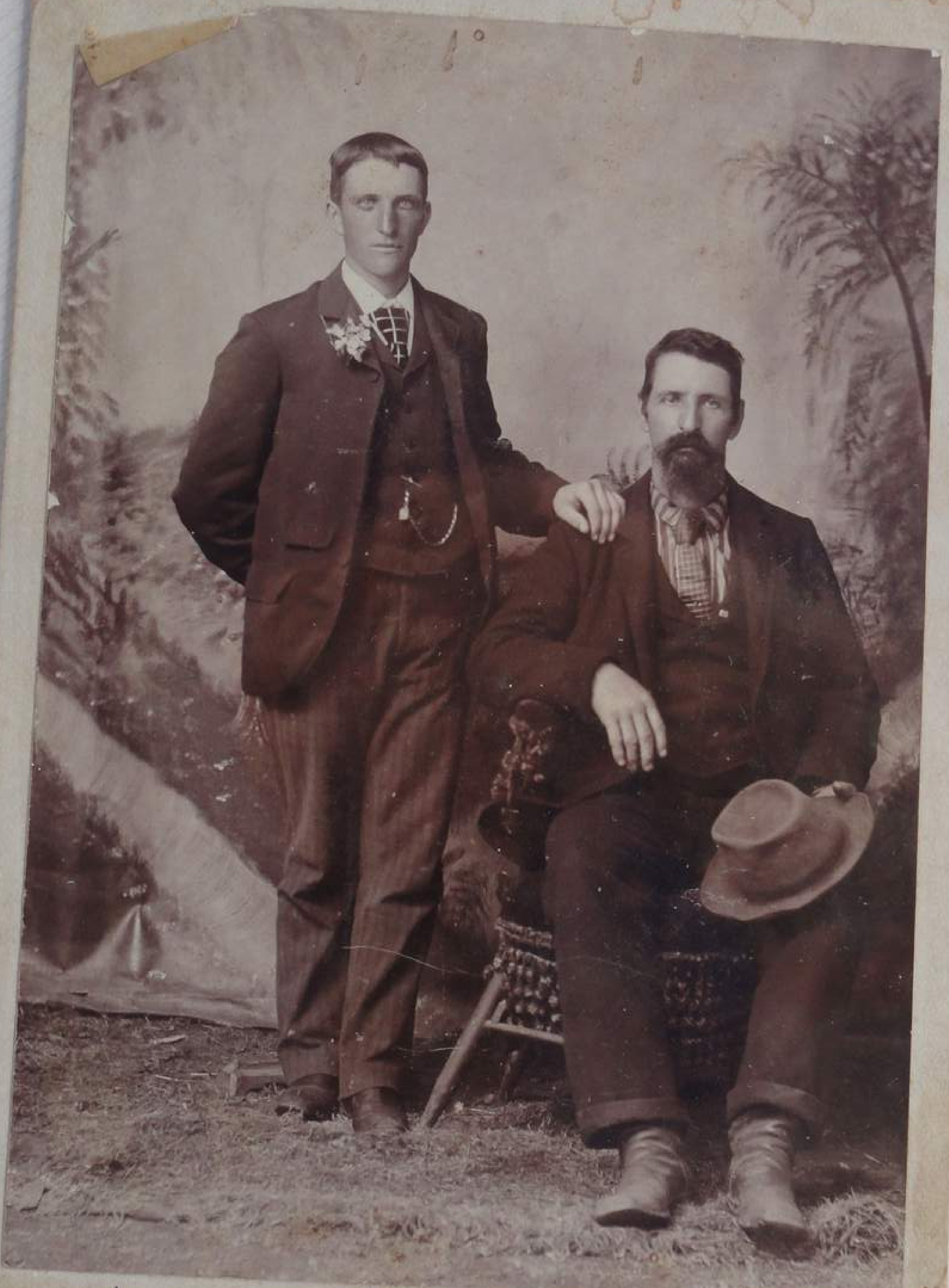
Porter + Friend



Steve Pete sam Juanita Henderson
Maynell
David . Danny . Betty Leta



Helen Jean Wansler



Lou Gibson John

Miller & Magovern, Traveling Photos.

Stanton Photo Co.
Springfield, O.

792-DSC00551.jpg

SMIRNOFF
BACARDI SILVER RAZ
Miller Lite
Stewart's
BACARDI SILVER RAZ
Coors
Heineken
Budweiser
PREMIUM BEER
Miller GENUINE Draft
Labatt 50 DEVISSEZ TWIST OFF
Coors Light
COORS EXTRA GOLD DRAFT BEER
Labatt's Blue
BL BUD LIGHT
Corona Extra
Labatt's Blue
OLD No. 2 GRAND
IBC ROOT BEER L.T.P.
DIET PEPSI COLA
Heineken Beer
Coca-Cola CLASSIC
Crush
Michelob Light
Coke CLASSIC
NEHI
Crush orange
ICEHOUSE BREWERY PLANK ROAD
PEPSI
Miller MGD GENUINE DRAFT
MICHELOB BEER OR USE OPENER
BUD LIGHT
Hires ROOT BEER
Coca-Cola
Coke CLASSIC
ROLLING ROCK
Miller HIGH LIFE
Coors Light
PEPSI
A&W ROOT BEER
Miller MGD GENUINE DRAFT
OR USE OPENER TWIST OFF
Labatt 50 DEVISSEZ
MICHELOB Light
SMIRNOFF
Hank's
MICHELOB BEER
IBC ROOT BEER L.T.P.
CATCH THE PARROT BAY REAL ISLAND FLAVOR
Labatt 50 TWIST OFF
ORIGINAL Hires ROOT BEER
NEHI
Crush
Corona Extra
Labatt's Blue TWIST OFF
SMIRNOFF
MICHELOB BEER
PEPSI
Miller HIGH LIFE

793-DSC00552.jpg

SOCK PUPPETS
PICK A DUCK
WIN 25¢ EVERY TIME
3
2
1

794-DSC00553.jpg

Myst-ART

Nestled between Earth and Sky, Day and Night,
Lies a mystical realm where past and present meet the future.
For each of us there is a Gate to open, a Threshold to cross,
Where timeless truths remind us we are not alone.

***Myst*-Art** represents the results of night photography at Mountain Quest Institute. Specks of dust, waves of water mist, bursts of light and other electromagnetic energies—all part of the Earth's natural ecosystem—combine to produce ***Myst*-Art**. The process begins with creating resonance followed by high-resolution digital photographs taken at sunset, sunrise and various times throughout the night using flash and a wide-angle lens.

This process has produced intriguing—and often mystical—phenomena. Collections of the photographs demonstrate a variety of results ranging from what we descriptively refer to as clouds, fluff, dots or scenes. One specific area of interest is Tree *Myst*, where the mountains and farmlands surrounding Mountain Quest serve as a backdrop to the presentation of ***Myst*-Art**.

Tree *Myst*

Mountain Quest Institute is a retreat, learning and research center dedicated to helping individuals achieve personal and professional growth and organizations create and sustain high performance in a rapidly changing, uncertain and increasingly complex world. MQI has three quests: the quest for knowledge, the quest for consciousness, and the quest for meaning. MQI's research is scientific, humanistic and spiritual, and we find no contradiction in this combination.

Myst*-Art** represents a deeper look into the natural energies surrounding each and every one of us, energies that are often invisible and rarely capture our attention. New technologies enable us to photograph these energies and produce pictures that are truly beautiful, engaging and unique. Exploring the patterns of ***Myst*-Art** encourages our search for understanding and meaning, challenging us to revisit our beliefs and our place in the larger Universe. ***What we see depends on what the camera captures, what we perceive, and what reality is trying to tell us.

***Myst*-Art** is available in various sizes and as collections ranging from $70-$300. Every framed photograph or set of photographs is numbered and certified as an original ***Myst*-Art** product from Night Photography at Mountain Quest. For additional information see www.myst-art.com or contact Susie Mullenax at susie@mountainquestinstitute.com or 304-799-7267.

795-DSC00554.jpg

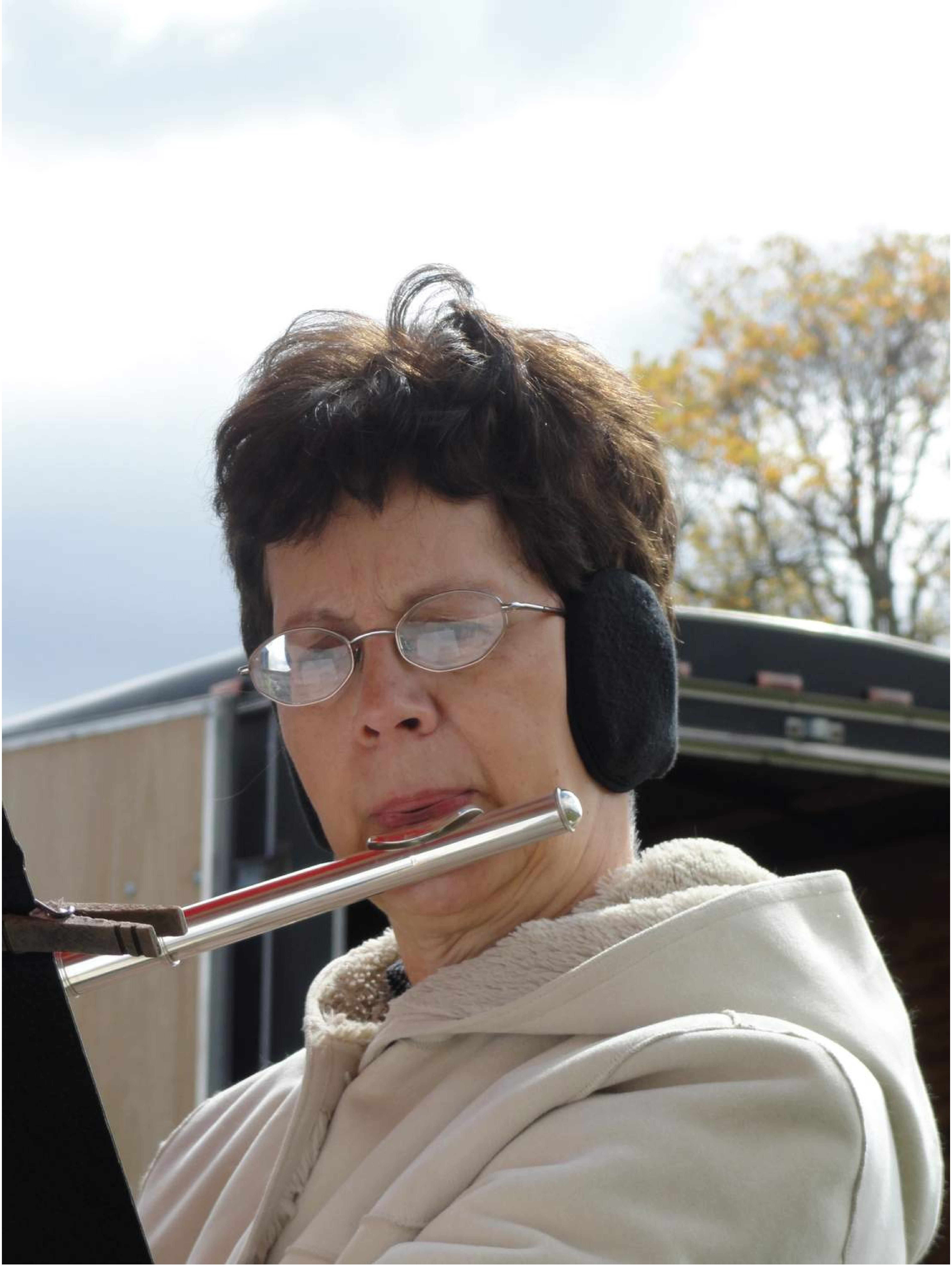
PICK OF THE PATCH
0-12
12-24
24-36
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
Vote for your favorite

796-DSC00555.jpg

PICK OF THE PATCH
PHOT
CO
0-12
12-24
24-36
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
Vote for your favorite
PICK OF THE PATCH
DODGE

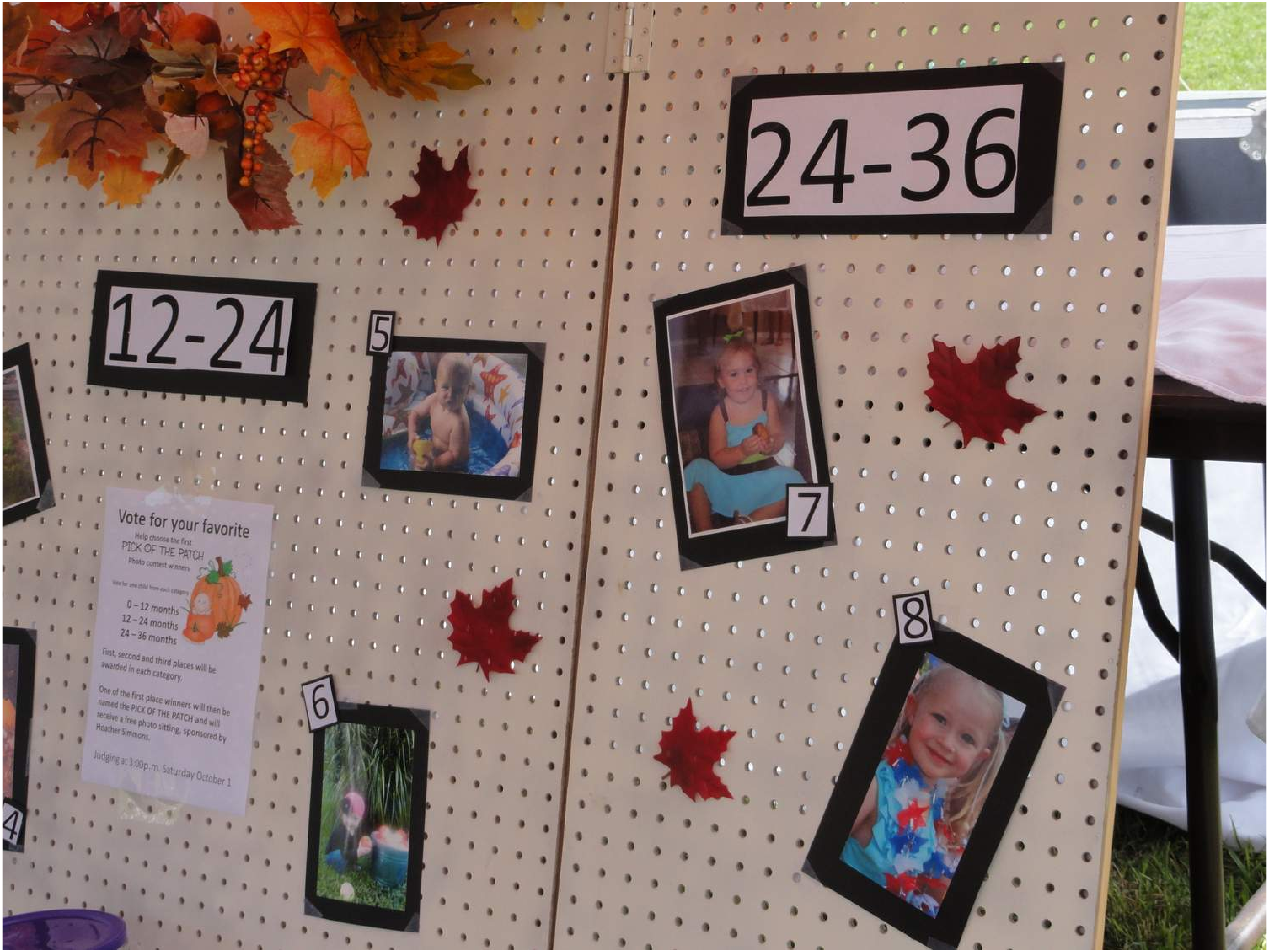
797-DSC00556.jpg

798-DSC00557.jpg



PICK OF THE PATCH
0-12
12-24
24-36
1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
Vote for your favorite
PICK OF THE PATCH
0 – 12 months
12 – 24 months
24 – 36 months

800-DSC00559.jpg



Vote for your favorite

Help choose the first
PICK OF THE PATCH
Photo contest winners

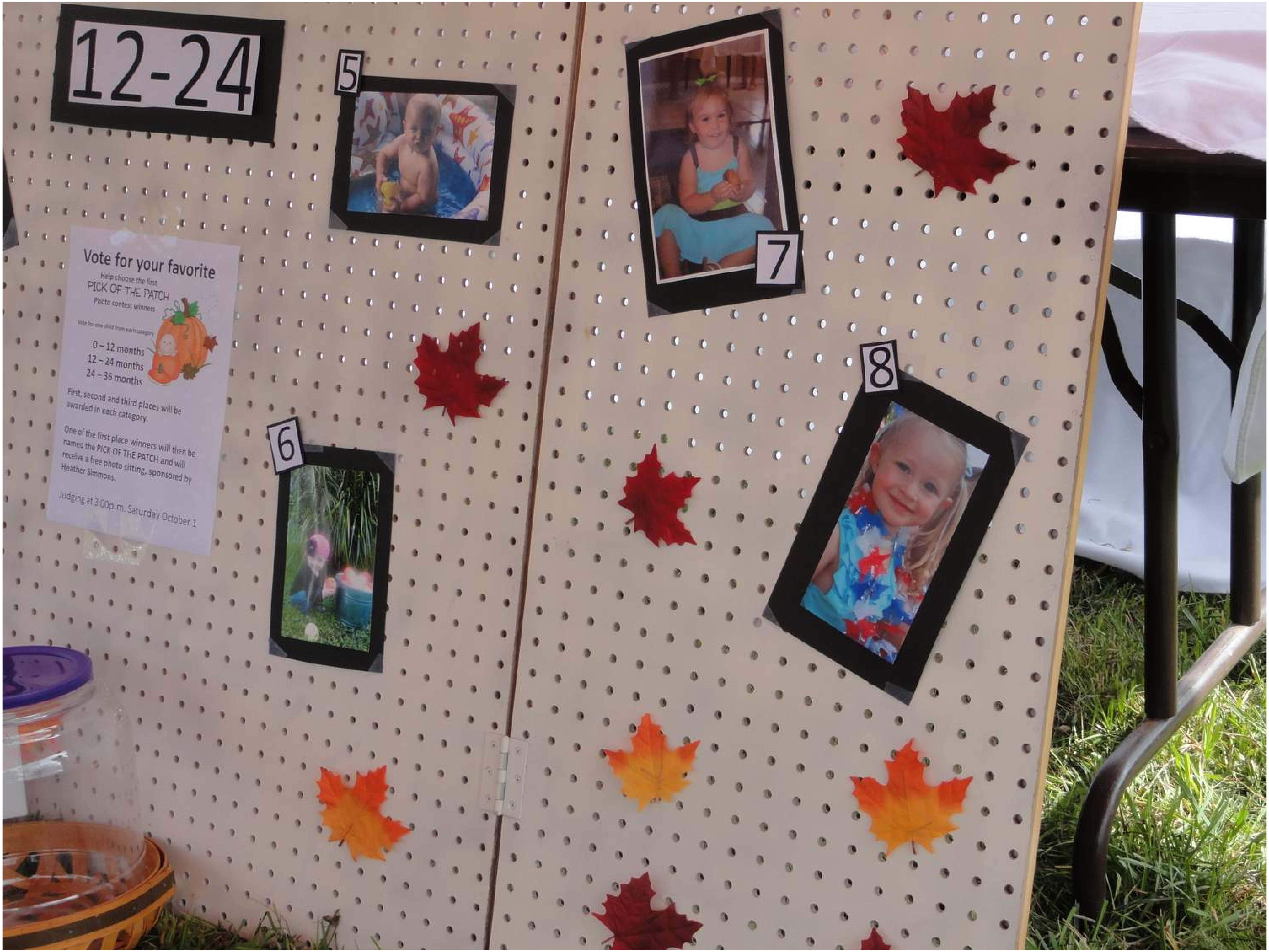
Vote for one child from each category

- 0 – 12 months
- 12 – 24 months
- 24 – 36 months

First, second and third places will be awarded in each category.

One of the first place winners will then be named the PICK OF THE PATCH and will receive a free photo sitting, sponsored by Heather Simmons.

Judging at 3:00p.m. Saturday October 1



Vote for your favorite

Help choose the first
PICK OF THE PATCH
Photo contest winners

Vote for one child from each category

0 – 12 months
12 – 24 months
24 – 36 months

First, second and third places will be awarded in each category.

One of the first place winners will then be named the PICK OF THE PATCH and will receive a free photo sitting, sponsored by Heather Simmons.

Judging at 3:00p.m. Saturday October 1

802-DSC00561.jpg

PICK OF THE
PATCH
0-12
12-24
1
2
3
4
5
6

Vote for your favorite

Help choose the first
PICK OF THE PATCH
Photo contest winners

Vote for one child from each category

0 – 12 months
12 – 24 months
24 – 36 months

First, second and third places will be awarded in each category.

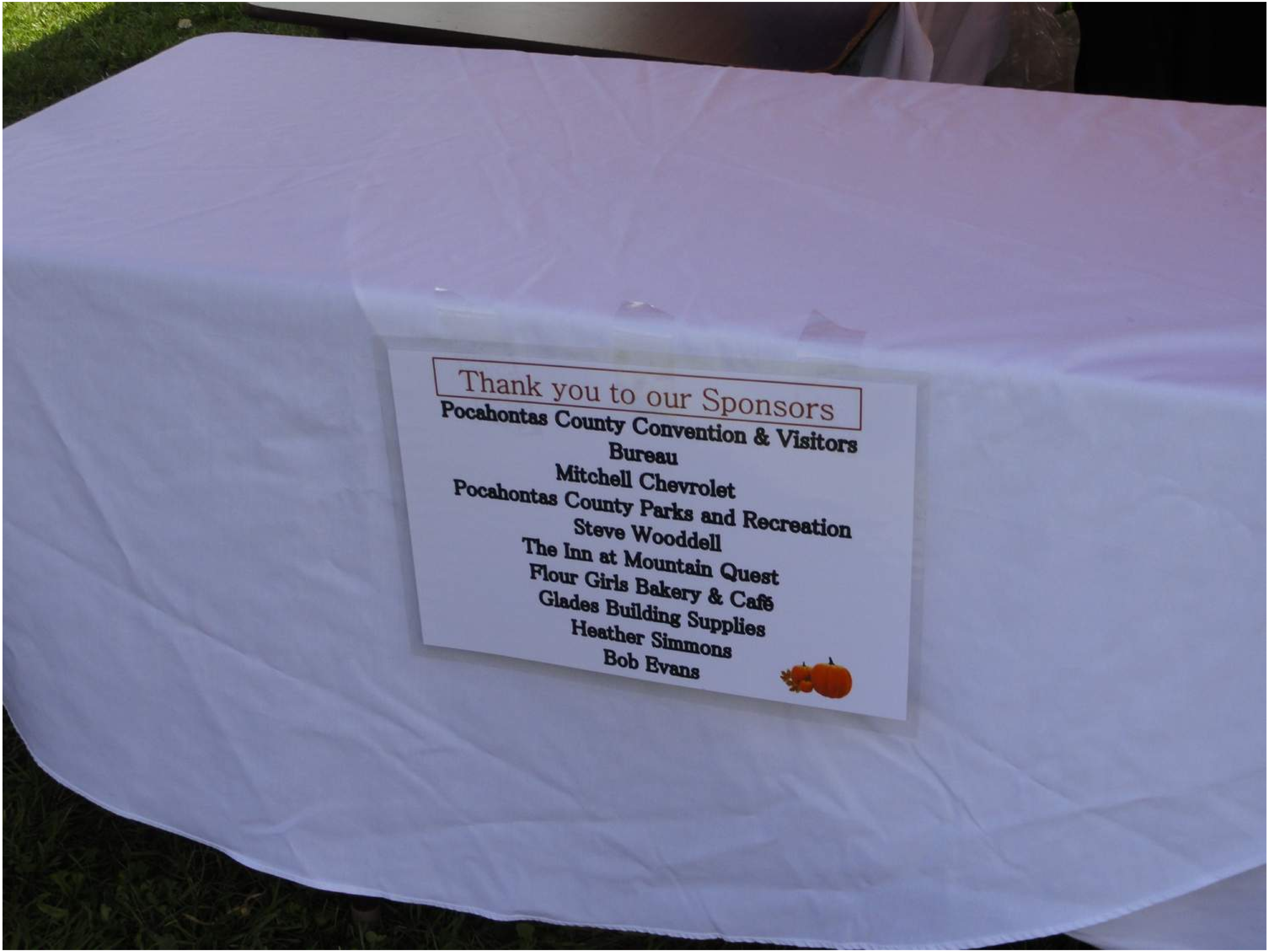
One of the first place winners will then be named the PICK OF THE PATCH and will receive a free photo sitting, sponsored by Heather Simmons.

Judging at 3:00p.m. Saturday October 1

803-DSC00562.jpg

BEVERAGE
11
FACE PAINTING

804-DSC00563.jpg



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Bob Evans

805-DSC00564.jpg

806-DSC00565.jpg

RT
OLF
RIVER

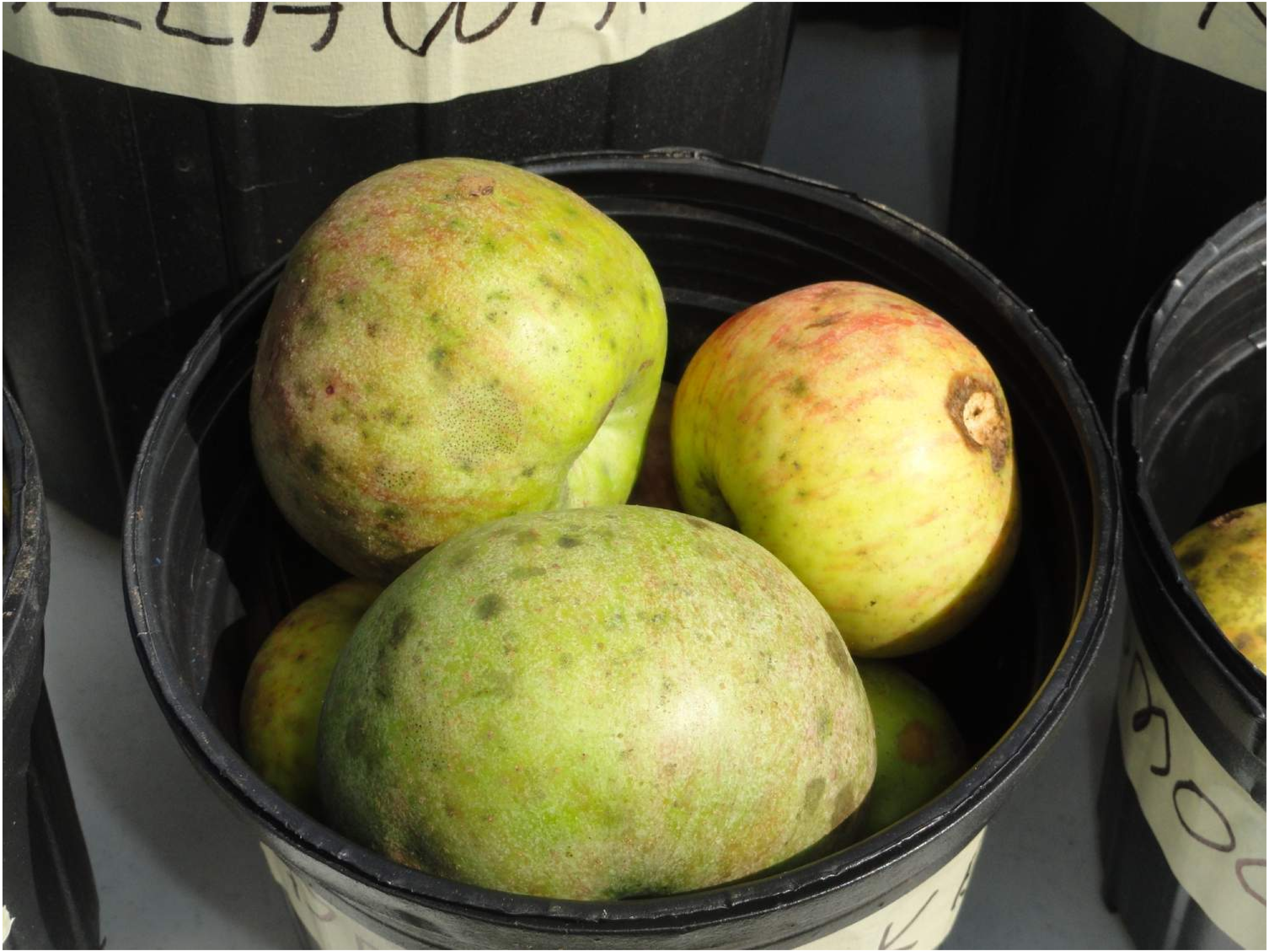
807-DSC00566.jpg

808-DSC00567.jpg

809-DSC00568.jpg

810-DSC00569.jpg

811-DSC00570.jpg



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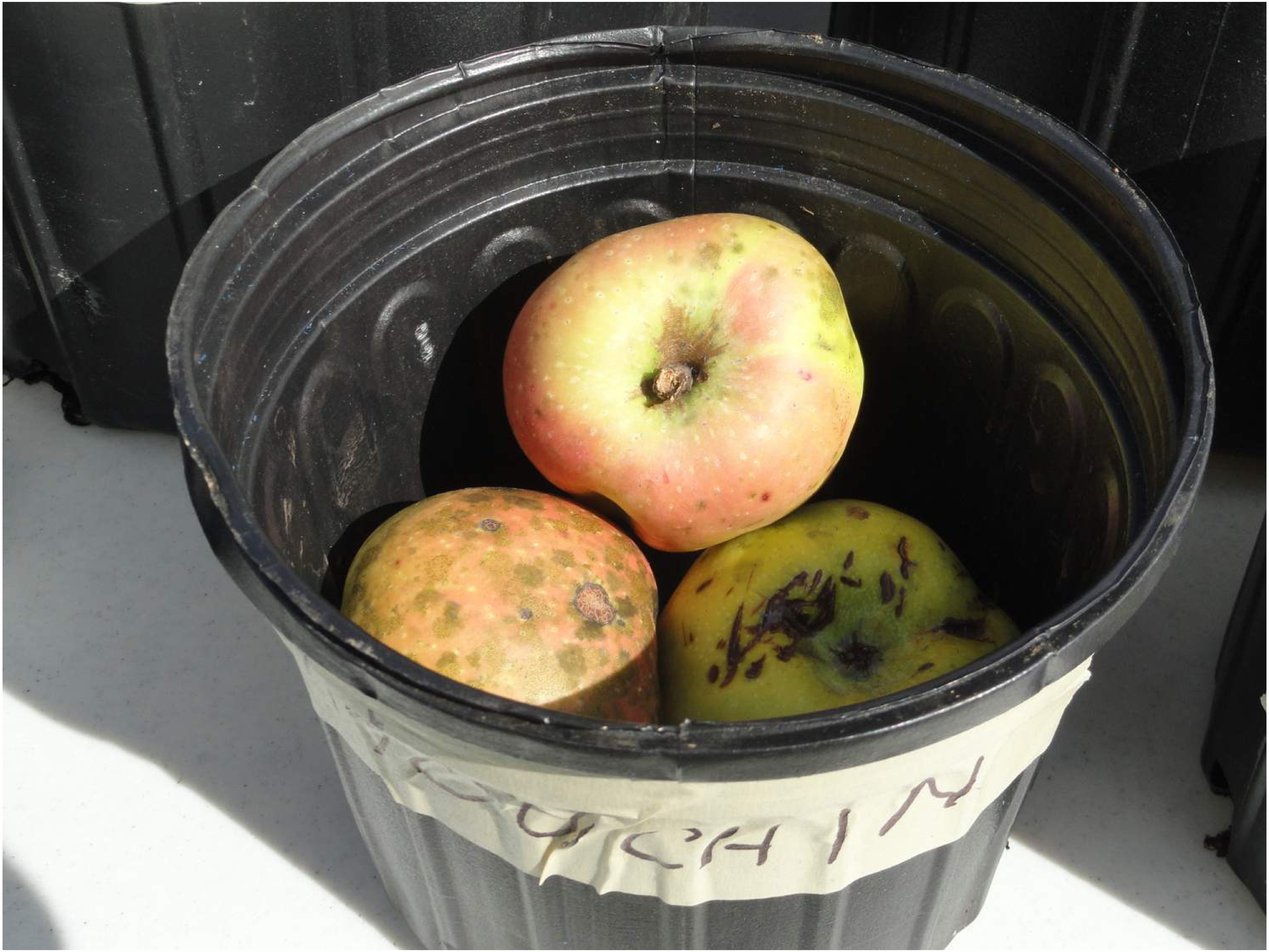

813-DSC00572.jpg

814-DSC00573.jpg

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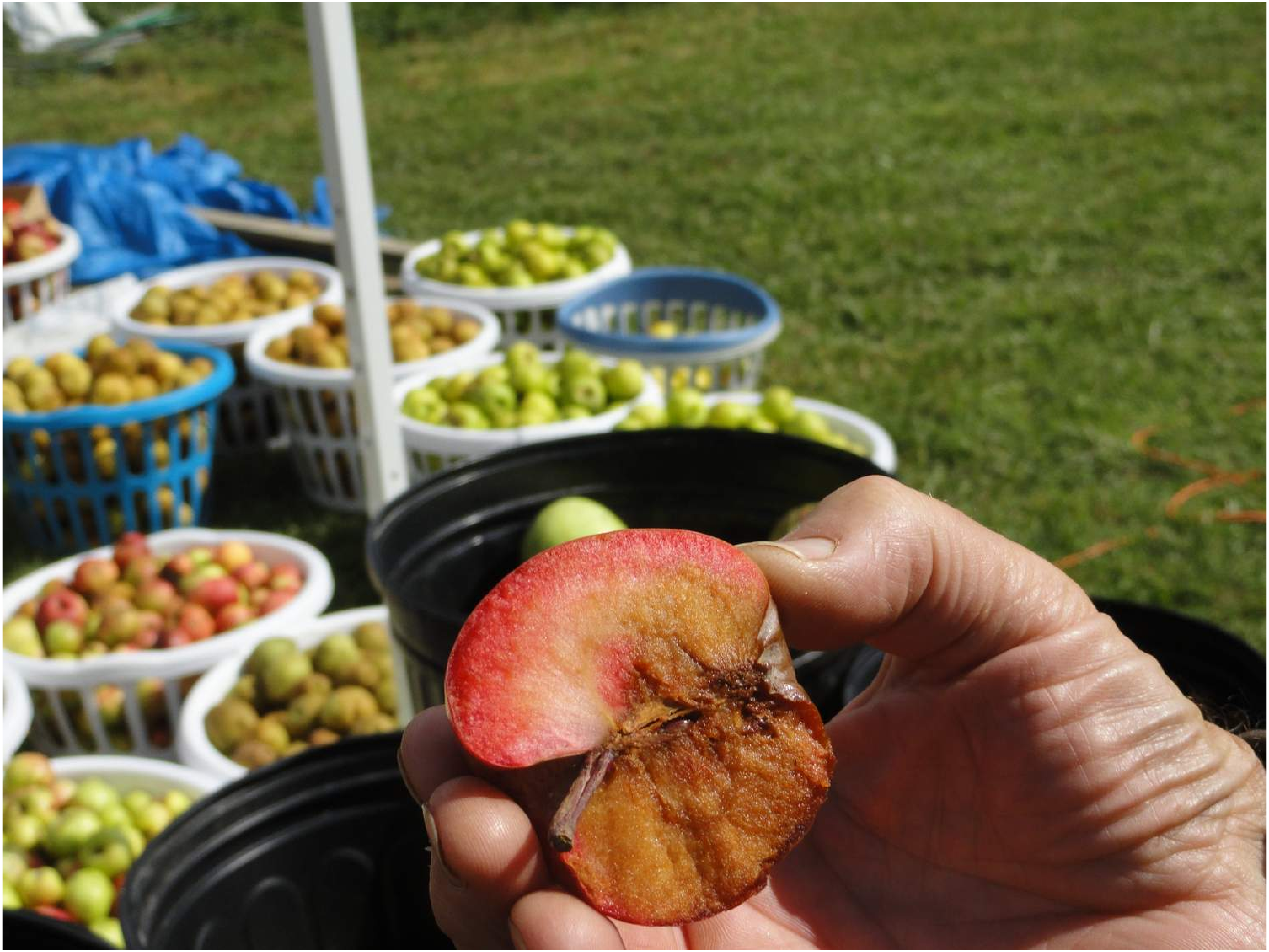
KEE

815-DSC00574.jpg



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PRODUCE OF U
WINTER SWE

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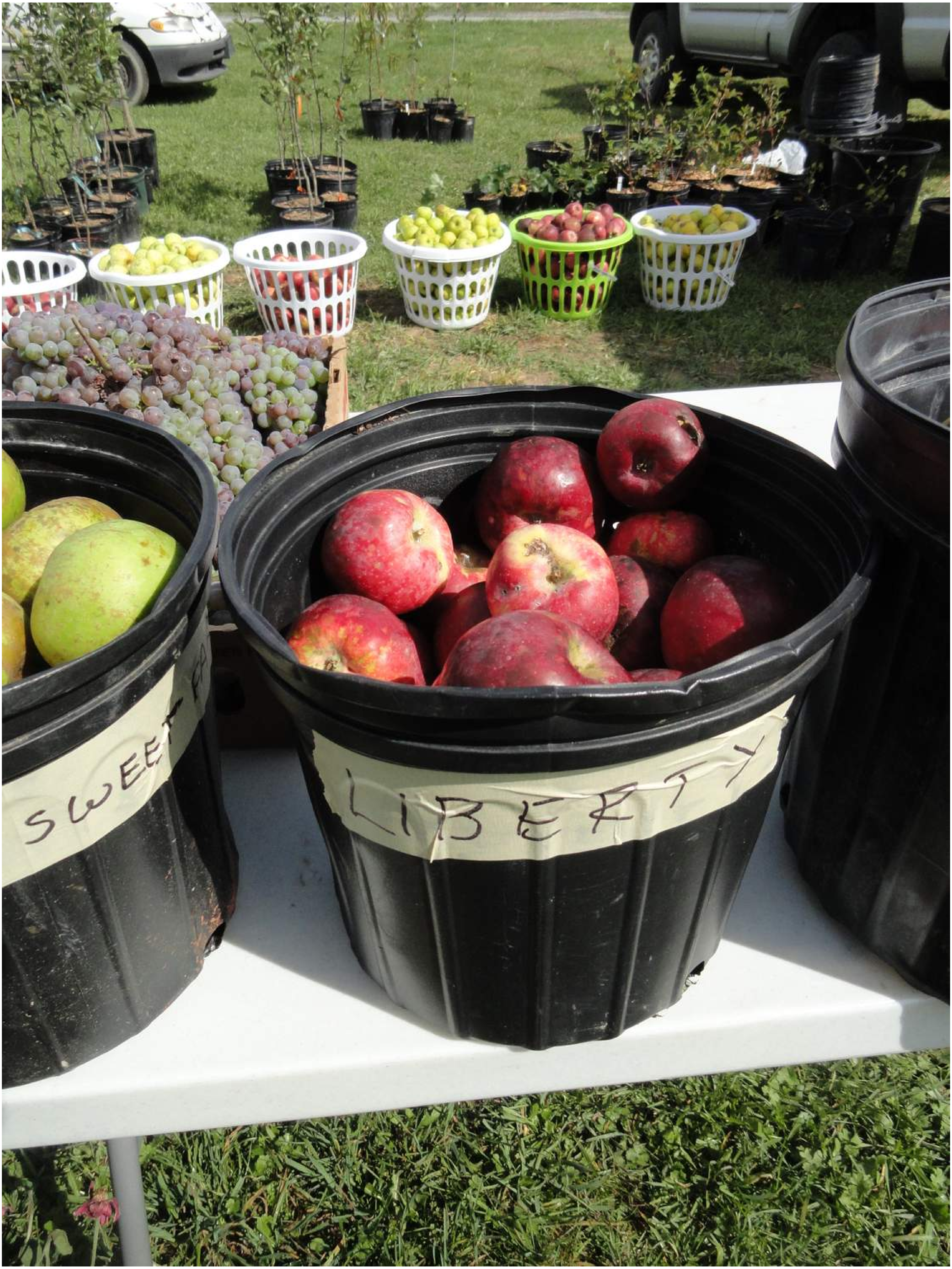

SWEET FA
LIBERTY

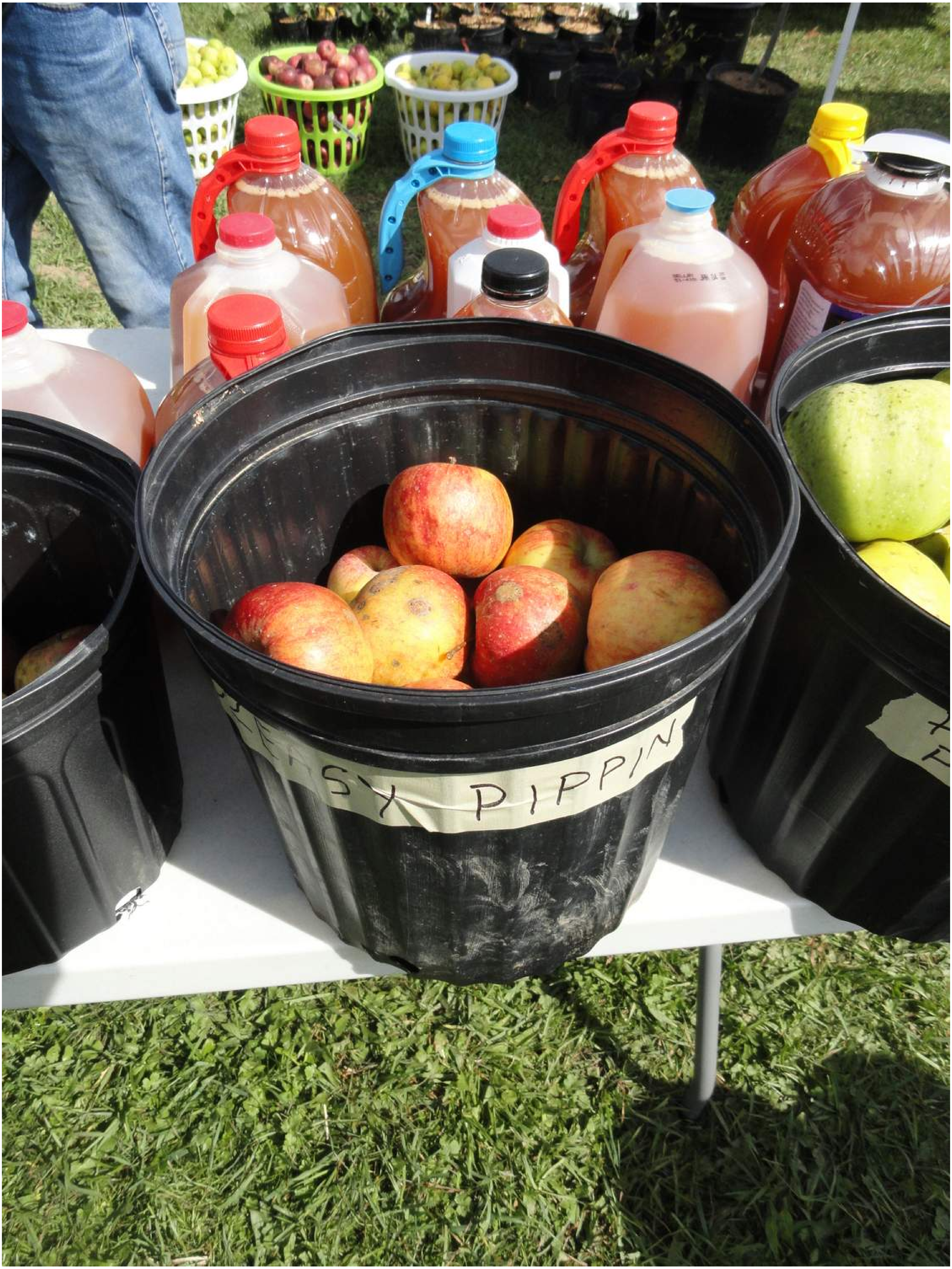
818-DSC00579.jpg

PRAIRIE SPY

819-DSC00580.jpg

CORTLAND
GREA

820-DSC00581.jpg



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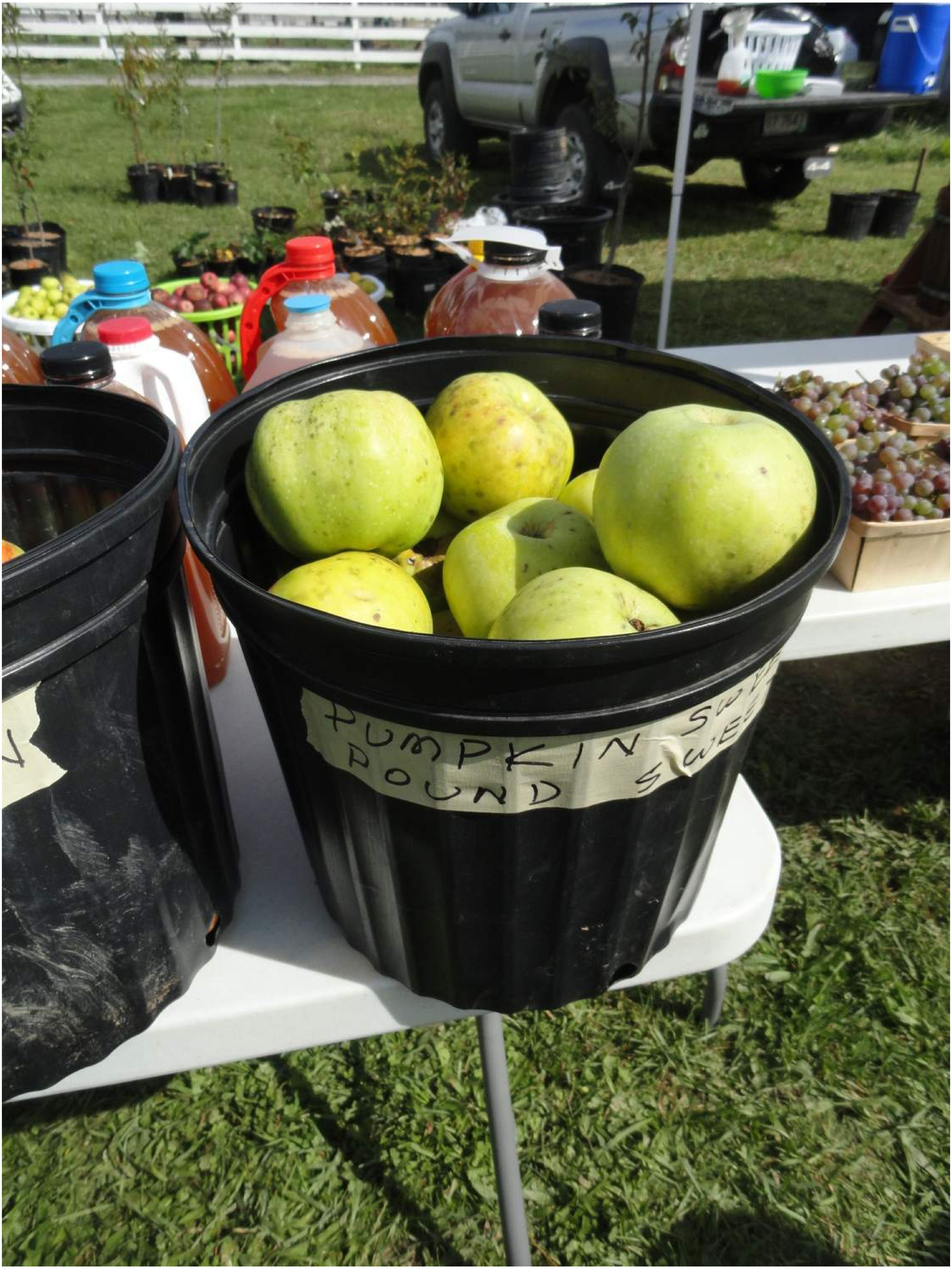
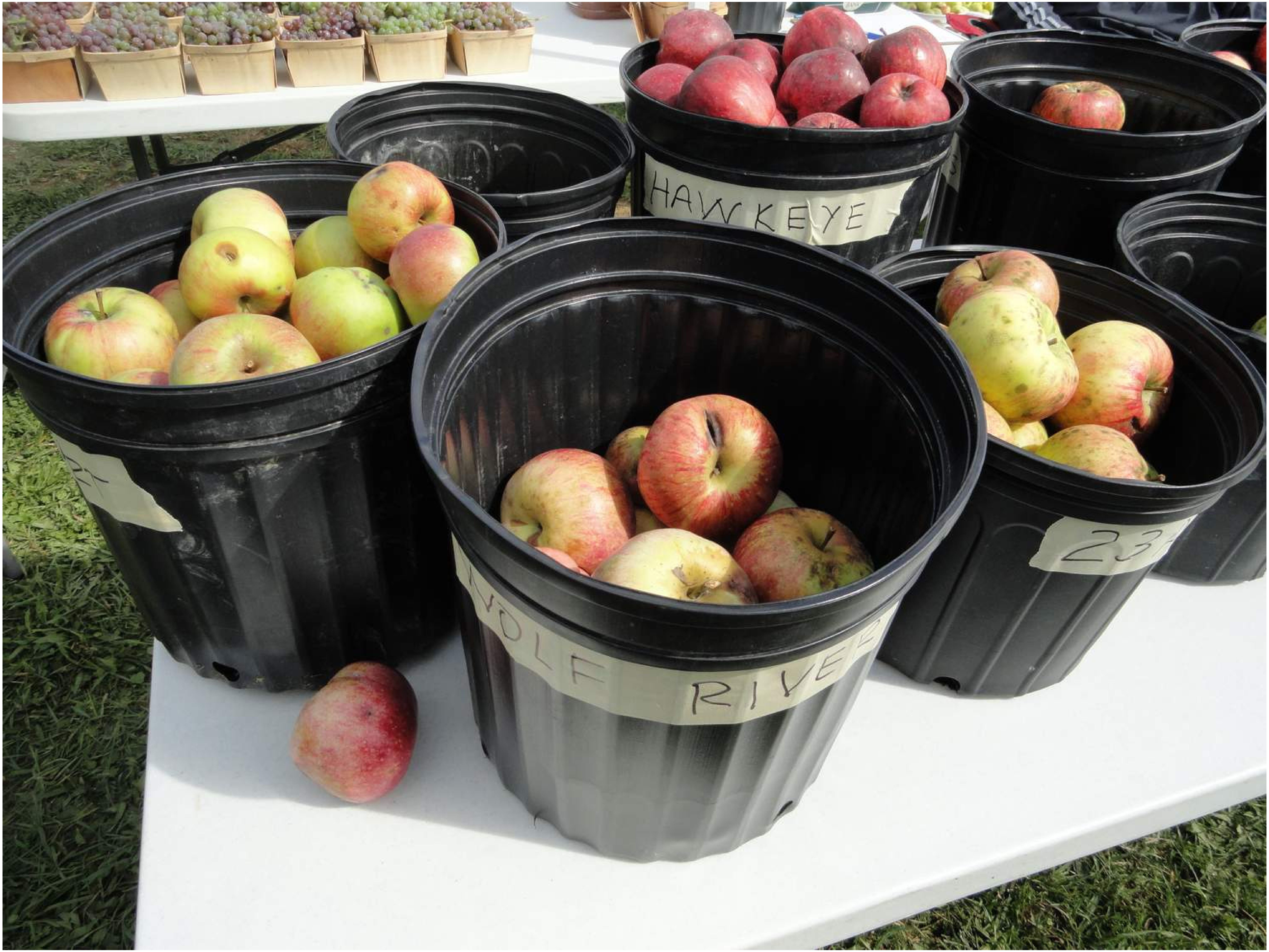

PUMPKIN SW
POUND SWE

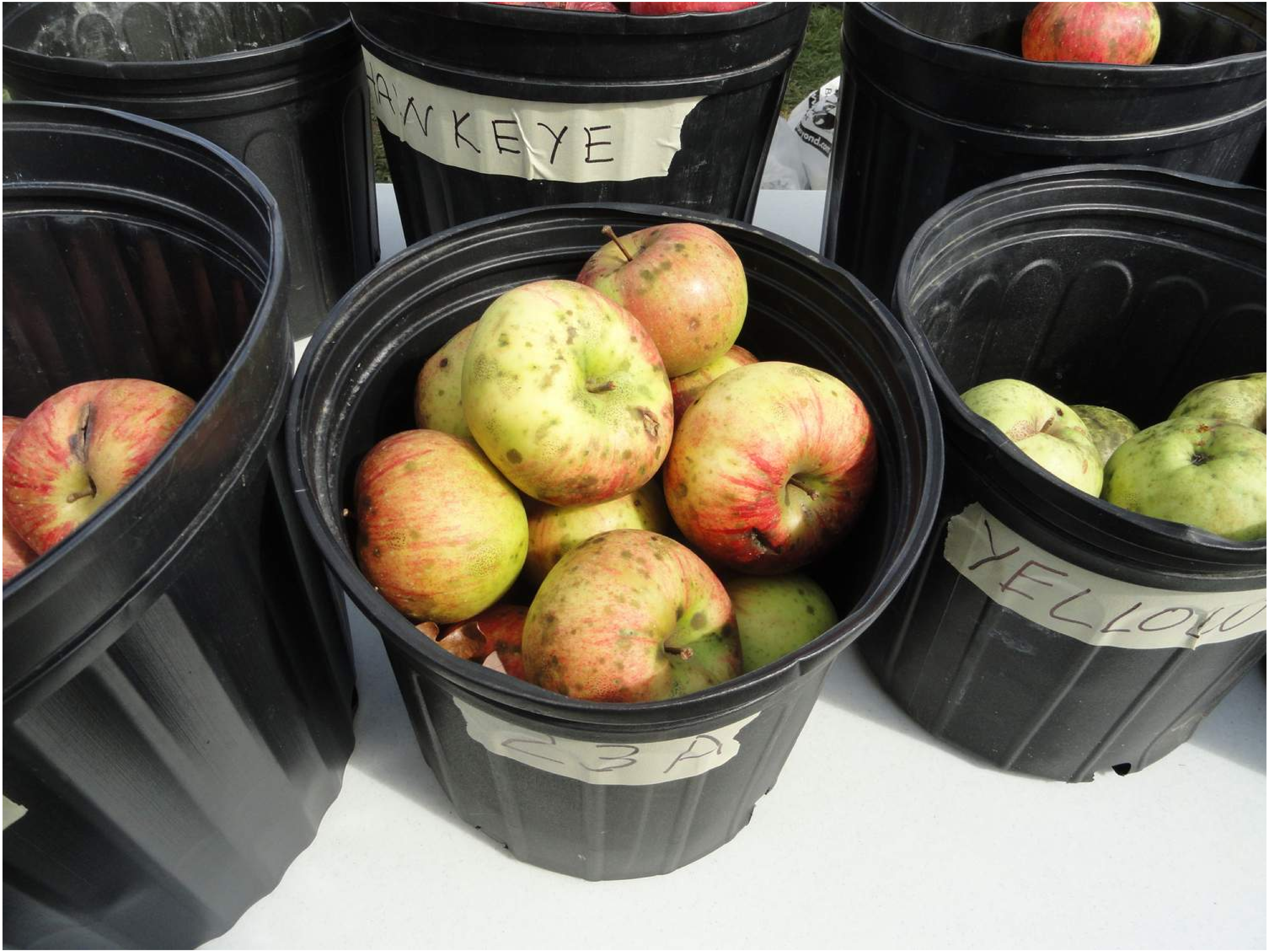
822-DSC00583.jpg

HAWKE
UTSU
WOLF
WATER TART

823-DSC00584.jpg


HAWKEYE
WOLF RIVER
23

824-DSC00585.jpg


HAWKEYE
23A
YELLOW

825-DSC00586.jpg

826-DSC00587.jpg

SWEET
SWEET
Haw

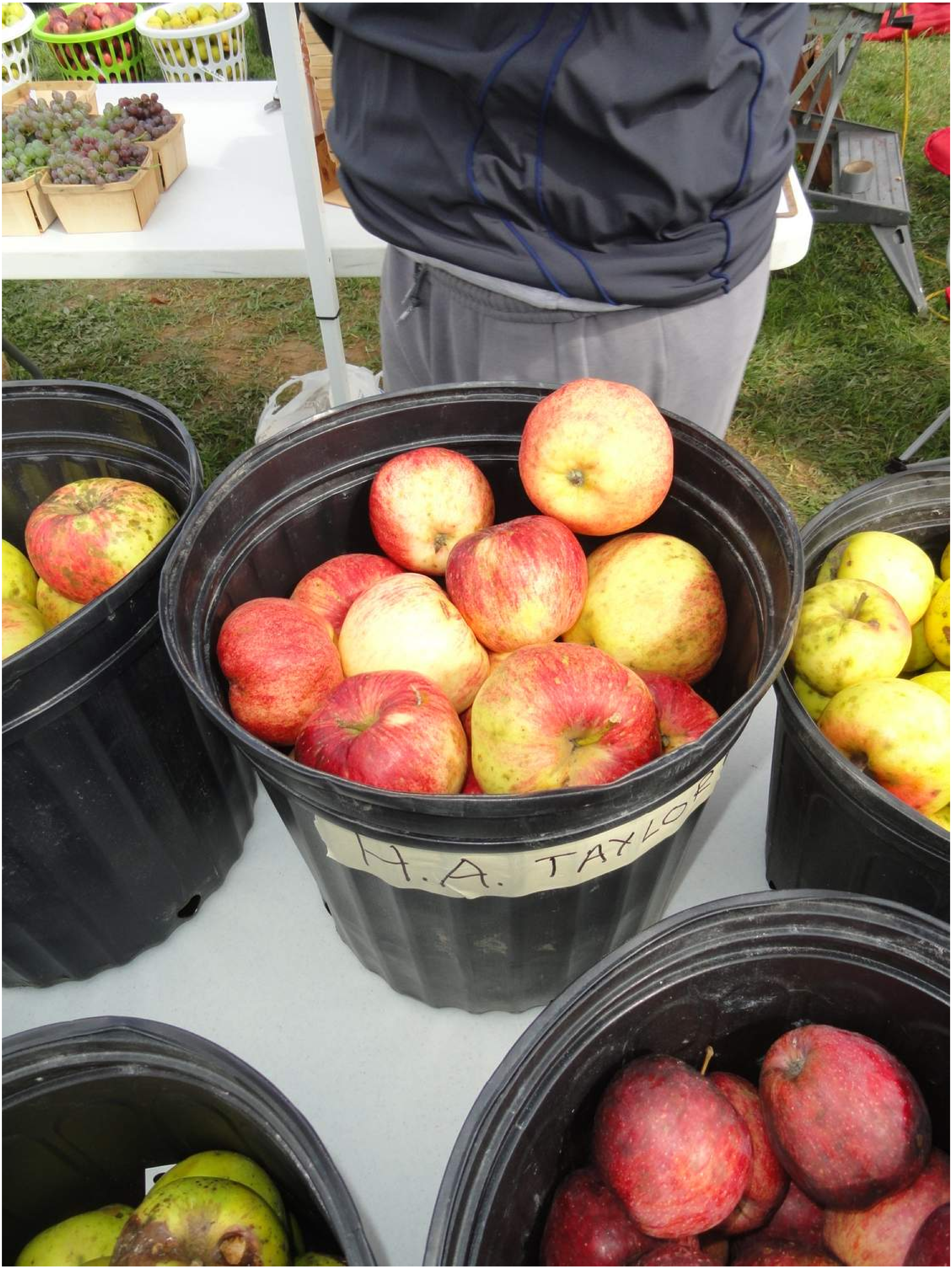
827-DSC00588.jpg

E
YELLOW DELICIO

828-DSC00589.jpg

A FULL SERVICE BANK

829-DSC00590.jpg



830-DSC00591.jpg

H.A. TAX
ELIC
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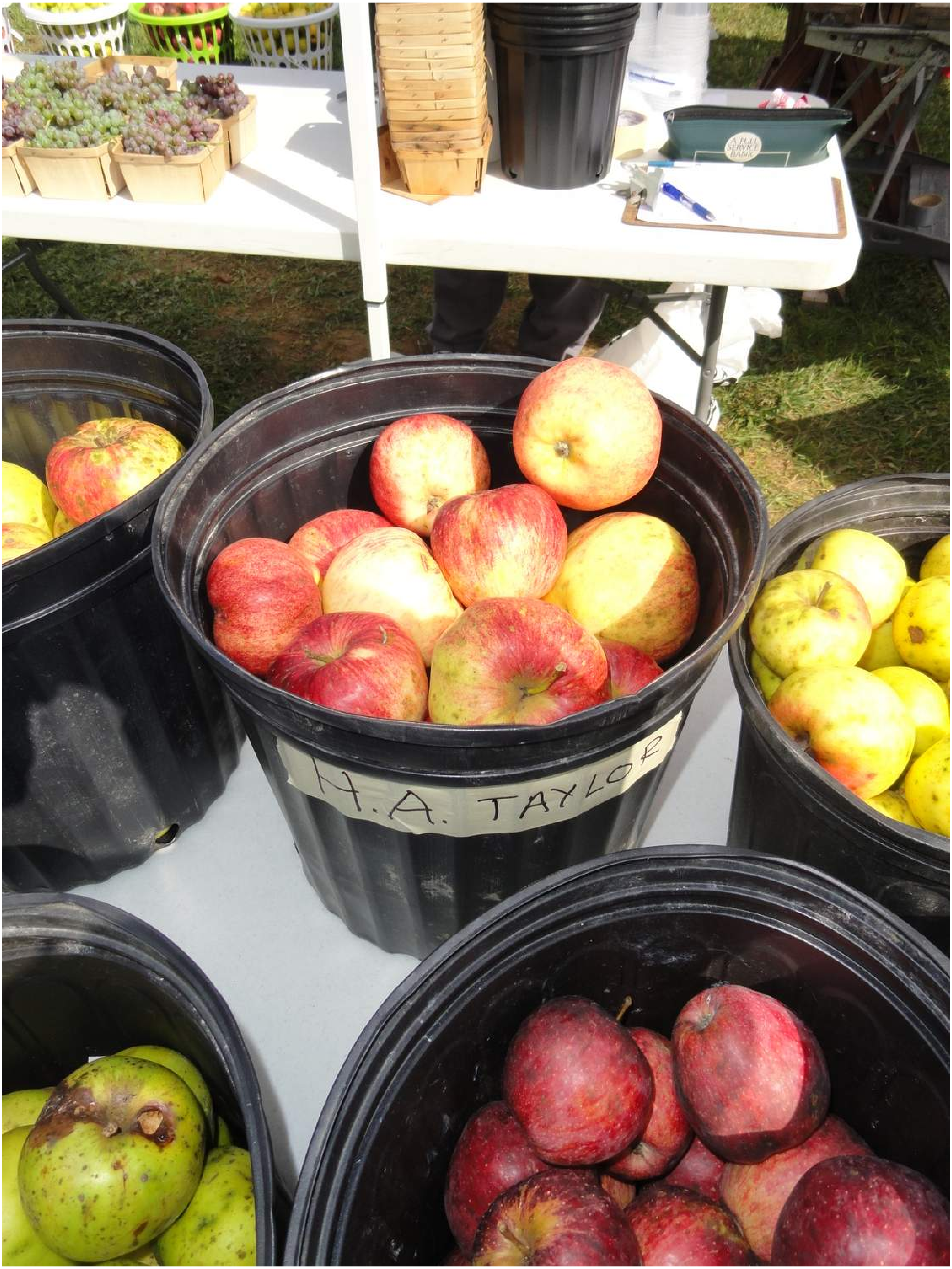
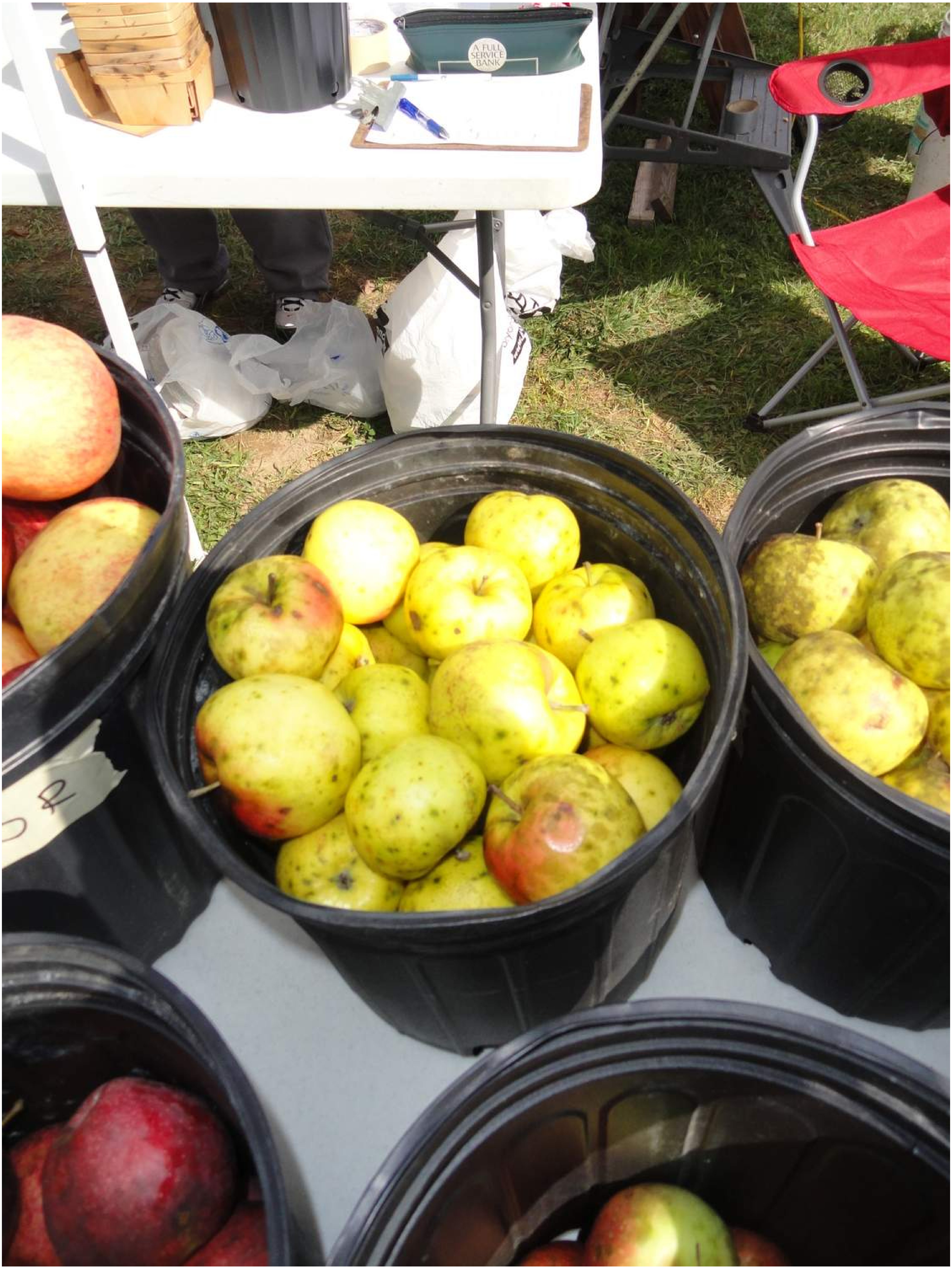
831-DSC00592.jpg

832-DSC00593.jpg


H.A. TAYLOR
A FULL SERVICE BANK

833-DSC00594.jpg


A FULL SERVICE BANK
OR

834-DSC00595.jpg

A TAYLOR
DELICIOUS
INGHAM
ANO

835-DSC00596.jpg

HAM
ANOKA
RA'S CRISP

836-DSC00597.jpg

A FULL SERVICE BANK
Walmart

837-DSC00598.jpg

A FULL SERVICE BANK

CRISPIN BLU
FIRE

839-DSC00600.jpg

CRISPIN BLUSH
FIRESIDE
FUJI

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BLUSH
FIRESID
FI

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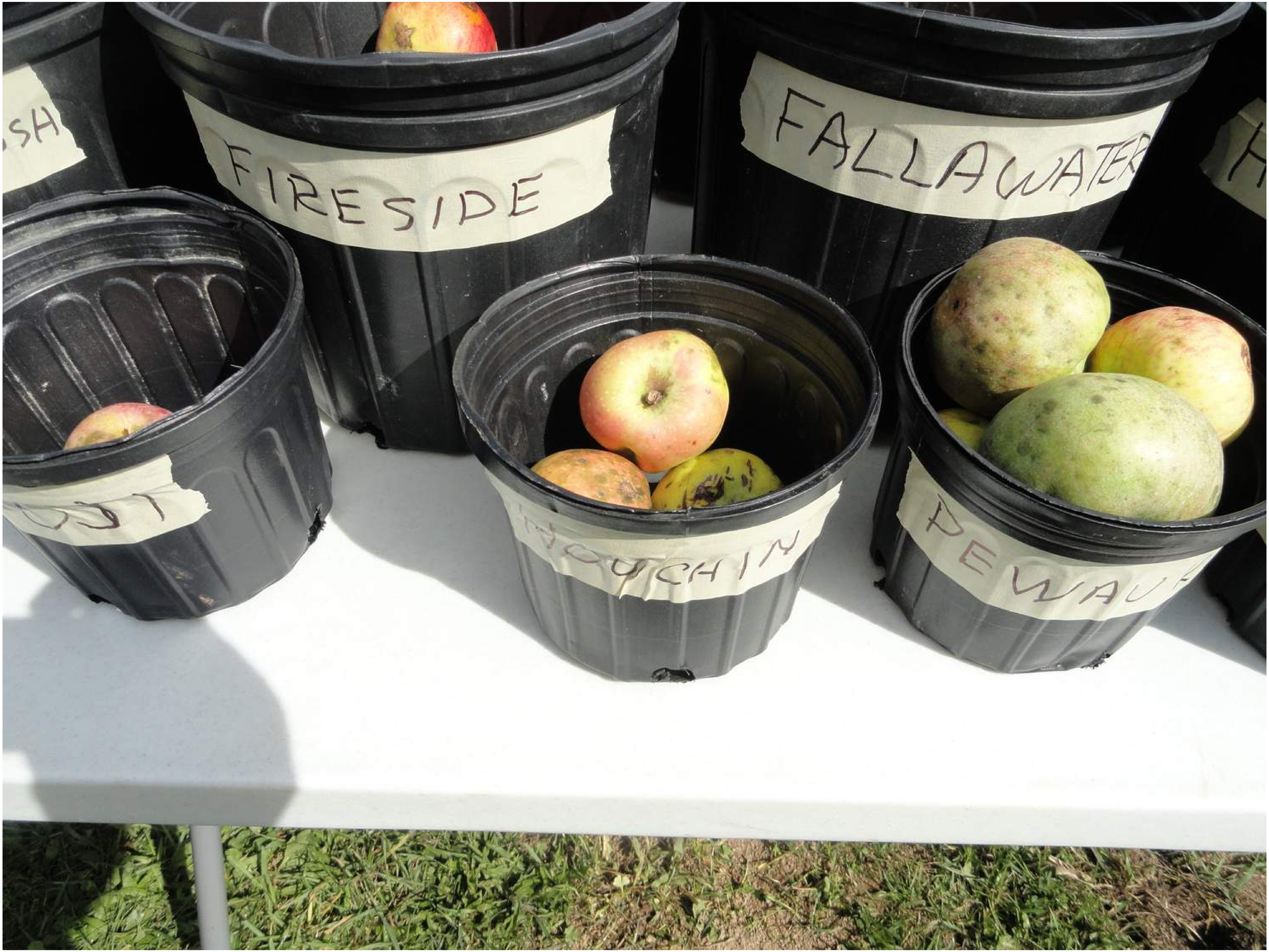
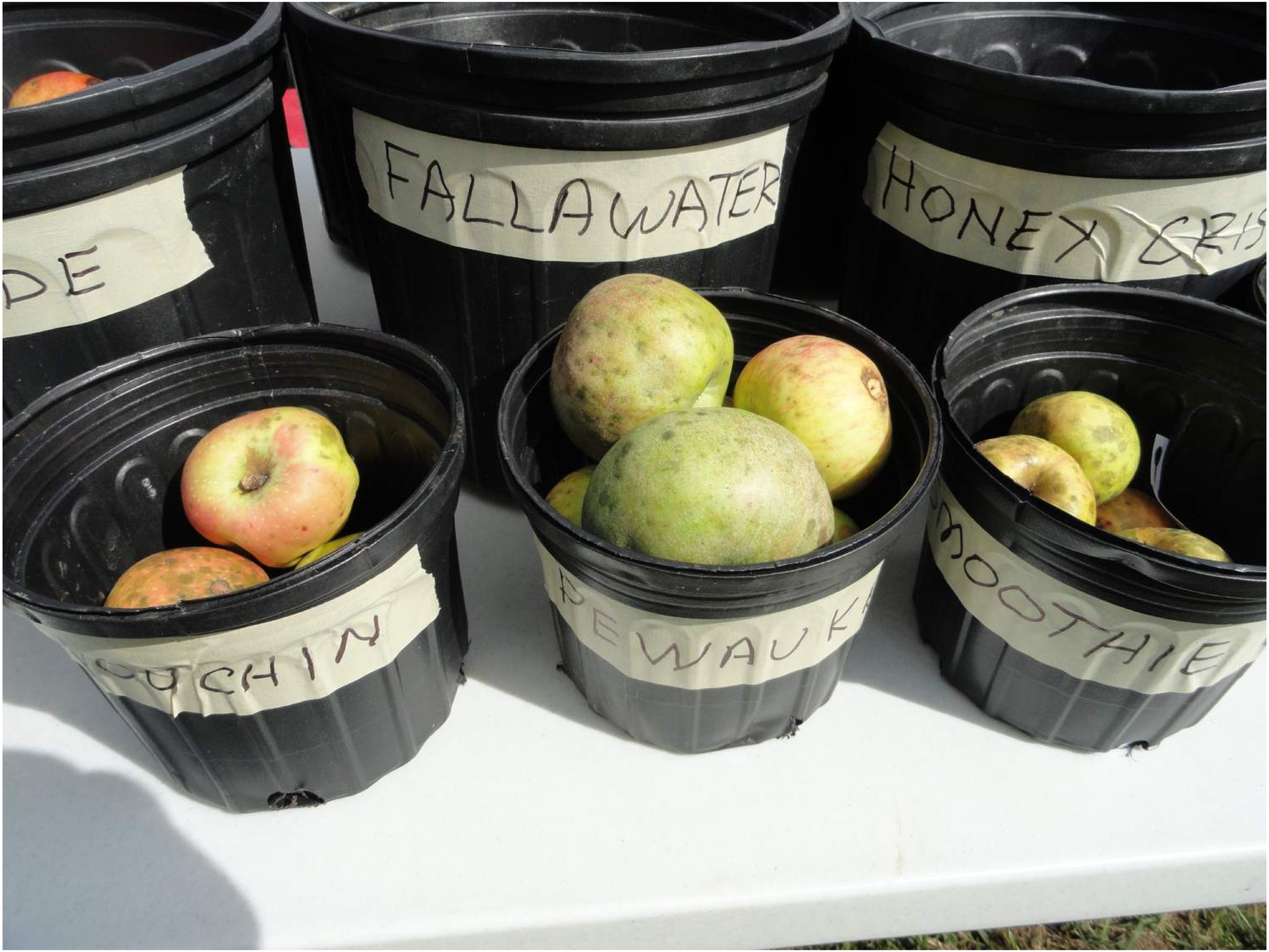

FIRESIDE
FALLAWATER
HOUCHIN
PEWAU

843-DSC00604.jpg


DE
FALLAWATER
HONEY CRIS
UCHIN
PEWAUK
MOOTHIE

844-DSC00605.jpg

FALLAWATER
HONEY CRISP
EA
WAUKEE
OTHIE DE
HOLSTE

NEY CRISP
EARLY HARV
HOLSTE
E DELICI

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HARVEST
SHARP
NORTHERN S
SH

847-DSC00608.jpg

HARVEST
OMA SHARP

848-DSC00609.jpg

849-DSC00610.jpg

CRISP
EARLY HARVEST
MONA
ELICIO

850-DSC00611.jpg

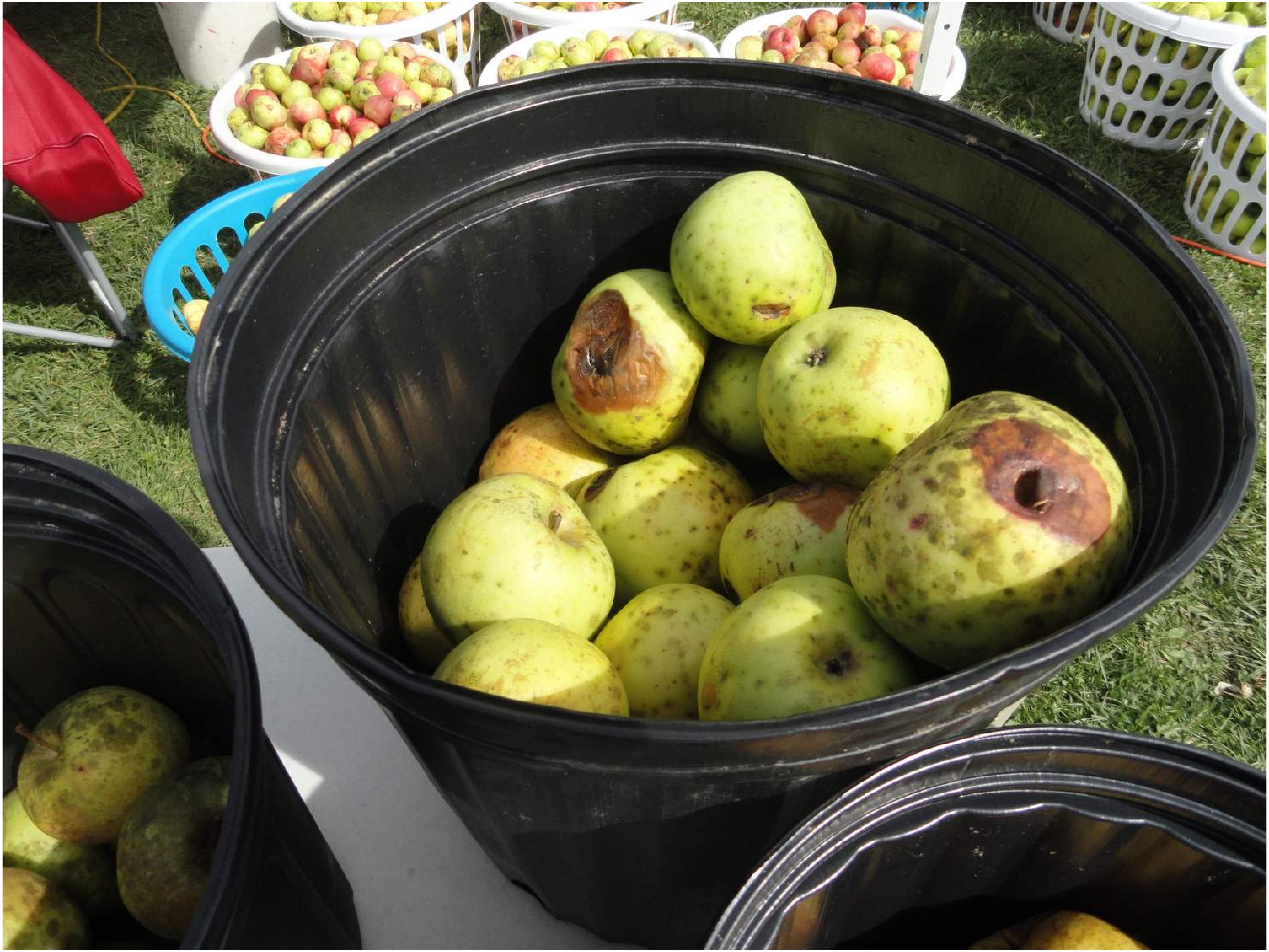
851-DSC00612.jpg

852-DSC00613.jpg

853-DSC00614.jpg

854-DSC00615.jpg

855-DSC00616.jpg



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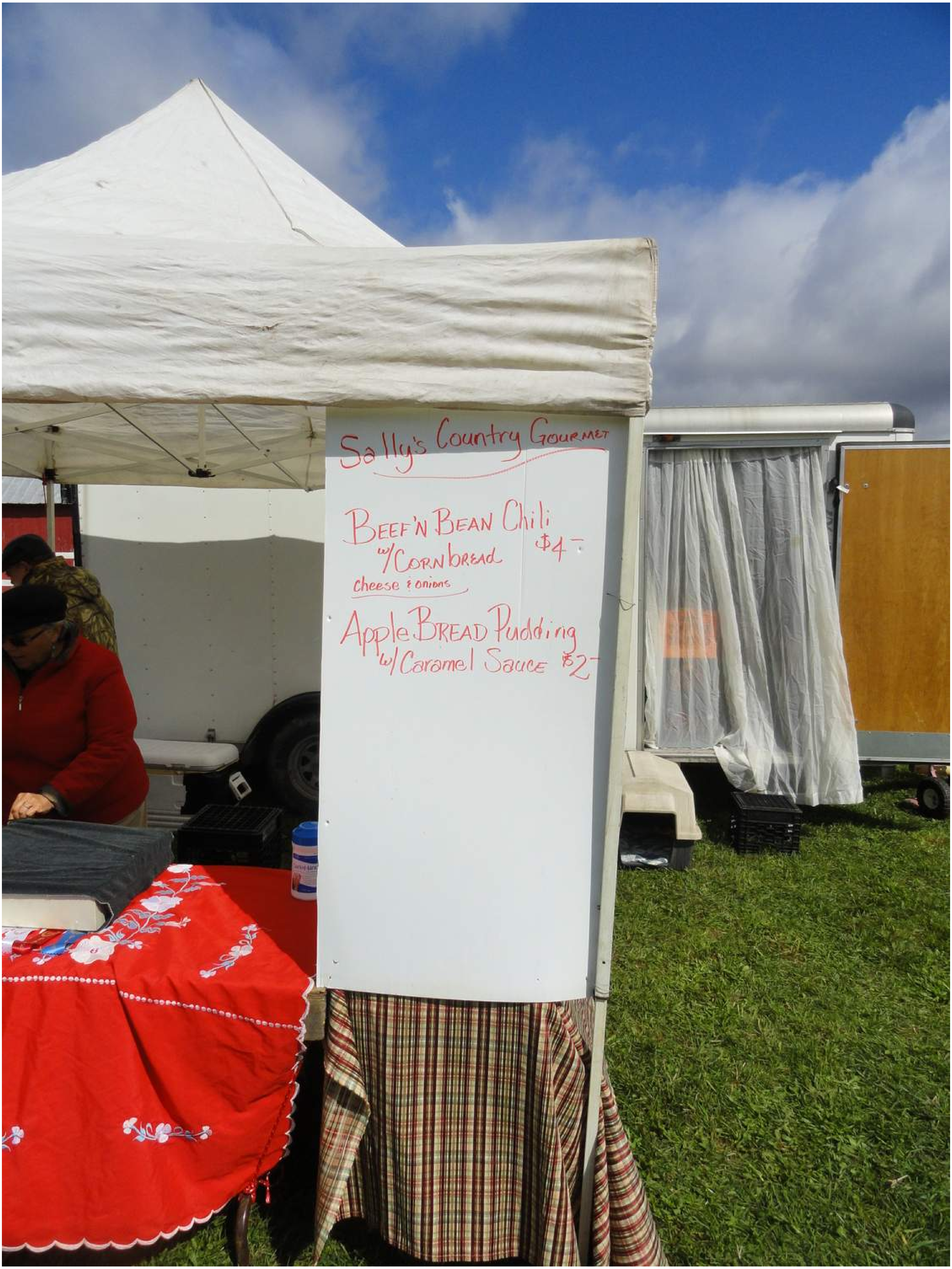
857-DSC00618.jpg

858-DSC00619.jpg

859-DSC00620.jpg


Sally's Country Gourmet
Beef'n Bean Chili
w/Cornbread $4-
cheese & onions
Apple Bread Pudding
w/Caramel Sauce $2-

860-DSC00621.jpg

Sally's Country
BEEF 'N BEAN Ch
w/CORNBREAd
cheese & onions
AppleBREAD Pud
w/Caramel Sauc
CAT

861-DSC00622.jpg

862-DSC00623.jpg

863-DSC00624.jpg

NATIVE
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WOOD

864-DSC00625.jpg

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866-DSC00627.jpg

867-DSC00628.jpg

868-DSC00629.jpg

870-DSC00631.jpg

871-DSC00632.jpg

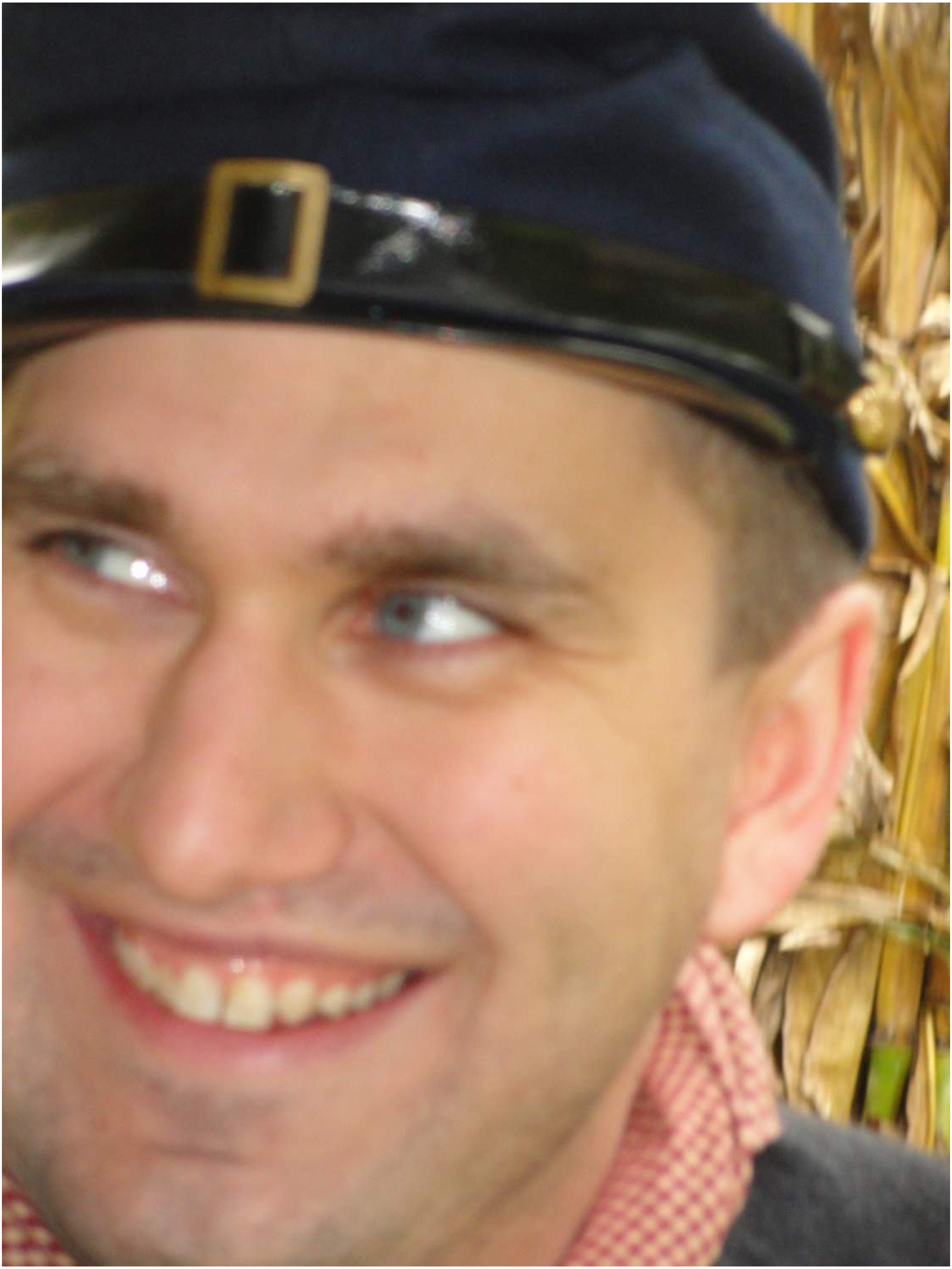
872-DSC00633.jpg

873-DSC00637.jpg

874-DSC00639.jpg

875-DSC00640.jpg

876-DSC00641.jpg



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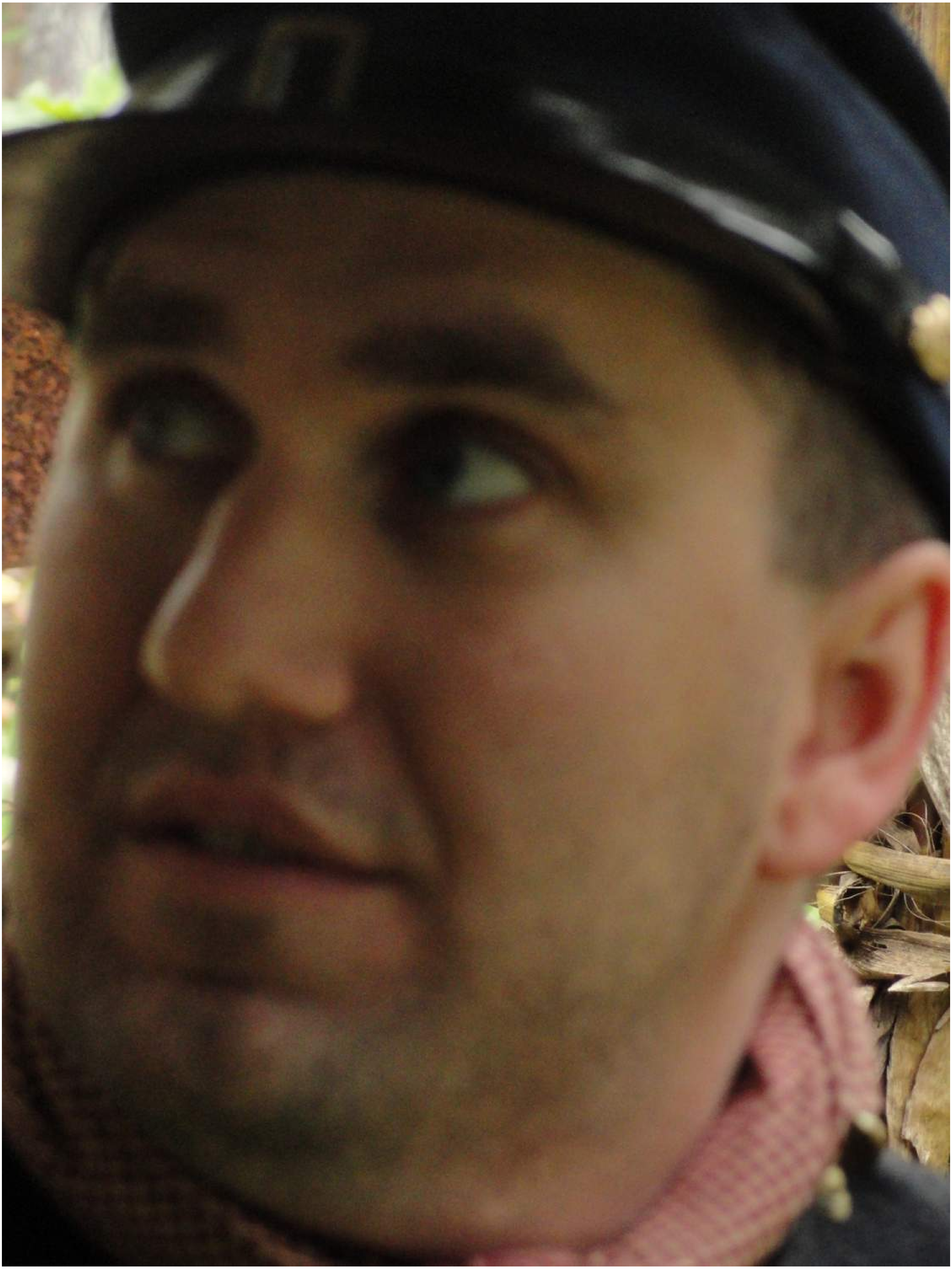

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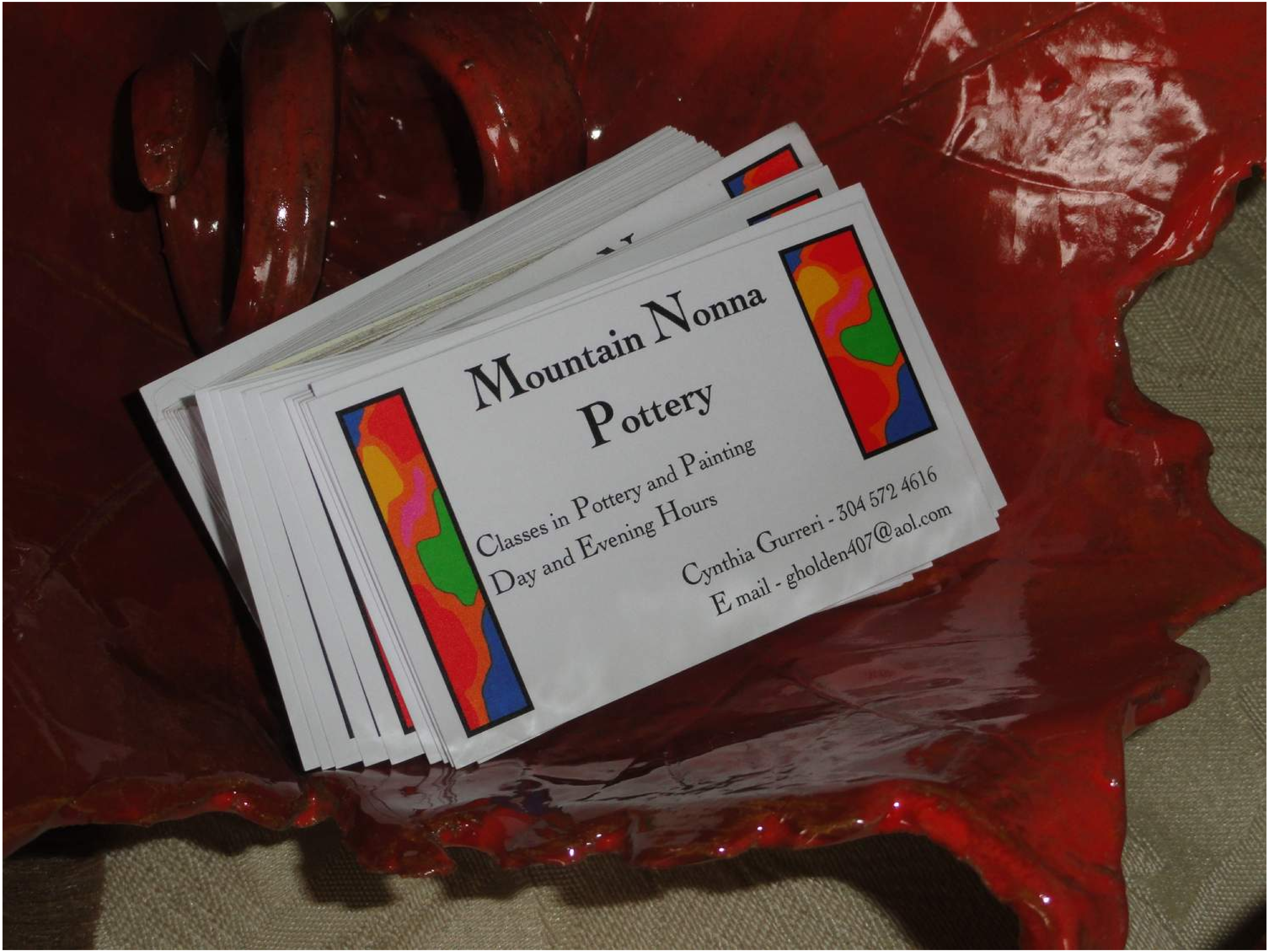
883-DSC00649.jpg

884-DSC00650.jpg



Mountain Nonna
Pottery

Classes in Pottery and Painting
Day and Evening Hours

Cynthia Gurreri - 304 572 4616
E mail - gholden407@aol.com

885-DSC00651.jpg

886-DSC00652.jpg

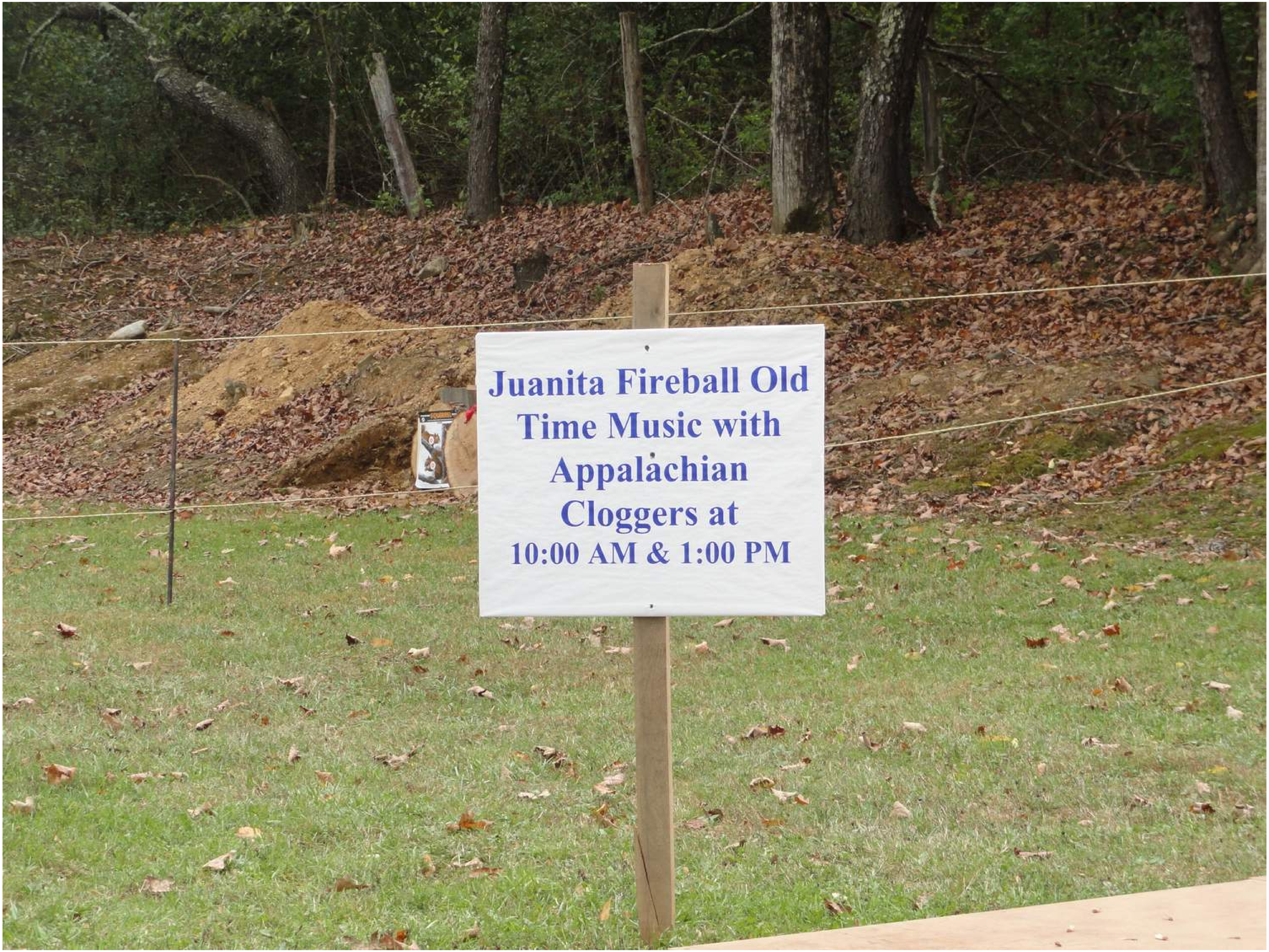
Wild Blackber
Vinegar
Ingredients: Wild Blackberries, Apple Cider
ckberry
Vinegar

887-DSC00653.jpg

Original
BEEF &
CHEESE

888-DSC00654.jpg

890-DSC00658.jpg


Juanita Fireball Old
Time Music with
Appalachian
Cloggers at
10:00 AM & 1:00 PM

891-DSC00660.jpg

WEST VIRGINIA

892-DSC00661.jpg

ORVIS
SHURE

893-DSC00662.jpg

ORVIS

895-DSC00664.jpg

896-DSC00666.jpg

898-DSC00668.jpg

899-DSC00669.jpg

900-DSC00670.jpg

901-DSC00671.jpg

902-DSC00672.jpg

903-DSC00673.jpg

904-DSC00674.jpg

905-DSC00675.jpg

WV
ALL AMERIC
199
CLOGG

906-DSC00676.jpg

907-DSC00677.jpg

908-DSC00678.jpg

909-DSC00679.jpg

910-DSC00680.jpg

911-DSC00681.jpg

912-DSC00682.jpg

L.L.Bean

914-DSC00684.jpg

915-DSC00685.jpg

916-DSC00686.jpg

917-DSC00687.jpg

918-DSC00688.jpg

919-DSC00689.jpg

921-DSC00691.jpg

922-DSC00692.jpg

923-DSC00693.jpg

WEST VIRGINIA

924-DSC00694.jpg

925-DSC00695.jpg

926-DSC00696.jpg

W V
MOUNTAINEER
EST. 18

927-DSC00697.jpg

WEST VIRGINIA
3

928-DSC00698.jpg

929-DSC00699.jpg

931-DSC00701.jpg

932-DSC00702.jpg

933-DSC00703.jpg

934-DSC00704.jpg

935-DSC00705.jpg

936-DSC00706.jpg

937-DSC00707.jpg

938-DSC00708.jpg

939-DSC00709.jpg

Monarch Crest
Colorado
Juanita Fireball Old Time Music with Appalachian Cloggers at 10:00 AM & 1:00 PM

WEST
VIRGINIA

941-DSC00711.jpg

Have Trailer
Will
Travel
FOR SALE
GRINDER
CORN CRUSHER
WANTED
LAWN SWEEPER
DONATION

942-DSC00712.jpg

943-DSC00713.jpg

944-DSC00714.jpg

945-DSC00715.jpg

946-DSC00716.jpg

Good Food
Is Worth
Waiting For
UNTERSVILLE
ETHODIST CHUR

947-DSC00717.jpg

Good Food
is Worth
Waiting For
HUNTERSVILLE
METHODIST CHURCH
Thanks for your support

948-DSC00718.jpg

Good Food
is Worth
Waiting For
UNTERSVILLE
ETHODIST CHURCH

949-DSC00719.jpg

METHODIST CHO
Thanks for your support
diet pepsi

950-DSC00720.jpg

951-DSC00721.jpg

Step Back In Time

952-DSC00722.jpg

WEST VIRGINIA
WESLEYAN
Pocahontas County

953-DSC00723.jpg

955-DSC00725.jpg

956-DSC00726.jpg

957-DSC00727.jpg

959-DSC00729.jpg

960-DSC00730.jpg

962-DSC00732.jpg

963-DSC00733.jpg

HUNTERS
METHODIST C
Step Back In Tim

964-DSC00734.jpg

965-DSC00735.jpg

966-DSC00736.jpg

967-DSC00737.jpg

968-DSC00738.jpg

970-DSC00740.jpg

971-DSC00741.jpg

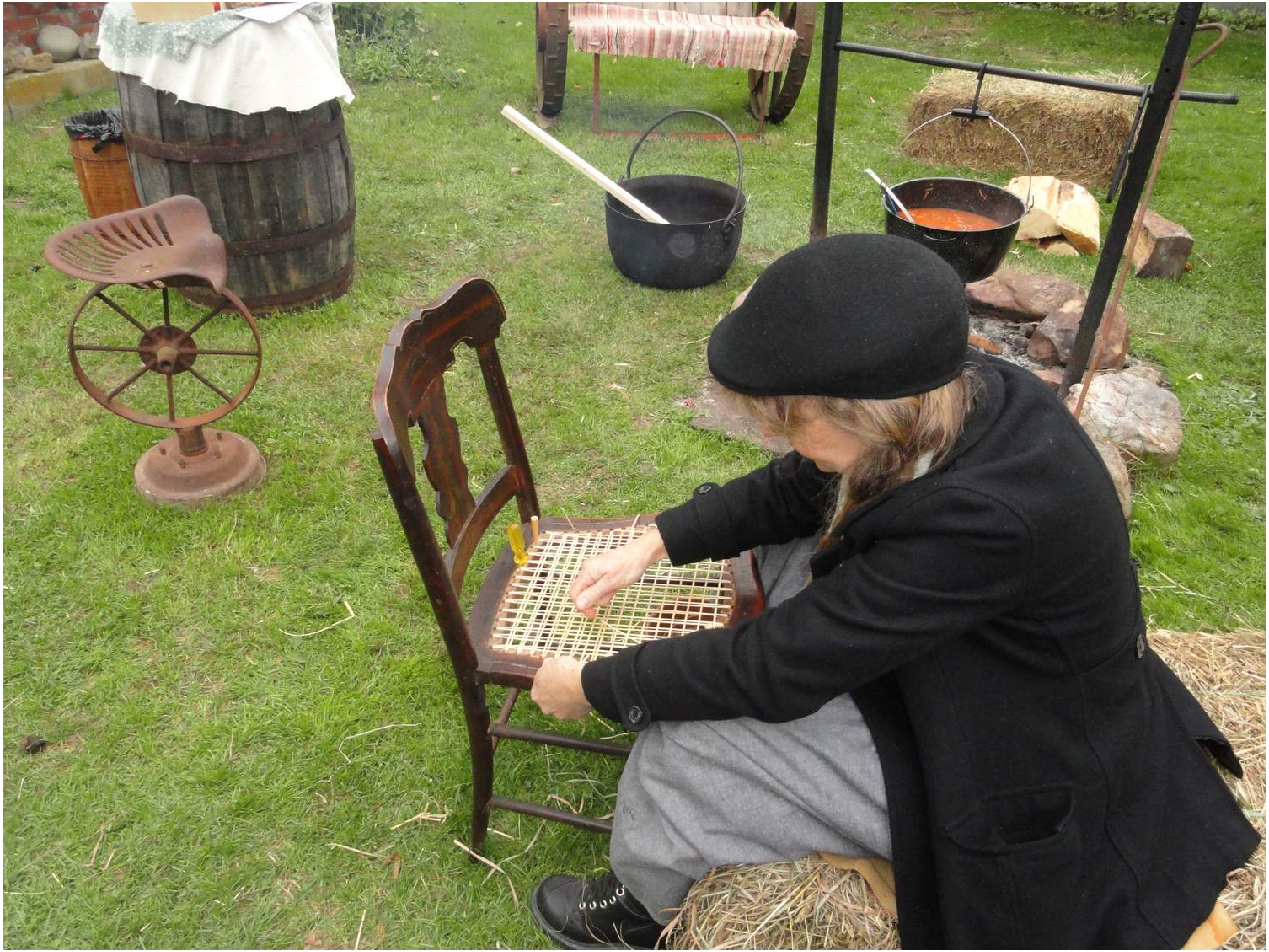
Free
Cups Of Cider
MOUNTAIN
OF MEN
FREE
Smart & Simple

972-DSC00742.jpg

973-DSC00743.jpg

974-DSC00744.jpg

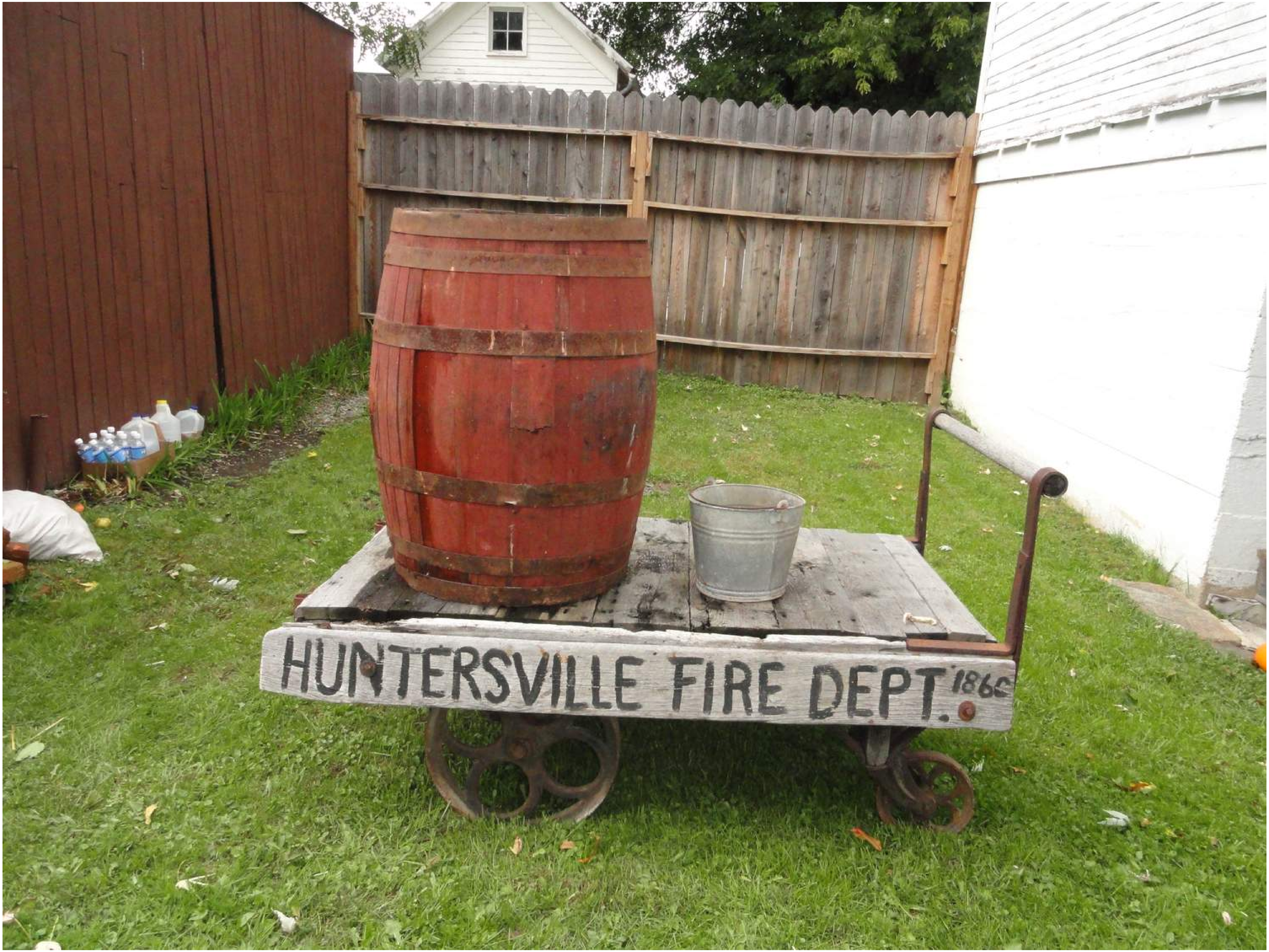
975-DSC00745.jpg



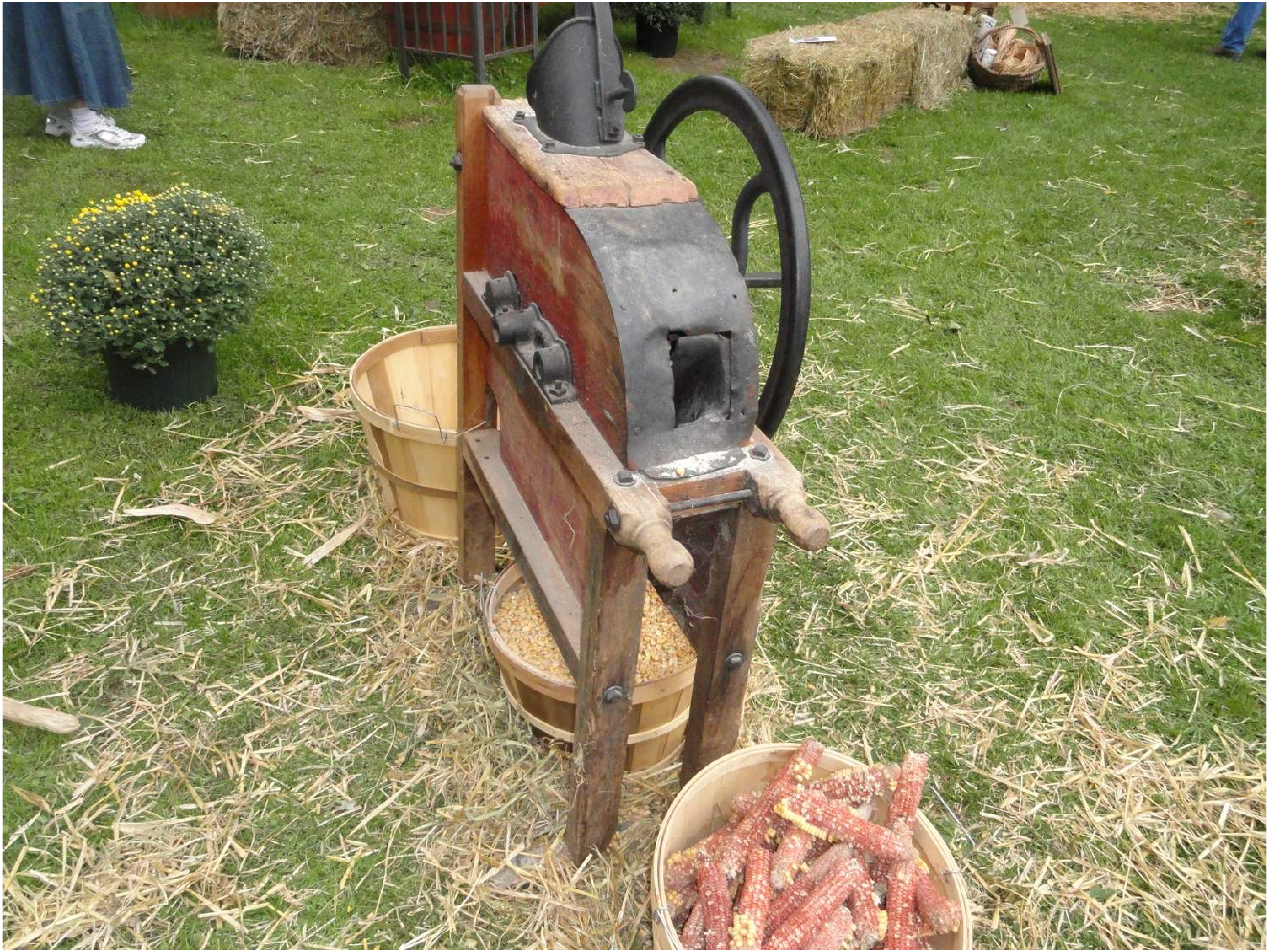
976-DSC00746.jpg

FIRE DEPT. 186
MOONSHININ'

977-DSC00747.jpg


HUNTERSVILLE FIRE DEPT. 1866

978-DSC00748.jpg



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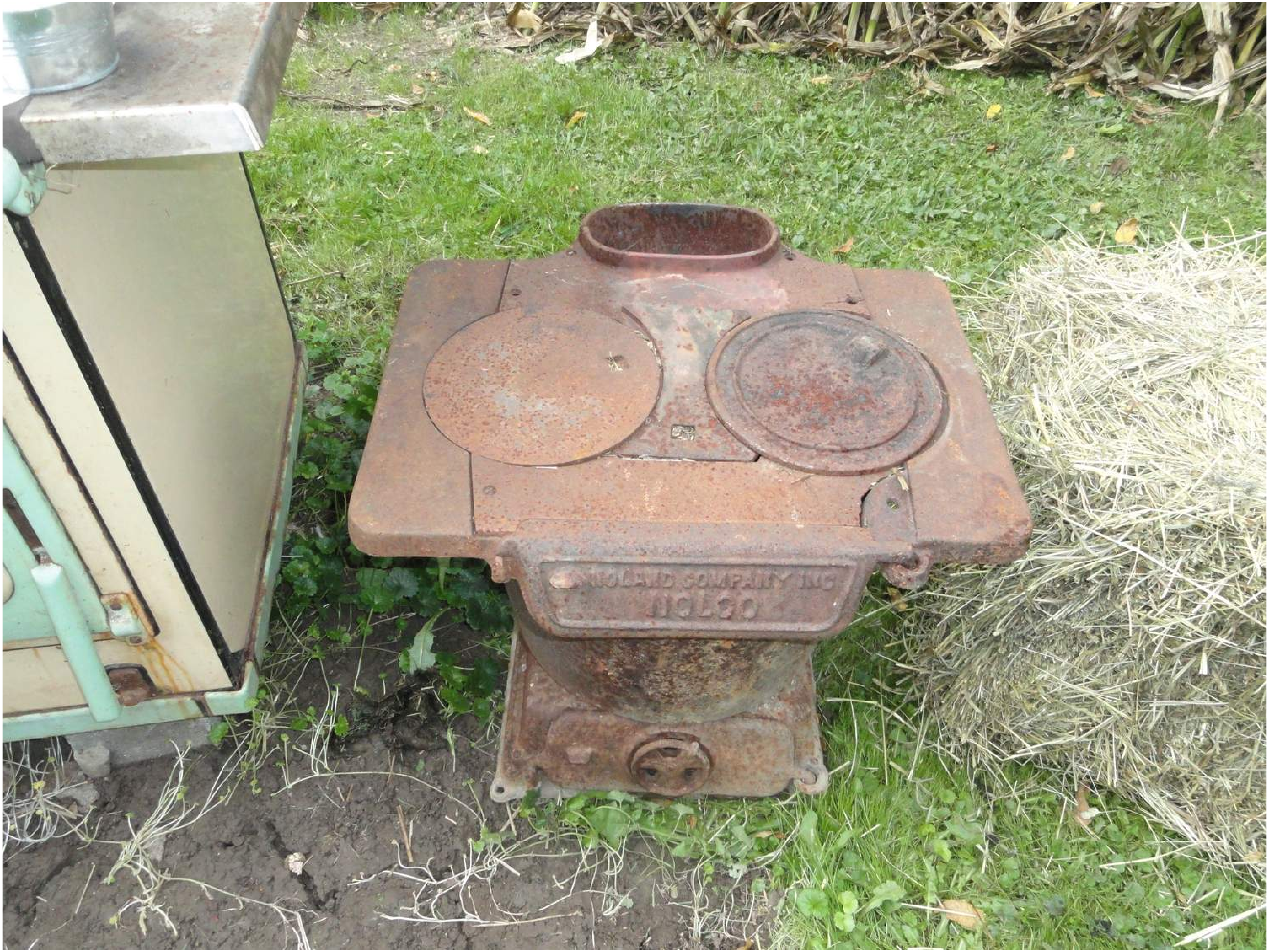

NOLAND COMPANY INC
NOLCO

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986-DSC00756.jpg

987-DSC00757.jpg